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THE ART OF BEING PRESIDENT, GATHERED FROM THE
EXPERIENCE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

ONE thing only is indisputable with regard to the administration of Thomas Jefferson, from 1801 to 1809: it satisfied the people of the United States. The proof of this is not merely that he was re-elected by a vastly increased majority; nor that the Federalists, once so powerful and so confident, were reduced in the House to twenty-seven, and in the Senate to one less than half a dozen; nor that the legislatures of Vermont, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Georgia, the Senate of New York, and the House of Delegates of Virginia requested him to stand for a third term; nor that, at last, fourteen States out of seventeen were ranged in the Republican line, and Jefferson himself thought the opposition was getting too weak for the country's good. These were remarkable facts, but they were only a part of his triumph. At the end of eight years, without an effort of his own, without so much as the expression of a preference, he handed over the government to the man of all others in the world whom he would have chosen for a successor; and that man,

at the end of his eight years, passed it on to another of Jefferson's disciples and allies; under whom opposition died, only to live again when Federalism started into a semblance of life in the messages of John Quincy Adams. Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe were three men and one system. The era of good feeling in Monroe's time, which would have come in Madison's but for the War of 1812, was the completion of Jefferson's success. It is this twenty-four years of public content that renders an inquiry into the conduct of President Jefferson interesting.

For, as all readers know, there are two ways of explaining it. To Republicans, indeed, it requires no explanation. It is of the essence of their faith that there is nothing occult or mysterious in the art of government, but that it consists in doing right. Their simple conviction is, — and they desire the Coming Party to ponder well the truth, — that the old Democratic party ruled the United States for sixty years for no other reason than that, on every leading issue except one — the exten-

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sion of slavery, the Rock on which it struck and went to pieces—the old Democratic party was right. The other theory is, that Mr. Jefferson and his successors were wonderfully skilful and perfectly unscrupulous in flattering what the polite Federalists used to style the Mob. Readers remember, perhaps, Tom Moore's verses on this subject, written soon after his visit to Washington, in which, putting into rhyme the gossip and sniff of Federalist drawing-rooms, he spoke of President Jefferson as

“ That inglorious soul,
Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control,
Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,
And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god.”

This was the Federalists' opinion better expressed ; and they used to point to Aaron Burr's skill in political management as a proof of its correctness. Aaron Burr, however, was too knowing a politician ever to waste time upon the dozen loafers in each ward of New York who alone could then be justly called rabble ; and his skill, such as it was, did not prevent his own downfall and hopeless ruin. America had no rabble. America has no rabble. Except in a few large cities, there is no considerable class that even bears any outward resemblance to a rabble ; and never has that class been important in a general election. The voters that kept the Tweeds in power were, for the most part, well-meaning, industrious men, whom a Tweed could reach through their prejudices, their vanity, and their interest, but who could not be reached by honest men because education had opened no road to their minds accessible to disinterested intelligence. But let me recall the leading traits of Mr. Jefferson's administration, with a view to getting light upon the question, whether he satisfied the people of his time by doing right, or by adroitly pretending to do right.

He was faithful to the party that elected him.

As soon as his election was known, some of his friends urged him to conciliate the Federalists by appointing a

few of their leaders to office. His answer was, No ; the mass of the party, being Republican at heart, will be conciliated by a consistent adherence to Republican principles, and, as to the chiefs, they cannot be conciliated ! Besides, every office in the country in the gift of the President was already filled by a Federalist ; for that party, said he, had at an early period adopted the principle of “ excluding from office every shade of opinion that was not theirs ” ; and he thought it only right that all vacancies should be given to Republicans, until there should be at least as many of them in office as Federalists. He meant, as he said early in his first term, to “ sink Federalism into an abyss from which there should be no resurrection for it.” He accomplished this purpose ; and his clear adherence both to the men and principles of his own party was among the means which he employed.

But he would not appoint men to office merely because they were conspicuous partisans.

The notorious Callender was a case in point. He was a scurrilous, fertile, forcible writer of the day, who had been prosecuted under the Sedition Law, and so made a dirty martyr of. Republicans had been compelled to give him aid and comfort in his distress, because he was the victim of a law they abhorred. Upon the triumph of the Republican party, he came to Jefferson, asking as a reward for party services the Richmond post-office, worth fifteen hundred dollars a year. Jefferson relieved his necessities with money, but refused him the place, simply because he was unfit for it, and thus gained one of the most implacable and indecent vituperators a public servant ever had. George Rogers Clarke, too, a hero whom he revered, he often longed to employ, as the most skilful manager of all Indian affairs the country possessed. But he did not. The reason was, Whiskey. He gave General Clarke's brother a commission and an appointment : but not the man who had aided to give his country lib-

erty, only to become himself a slave. Nor did Thomas Paine realize his joke of shocking the bishops and old ladies of the English court by going as Secretary of Legation to London. Jefferson gave him a safe-passage home in a man-of-war, received him with honor at the White House, with cordiality at Monticello, and exchanged philosophical news with him; but did not send him to do what he could not do, — *represent* a clean, sober, orderly people in a foreign land. And when it became apparent that Chancellor Livingston's growing deafness rendered him an inefficient minister at the Court of Napoleon, Jefferson risked losing the support of the State of New York, first, by sending Monroe to help him, and afterwards by recalling him. But the most remarkable case was that of John Randolph, the sharp-tongued leader of the Republican party in the House of Representatives. He was suggested by a friend for the English mission. Mr. Jefferson was silent. Mr. Madison, also, waived the subject. Then the friend pressed his claims, and other members of the House added solicitations. The President withheld the appointment. John Randolph went into opposition, in which his single small talent shone like a thin, keen rapier in the sun. The only objection to his appointment was, that he was ludicrously unfit for a post requiring patience, prudence, self-control, industry, and address.

Jefferson took great care to get the right man for the right place.

In fact, a ruler of men, whether he is a private or a public person, has but two duties to perform, — to select the right assistants, and to treat them so as to get out of them the best service they have in them. That is the whole art of governing, and Jefferson knew it. "There is nothing," he wrote to a friend in May, 1801, "I am so anxious about as making the best possible appointments." But how difficult the task in a country so extensive as the United States, where personal knowledge is impossible! His chief reli-

ance seems to have been upon the unsolicited recommendation of men in whom he had confidence. Thus, he wrote to Nathaniel Macon of North Carolina very early in his first year: "In all cases when an office becomes vacant in your State, I shall be much obliged to you to recommend the best characters." Jefferson was curiously happy in his appointments, and the reason was that he never slighted this chief duty, and was, from the first, on his guard against the recommendations of thoughtless, unprincipled good-nature. He would have made more successes of this kind even than he did, but for the inadequate compensation attached to the most important posts; which limits a President's choice to a few individuals exceptionally circumstanced. Many of his letters offering appointments show how much he lamented his inability to offer "due remuneration."

He would not give an appointment to a relative.

At the first view, this seems unjust to the honorable and capable families who were related to the President. It has the air of courting cheap and easy popularity, and it is open to the objection of pitching the note too high for the limited range of human nature. But his convictions on the point were clear and strong; and Professor Tucker records that he acted on this principle throughout life in the administration of trusts. Thus, as Rector of the University of Virginia, he opposed the appointment of a nephew to a professorship, though he was well qualified for the place; dreading lest it should open a door to the system which has made universities and Church endowments in other lands mere appendages to the estates of governing families. He was nobly seconded in his resolution by his own kindred. Imagine his delight on receiving from one of them, George Jefferson, a few days after his inauguration, a letter spontaneously declining to be a candidate for a Federal office to which his neighbors and friends de-

sired to recommend him. "The public," wrote the President, "will never be made to believe that an appointment of a relative is made on the ground of merit alone, uninfluenced by family views; nor can they ever see with approbation offices, the disposal of which they intrust to their Presidents for public purposes, divided out as family property." He owned that the rule bore hardly upon a President's relations; but the public good, he thought, required the sacrifice; for which their share in the public esteem might be considered some compensation. "I could not be satisfied," said he, "until I assured you of the increased esteem with which this transaction fills me for you."

His two sons-in-law did not suffer from the rule, since their neighbors kept them both in the House of Representatives. Here, again, the President showed his nice regard for the mental integrity of others. In his intercourse with these gentlemen, it was a thing understood between them, that measures pending in their House were not to be a topic of conversation; and if, by chance, conversation took that turn, "I carefully avoid," says Jefferson, "expressing an opinion on them in their presence, that we may all be at our ease." The rule, happily, did not exclude friends, and he thus had the pleasure of appointing to the place of Commissioner of Loans at Richmond, the beloved comrade of his youth, John Page.

But he would not exempt friends from the operation of a good rule.

It was an old opinion of his, which now became a rule of his administration, that a foreign minister should not remain abroad more than seven or eight years. He drew this opinion from his own experience. "When I returned from France," he once explained, "after an absence of six or seven years, I was astonished at the change which I found had taken place in the United States in that time. No more like the same people; their notions, their habits and manners, the

course of their commerce, so totally changed, that I, who stood in those of 1784, found myself not at all qualified to speak of their sentiments, or forward their views, in 1790." Hence the rule. But it excluded from the public service two of his oldest friends, David Humphreys and William Short, both of whom had served under him as Secretary of Legation before attaining the rank of plenipotentiary which they then held. Humphreys had been absent from home eleven years, and Short seventeen years. One of Jefferson's first acts was to recall Humphreys; which he soon followed by declining to transfer Short to Paris, where he felt the need of just such a tried and vigilant minister. "Your appointment," he wrote to Mr. Short, "was impossible after an absence of seventeen years. Under any other circumstances, I should never fail to give to yourself and the world proofs of my friendship for you, and of my confidence in you."

He turned no man out of office because he was opposed to him in politics.

And yet he did, during the first two years of his first term, remove twenty-six Federalists and appoint Republicans in their stead. After that, there were scarcely any removals; and Republicans were only appointed to vacancies created by death or resignation. And now with regard to those twenty-six. The result of the Presidential election of 1800 was known in Washington on the 12th of December, a little less than three months before the end of Mr. Adams's term. During that interval, some valuable life-offices fell vacant, twenty-four judgeships were created, and several places held during the President's pleasure were vacated. Mr. Adams hastened to fill these offices, from that of chief justice of the Supreme Court to postmaster, leaving not one of them to his successor. Such was the primitive condition of the political mind in 1801, that Republicans regarded this conduct as the last degree

of indecency, and Jefferson shared the feeling. Indeed, for so placid and placable a gentleman, he was highly indignant, and two or three years passed before he could "heartily forgive" his old friend Adams for yielding, in so unworthy a manner, to the "pressure" of his partisans. He resolved not to regard those appointments; which, he said, Mr. Adams knew he was not making for himself, but for a successor. "This outrage on decency," he wrote to his old colleague, General Knox, who had written to congratulate him on his election, "should not have its effect except in the life-appointments, which are irremovable; but, as to the others, I consider the nominations as nullities, and will not view the persons appointed as even candidates for their office, much less as possessing it by any title meriting respect." These offices were sixteen in number. Their incumbents were all removed during the first year, and Republicans appointed to fill them. The other ten removals, most of which occurred in the second year, were for three causes: 1. Official misconduct; 2. "Active and bitter opposition" (to use the President's own words) "to the order of things which the public will has established." There was a third reason for removal, which the President thus explained: "The courts being so decidedly Federal and irremovable, it is believed that Republican attorneys and marshals, being the doors of entrance into the courts, are indispensably necessary as a shield to the Republican part of our fellow-citizens, which, I believe, is the main body of the people." Accordingly, although the expiration of the Alien and Sedition Laws rendered the Federal courts less dangerous to freedom than they had been, four or five of these officials were removed.

The outcry caused by this moderate exercise of the President's power cannot be imagined by readers of the present day. Jefferson, indeed, stood between two fires,—the Federalists shrieking with most vigorous unanim-

ity as each head dropped into the basket; and the Republican host muttering remonstrance that the decapitating instrument worked so slowly. The denunciation of the Federalists he could not avoid; but he showed much tact in reconciling his own partisans to this moderate course. To mere partisans, he would show how much better it was to have an able Federalist passive and acquiescent *in* office, and all his circle of friends quiet for his sake, than, by turning him out of office, to convert him and his family into vigilant, embittered opponents. To men who, like himself, desired to see the whole body of citizens restored to good-humor, his appeal was to their sense of the just and the becoming. The Tammany Society of Baltimore deputed a young member, who was going to Monticello, to make known to the President the discontent of the society at seeing so many Federalists still in office. The following conversation is reported by the deputy.

PRESIDENT. I should be very glad to gratify my friends in Baltimore by turning the Federalists out of office, and filling their places with men of my own party. But there is an obstacle in the way which I cannot remove,—a question which I have not been able to solve. Perhaps you can do this for me.

YOUNG TAMMANY. I despair of solving any problem that puzzles Mr. Jefferson, but I desire to hear what it is.

PRESIDENT. Well, sir, we are Republicans, and we are contending for the extension of the right of suffrage. Is it not so?

YOUNG TAMMANY. Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT (who had not read his Plato for nothing). We would not, therefore, put any restraint upon the right of suffrage as it already exists?

YOUNG TAMMANY (unwarned by the fate of those who sought wisdom from Socrates). By no means, sir.

PRESIDENT. Tell me, then, what is the difference between denying the right of suffrage, and punishing a man

for exercising it by turning him out of office?

The deputy could not answer this question. "I had to leave him where I found him," he used to say in telling the story. The President held firmly to his course, unmoved by the execrations of Federalists and the remonstrances of Republicans. At a moment in his second year when the opposition was vituperative beyond all previous experience, he wrote to a member of his Cabinet: "I still think our original idea as to office is best; that is, to depend for the obtaining a just participation on deaths, resignations, and delinquencies. This will least affect the tranquillity of the people, and prevent their giving in to the suggestion of our enemies, that ours has been a contest for office, not for principle." I wish he could have gone one step further, and admitted the right of every office-holder to pass his leisure hours exactly as he chose. I wish he had *not* added: "To these means of obtaining a just share in the transaction of the public business shall be added one other, to wit, removal for electioneering activity, or open and industrious opposition to the principles of the present government, legislative and executive. Every officer of the government may vote at elections according to his conscience; but we should betray the cause committed to our care were we to permit the influence of official patronage to be used to overthrow that cause." We must always beware of demanding too much of human nature. But I *wish* he could have said, "Rail on, Federalist postmasters and Hamiltonian collectors! Mount the stump! Berate the administration! You are not *my* servants, nor the administration's servants, but the servants of the people. It is only *my* concern to see that you do faithfully the duty of your places. After office hours, you differ in no respect from citizens engaged in the ordinary pursuits of private life." It is easy to be wise for other people; nor have we a victorious party at our back to make

wisdom difficult; and who could have foreseen such an abuse of the precedent as infuriate Jackson made in 1829? No man.

Jefferson reduced the patronage of the government to the minimum.

The strongest organization on earth is, as we all know, the Roman Catholic Church. Viewed merely *as* an organization, it has but one defect, — there is no provision in itself for limiting its expansion, and preventing its becoming an insupportable burden. And this grievous fault belongs to all the ancient governments, whether ecclesiastical or secular. When Louis XIV. passed a few weeks at Versailles, accommodation had to be provided in the palace for three thousand persons; and I have myself possessed an octavo volume of four hundred pages which was filled with the mere catalogue of the servants of George III., stating only their titles, duties, and salaries. Burke's Reform Bill abolished six hundred court offices, without making a gap in the mighty host large enough to attract the notice of a disinterested public. Nobody appears to have missed any of them. This tendency of governments to become excessive is so strong, constant, and insidious, that no head of a government will ever resist it unless the ambition that controls him is something nobler than personal. Jefferson was one of those who gave this best proof of a disinterested love of right principles. Every office in his control that was not necessary was suppressed, and the whole apparatus of government — military, naval, judicial, executive — was reduced in quantity. We might sum up his policy in this particular in a sentence: The men you *do* employ, pay adequately; make it worth the ablest men's while to serve the government; but employ no two men to do one man's work.

Thus, while no branch of the public service was increased in cost or in importance, most departments were diminished. Mr. Gallatin co-operated heartily with the President in reducing the extensive corps of officials which

Colonel Hamilton had created. In 1802, the office of Commissioner of Internal Revenue and that of Superintendent of Stamps were suppressed; which only whetted the President's appetite for further reductions. "It remains," he wrote to Gallatin, "to amalgamate the comptroller and auditor into one, and reduce the register to a clerk of accounts; and then the organization will consist, as it should at first, of a keeper of money, a keeper of accounts, and the head of the department." Details do not concern us now; it is the spirit of the administration which I desire to exhibit. "Let us deserve well of our country," he concluded, "by making *her* interests the end of all our plans, and not our pomp, patronage, and irresponsibility." It is this disinterested spirit, which shines from all the documents, the correspondence, the hasty notes of the President and his Cabinet, that renders the administration of Jefferson so remarkable. Bitter John Randolph conceded *this* merit to Jefferson. "I have never seen," said he, in 1828, "but one administration which, seriously and in good faith, was disposed to give up its patronage, and was willing to go further than Congress, or even the people themselves, so far as Congress represents their feelings, desired; and that was the first administration of Thomas Jefferson. He, sir, was the only man I knew, or ever heard of, who really, truly, and honestly, not only said *Nolo episcopari*, but actually refused the mitre."

He endeavored to simplify the apparatus and the operations of government, so that the rural member of Congress and his constituents might understand them.

His heart was much set on this, particularly in the finances, which, he thought, Hamilton had purposely complicated. What we can now all see was merely a defect of Hamilton's mind (or the inevitable failure of a third-rate man in a first-rate place), Jefferson, stung by his calumnious vituperation, and alarmed at the pernicious tenden-

cy of his influence, regarded as intentional mystification. He thought that Hamilton began by puzzling the President and Congress, and ended by getting the finances into such a snarl that he could not "unravel" them himself. Thus he explained his meaning to Mr. Gallatin: "Hamilton gave to the debt, in the first instance, in funding it, the most artificial and mysterious form he could devise. He then moulded up his appropriations of a number of scraps and fragments, many of which were nothing at all, and applied them to different objects in reversion and remainder, until the whole system was involved in an impenetrable fog; and while he was giving himself the airs of providing for the payment of the debt, he left himself free to add to it continually, as he did, in fact, instead of paying it." Jefferson's idea was to let the money received into the treasury form one mass, from which all payments should be made, only giving precedence to such claims as involved the honor of the nation: that is, reserve, first, the interest of the public debt; next, any portion of the principal of the debt due within the year; then, pay the expenses of the year; and, finally, if there is any money left, discharge part of the debt payable at pleasure. This was his idea, which he desired the Secretary to "approach by every tack which previous arrangements force upon us"; until the finances should be "as clear and intelligible as a merchant's books; so that every member of Congress, and every man of any mind in the Union, should be able to comprehend them, to investigate abuses, and consequently to control them."

He abolished court etiquette, and every usage that resembled it.

Any one who passed an hour at the headquarters of a commanding general during the late war had an opportunity of discovering that court etiquette originated in necessity. So many people desire access to the officer in command of a large force in active service, that unless he is hedged about by rules, usages, sentinels, aide-de-camps, he

would, not merely be useless as an officer, but he would soon be destroyed. Kingship began in generalship. The king was once the ablest man in defending his people, who were always menaced by other barbarians. The first time an ancient border chief told one of his tribe to answer questions for him while he devoured his dinner, or persuaded two or three to stand guard over him with their clubs while he caught an hour's sleep between two fights, court etiquette began. It was the invention of "Divine Right" that exaggerated the necessary regulations of a camp into a system of adulation and semi-worship. How absurd, how oppressive, how impious, how ridiculous, it had become in the last century, we can still partly see by the relics of it that remain. We know how it "riled" the generous mind of Thackeray (who was no democrat) to see Prince Albert attended in shooting by a gentleman-equerry to hand the Prince his gun, when it had been loaded by a servant, and give it back to the servant after it had been discharged. This trifle represents the system which was founded on the assumption that the king and the class whom the king honored were of an essence or blood superior to others, as the Brahmin is supposed to be innately and eternally superior to the pariah. It all grew out of the theory, that the king is the divinely designated Master. Jefferson regarded himself as the chosen servant of the people of his country, entitled, if he was faithful to his trust, to the honor due from all the worthy to all the worthy, and to no more. His person, his time, his house, could justly claim the protection which is the right and necessity of all men engaged in affairs numerous and important, and no more.

Accordingly, the weekly levee was at once abolished. On two days in the year, the Fourth of July and the 1st of January, when houses and hearts are usually open in the United States, he opened his to all who chose to visit him. On other days, he was accessible to visitors on the terms and condi-

tions which his duties imposed; all were welcome who had claims upon his attention or regard, except so far as the superior claim of the whole people restricted him. Some of the Federalists in Washington, we are told, hit upon an expedient to balk the President's intention of abolishing the levee. On the usual day, at the usual hour, — two in the afternoon, — ladies and gentlemen began to arrive at the President's house, attired in the manner customary at the levees. The President was not at home. He was enjoying his regular two hours' ride on horseback, which nothing but absolute necessity could make him forego. When he returned at three o'clock, and learned that the great rooms were filled with company waiting to see him, he guessed their object, and frustrated it gracefully, and with perfect good-humor, by merely going among them, all accounted as he was, booted, spurred, splashed with mud, riding-whip in hand, and greeting them as though the conjunction of so many guests were merely a joyous coincidence. They, in their turn, caught the spirit of the joke, and the affair ended happily. But it was the last of the levees.

In the great matter of dinners, he adopted, or rather he continued, the style of Old Virginia, which proved to be to him a grievous, if not a ruinous burden, as it had been to many a wealthier planter. The Virginia style was, simply: Come one, come all, come again, keep coming, and bring your friends. In President Washington's time, the business of entertaining members of Congress, officers of the government, and distinguished strangers had been assumed by the four members of the Cabinet; and it became so oppressive, Jefferson tells us, that "it was among the motives for their retirement." Their successors, he adds, profited by the experiment, and lived altogether as private individuals, leaving to the President the whole burden of that representative hospitality supposed then to be incumbent upon the head of a government. In Wash-

ington, too, the President was then the only man who had a house large enough for the entertainment of a dozen people at dinner, or fifty persons in the evening; and, hence, there could be little social life in the place unless the President kept open house. Shut out from all the world, ill-lodged and ill-attended, the circle of officials, the foreign legations, and members of Congress could only meet in an agreeable manner at the President's mansion. To the last year of Jefferson's second term, Washington was still only a spoiled wilderness. Francis Jackson, the English plenipotentiary, described it, in 1809, as more resembling Hampstead Heath than any place he had ever seen, consisting of scattered houses intersected with heath, forest, and gravel-pits. He declares that he started a covey of partridges "about three hundred yards from the House of Congress." In such circumstances, what could a hospitable Virginian do but convert his residence into a general rendezvous and free club?

All would have gone well but for the dinners, to which the salary was fatally inadequate. We get an insight into the way of life at the White House from the recollections of Edmund Bacon of Kentucky (Jefferson at Monticello, p. 113), who was, for twenty years, Mr. Jefferson's manager. He visited Washington several times, and always lived at the White House during his stay, dining daily at the President's table. There were eleven servants in the house from Monticello, he tells us, besides a French cook, a French steward, and an Irish coachman. "When I was there," Mr. Bacon reports, "the President's house was surrounded by a high rock wall, and there was an iron gate immediately in front of it, and from that gate to the Capitol the street was just as straight as a gun-barrel. Nearly all the houses were on that street." This is Mr. Bacon's recollection of the dinners:—

"Mr. Jefferson often told me that the office of Vice-President was far preferable to that of President. He

was perfectly tired out with company. He had a very long dining-room, and his table was chock-full every one of the sixteen days I was there. There were Congressmen, foreigners, and all sorts of people to dine with him. He dined at four o'clock, and they generally sat and talked until night. It used to worry me to sit so long, and I finally quit when I got through eating, and went off and left them. The first thing in the morning, there was to go to market. Mr. Jefferson's steward was a very smart man, well educated, and as much of a gentleman in his appearance as any man. His carriage-driver would get out the wagon early in the morning, and Lamar would go with him to Georgetown to market. I have all my life been in the habit of getting up about four o'clock in the morning, and I went with them very often. Lamar told me that it often took fifty dollars to pay for what marketing they would use in a day."

At these dinners, which so wearied the soul of Mr. Bacon, there was no etiquette except that which would have been observed at the table of any private person of the time. Mr. Jefferson, however, as his friend, Professor Tucker, reports, was well aware of the sensitiveness of self-love, and was most careful never to wound it. At his more public dinners, if he found that he could not recall the name of a member of Congress who was present, he would give a sign to his secretary to go into the next room, where the President would join him to get the information desired.

The system of precedence was abolished.

This was settled at a Cabinet meeting early in the first term, when the whole barbarous code of precedence was swept away. These Rules were substituted: 1. Residents to pay the first visit to strangers; and, among strangers, whether native or foreign, first comers call first upon later comers. To this rule there was allowed one exception: "Foreign ministers, from the necessity of making themselves known, pay the

first visit to the Secretary of State, which is returned." 2. "When brought together in society, all are perfectly equal, whether foreign or domestic, titled or untitled, in or out of office." The President amplified these rules thus: "The families of foreign ministers, arriving at the seat of government, receive the first visit from those of the national ministers, as from all other residents. Members of the Legislature and of the judiciary, independent of their offices, have a right as strangers to receive the first visit. No title being admitted here, those of foreigners give no precedence. Difference of grade among the diplomatic members gives no precedence. At public ceremonies, to which the government invites the presence of foreign ministers and their families, a convenient seat or station will be provided for them, with any other strangers invited and the families of the national ministers, each taking place as they arrive, and without any precedence. To maintain the principle of equality, or of *pêle mêle*, and prevent the growth of precedence out of courtesy, the members of the executive will practice at their own houses, and recommend an adherence to the ancient usage of the country, of gentlemen in mass giving precedence to the ladies in mass, in passing from one apartment where they are assembled into another."

All this, with the friendly, humane usages that grew out of it, or were akin to it, agreeable as it was to most persons, shocked some ladies, and offended all men who owed their importance solely to rank or office. Mr. Jackson, English Minister in 1809, being a gentleman of sense and good-humor, was amused and pleased, during his first conference with President Madison (which proved to be very long), when a "negro servant brought in some glasses of punch and a seed-cake," just as might have been done in a farm-house of the day; but his wife lamented that her husband, after having been accustomed "to treat with the civilized governments of Europe," should have to

negotiate with the "savage democrats" of America. It so chanced that the British Minister from 1803 to 1809, with whom Jefferson had most to do, Merry by name but not by nature, was a fanatic of etiquette; and it appears that, previous to his presentation to the President, he had not heard of the business-like manner in which the affairs of the White House were conducted. He was stunned at the manner of his reception! It made an impression upon his mind which neither explanation nor the lapse of years could even soften, much less obliterate. And, really, when we consider that he had passed his life at courts where the nod, the smile, the frown, the glance, the tone, the silence, the presence, the absence, of the head of the government were matters of importance, to be noted, recorded, transmitted, and weighed, we ought not to laugh at this Mr. Merry as we do. Besides, as Mr. Jefferson remarks, "Poor Merry had learned nothing of diplomacy but its suspicions without head enough to distinguish when they were misplaced." Nevertheless, he comes down to us borne on a billow of laughter, and he remains to this day one of the stock jests of Washington. Thus he recounted his woes, three years after the event, to Mr. Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts, the ablest Federalist in Congress, and one of the worthiest:—

"I called on Mr. Madison, who accompanied me officially to introduce me to the President. We went together to the mansion-house, I being in full official costume, as the etiquette of my place required on such a formal introduction of a minister from Great Britain to the President of the United States. On arriving at the hall of audience, we found it empty, at which Mr. Madison seemed surprised, and proceeded to an entry leading to the President's study. I followed him, supposing the introduction was to take place in the adjoining room. At this moment Mr. Jefferson entered the entry at the other end, and all three of us were packed in this narrow space, from

which, to make room, I was obliged to back out. In this awkward position my introduction to the President was made by Mr. Madison. Mr. Jefferson's appearance soon explained to me that the general circumstances of my reception had not been accidental, but studied. I, in my official costume, found myself, at the hour of reception he had himself appointed, introduced to a man as President of the United States, not merely in an undress, but ACTUALLY STANDING IN SLIPPERS DOWN AT THE HEELS, and both pantaloons, coat, and underclothes indicative of utter slovenliness and indifference to appearances, and in a state of negligence actually studied. I could not doubt that the whole scene was prepared and intended as an insult, not to me personally, but to the sovereign I represented."

It is just possible that Mr. Jefferson thought, that morning, of the time when Gouverneur Morris kicked his heels four months in London waiting for the promised answer of the British government to as reasonable and urgent a communication from President Washington as one government ever made to another, and then had to leave England without getting it. Possibly, also, it *did* happen to occur to his memory, that Mr. Adams had been kept vainly waiting three years in England for a reply to the same proposals. Perhaps, too, he remembered the period when he was himself presented to the king of England by Mr. Adams, and the king froze to them both; an example which was followed by the "king's friends," and society generally; so that it required courage for a courtier to show them anything more than cold civility at an evening party. And this, while they were only asking the king to stay the bloody ravages of the Indians by giving up the seven posts within the boundaries of their country. He *may*, too, have thought of the time when he, as Secretary of State, would send an important communication to the British Minister at Philadelphia, and wait many months for an answer; but if *he* failed to answer a letter within

three or four days, he would be "goaded" by a second. Perhaps he thought the time had come to show the Federalists that he did not accept Great Britain at her own valuation, and did not believe she was fighting the battle of man and liberty against Bonaparte. It may be, too, that he, knowing the childish politics of Europe, and what ridiculous importance was attached there to trifles, may have paused before ringing for a pair of shoes not down at the heels, and wondered if his old slippers, duly reported to Bonaparte, might not drive another nail into the bargain for Louisiana, just concluded by Mr. Livingston and Mr. Monroe, to the great joy of President and people. All these thoughts *may* have flitted through the President's mind, and held back his hand from the bell rope; but, in all probability, he had no thoughts of the kind, and only wore the clothes he usually did while at work.

A few weeks after, arrived in Washington the young Irish poet, Thomas Moore, who had crossed the Atlantic in the same ship with Mr. and Mrs. Merry. To him, also, the affronted Briton related his sorrows, and even exhibited the President clad in the same style. Mr. Merry presented Mr. Moore to the President at the White House. "I found him," the poet records, "sitting with General Dearborn, and one or two other officers, and in the same homely costume, comprising slippers and Connemara stockings, in which Mr. Merry had been received by him, much to that formal minister's horror, when waiting on him in full dress to deliver his credentials. My single interview with this remarkable person was of very short duration; but to have seen and spoken to the man who drew up the Declaration of Independence was an event not to be forgotten." The poet did not approve of the President, and said so in several satirical stanzas and poems in his next publication, at which Mr. Jefferson was amused, and even surprised; for he had not before heard of this new

light in literature. Mr. Randall relates a pleasing incident to show how little he had come to regard the stings and arrows of outrageous politics. A few years after his retirement, a granddaughter placed in his hands Moore's *Irish Melodies*, as the book of the season, which was having a great run on both sides of the ocean. The young lady, curious and expectant, watched him as he opened the work and turned over the leaves. Said Jefferson, "This is the little man who satirized me so." Reading on, he was won by the flowing music and patriotic feeling of the verse, "Why," he said at length, "he *is* a poet, after all"; and, ever after, even to the end of his life, he was fond of reading certain favorites among the poems of Thomas Moore.

But poor Merry's troubles were not yet at an end. He and his wife dined one day at the White House; and, when dinner was announced, the President offered his arm to the lady nearest him at the moment, Mrs. Madison, — not to Mrs. Merry, who was on the other side of the room! Insult upon insult! "Poor Merry" made such an outcry at this in Washington, that Mr. Madison deemed it best to explain the circumstances to Monroe, the American Minister in London, that he might be prepared to meet Merry's version. Mr. Merry did relate his grievances to the English Minister for Foreign Affairs; who, however, forbore to mention the matter to Monroe. If he had, Monroe was ready for him; for, besides being fully alive to the humor of the affair, he had seen, a few weeks before, in an official London drawing-room, the wife of an under-secretary of state accorded precedence over his own. Mrs. Merry went no more to the White House, and her husband only went when official duty compelled. But nothing could tire the placable good-nature of Jefferson. Some time after, desirous to restore social intercourse, he caused Mr. Merry to be informally asked whether he and his wife would accept an invitation to a family dinner at the President's house; and receiving, as he

understood, an affirmative intimation, Mr. Jefferson sent the invitation, written with his own hand. Merry rose to his opportunity. He wrote to the Secretary of State, asking whether the President of the United States had invited him as a private gentleman or as British plenipotentiary; for, if as a private gentleman, he must obtain the king's permission before he could accept; if in his official character, he must have an assurance that he would be treated with the respect due to it. Madison, with short civility, waived the solution of this problem, and the matter dropped. But it was not till 1809 that British interests in America were confided to abler hands.

Some other points of public etiquette were now settled on rational principles, once and forever. The fussy incompetents recently in power had been concerned to know the relation which the President sustained to the governors of States,—precisely how much more exalted a President was than a governor, the exact degree of deference a governor should show to a President, and the forms in which that deference should be expressed. In July, 1801, the governor of Virginia asked the President to indicate the etiquette which he thought should regulate the communications between the State governments and the general government. His reply in substance was: Let there be *no* special etiquette. Between President and governor, each being the supreme head of an independent government, no difference of rank can be admitted. They are equals. Let us continue, then, as in General Washington's time, to write freely, just as public business requires, and with no more ceremony than obvious propriety and convenience dictate. If it be possible," he said, "to be certainly conscious of anything, I am conscious of feeling no difference between writing to the highest and lowest being on earth."

The two miles of tenacious, yellow mud that lay "straight as a gun-barrel" between the White House and

the Capitol, assisted to reconcile all but the extreme Federalists to a change in the mode of intercourse between the President and Congress. Hitherto the President had opened Congress by a speech, framed on the model of a king of England's speech, and delivered it to both houses assembled in the Senate Chamber. He had been wont to ride to and from the Capitol in a coach and six, which was followed by coaches and four bearing members of the government and others, the whole forming a considerable procession. When the President had retired, the houses separated, and each appointed a committee to prepare an address in reply. Of late years, these addresses had furnished the pretext for long and impassioned debates on party politics, lasting one, two, and even three weeks, the minority always striving to reduce the eulogy of the address to the minimum. When, after this desperate struggle, an address had been agreed upon, the House voting it rode in such state as members could command to the abode of the President, and stood around him in a solemn semicircle, while one of their number read to him what he had already read fifty times for himself, besides fifty columns of debate upon it. Then, the President read a short, formal acknowledgment of the address; after which the members returned to their chamber and began the business of the session.

Federalist gentlemen discovered, on the morning of December 8, 1801, that this fine opportunity for oratorical display and partisan recrimination was not to be afforded them. Scene, the Senate Chamber; the chairman in his revolving chair; members in their seats. Enter a young gentleman, Meriwether Lewis, perhaps, private secretary to the President, bearing a mass of documents, and a note from the President to the Vice-President:—

"SIR,—The circumstances under which we find ourselves at this place rendering inconvenient the mode heretofore practised, of making, by personal address, the first communications

between the legislative and executive branches, I have adopted that by message, as used on all subsequent occasions through the session. In doing this, I have had principal regard to the convenience of the legislature, to the economy of their time, to their relief from the embarrassment of immediate answers on subjects not yet fully before them, and to the benefits thence resulting to the public affairs. Trusting that a procedure founded on these motives will meet their approbation, I beg leave through you, sir, to communicate the inclosed copy with the documents accompanying it, to the honorable the Senate, and pray you to accept for yourself and them the homage of my high regard and consideration."

Thus the present usage was established, to the great content of all rational beings. He was himself well pleased with the first results of the experiment. "Our winter campaign," he wrote to Dr. Rush, "has opened with more good-humor than I expected. By sending a message, instead of making a speech, at the opening of the session, I have prevented the bloody conflict to which the making an answer would have committed them."

Other changes of this nature were these: He discontinued the practice of assigning a frigate for the conveyance of ministers across the ocean. He declined to write official letters of condolence to the widows or families of deceased officers. He would not have his birthday celebrated by the usual balls; and, to prevent this, refused to let the date of his birth be communicated. He would not deny himself any innocent pleasure, such as attending the races near Washington, from any false ideas of official dignity. He refused to appoint days of fasting or thanksgiving, on the ground that to do so would be indirectly to assume an authority over religious exercises, which the Constitution has expressly forbidden. A recommendation from the chief magistrate, he thought, would carry with it so much authority that any person or sect disregarding it would suffer some

degree of odium. "Fasting and prayer," said he, "are religious exercises; the enjoining them an act of discipline." "And does the change in the nature of the penalty make the recommendation less a *law* of conduct for those to whom it is directed?" He declined to make anything resembling an official tour or progress, or to receive while travelling attentions directed to his office. To secularize and to republicanize the government *completely*, remaining himself a plain American citizen,—these were among the objects which he steadily pursued and which he accomplished.

He was resolved not to be a personage. He *would be* Thomas Jefferson, and nothing else. Pleasing anecdotes are those which Mr. Randall relates in illustration of this point, particularly that one in which the President figures as the thoughtful and affectionate grandfather to his namesake, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, who stopped at Washington a few days on his way to attend the scientific lectures at Philadelphia. The President came into his room one day, had him unpack his trunk, took pencil and paper, and made a list of things he still lacked, saying, "You will need this and this at Philadelphia"; and then going about among the stores of Washington with the lad, and buying the articles required; finishing the performance by asking to see his pocket-book, and handing it back to him much better furnished than when he had taken it. That story, too, of the President carrying the rough Kentuckian over a river on his horse is interesting. This Kentuckian, sitting solitary on the bank of a swollen stream, let the gay young men of the President's party all pass on and flounder across the river, without making known his desire. Last of all rode the President. Him the rough wayfarer addressed, and Mr. Jefferson took him up behind, without ado. Being asked why he selected that particular individual of the party, the Kentuckian replied: "I reckon a man carries Yes or No in his face. The young chaps' faces said, No; the old man's said, Yes."

And, one day, in his daily ride near Washington, the President fell into conversation with a stranger. Politics becoming a topic, he had the pleasure of hearing, not only his measures roundly denounced, but his character most indecently reviled. "Do you know Mr. Jefferson personally?" he asked. "No; nor do I want to." "But is it fair play to believe and repeat such stories, and then not dare to meet the subject of them face to face, and trust to your own senses!" "I will never shrink from meeting Mr. Jefferson if he comes in my way." "Will you go to his house to-morrow, and be introduced to him, if I will meet you there?" He consented, and Jefferson galloped on. Instantly it occurred to the traveller, that it was the President himself with whom he had been conversing. But he kept his appointment, appearing at the hour, attired in his best. "I have called, Mr. Jefferson," said he, "to apologize for having said to a stranger—" Here the President, laughing, broke in and finished the sentence—"hard things of an imaginary personage who is no relation of mine." The stranger tried to get in his apology, but the President laughed it down, insisted on his staying to dinner, and made a friend of him and all his family.

He declined to receive presents while in office.

But he made one exception. In 1806, he received a present of a bust of the new Emperor of Russia, Alexander, with whom he had much friendly intercourse during his second term. He thus acknowledged the receipt of this work: "I had laid down as a law for my conduct while in office, and hitherto scrupulously observed, to accept of no present beyond a book, a pamphlet, or other curiosity of minor value; as well to avoid imputation on my motives of action as to shut out a practice susceptible of such abuse. But my particular esteem for the character of the Emperor places his image, in my mind above the scope of law. I receive it, therefore, and shall cher-

ish it with affection. It nourishes the contemplation of all the good placed in his power, and of his disposition to do it."

An instance of his scrupulousness with regard to deriving personal advantage from his office has only lately come to light. A private letter of his to General Muhlenburg, collector at Philadelphia, concerning a purchase of wine, was found, a few years ago, by a descendant of that officer, and sent to Mr. Greeley for publication. If I were a collector, I would have it printed, framed, and hung up in my custom-house. It is dated February 6, 1803:—

"DEAR SIR:— Mons. d'Yrujo, the Spanish Minister here, has been so kind as to spare me two hundred bottles of Champagne, part of a larger parcel imported for his own use, and consequently privileged from duty; but it would be improper for me to take the benefit of that. I must therefore ask the favor of you to take the proper measures for paying the duty, for which purpose I inclose you a bank check for twenty-two and a half dollars, the amount of it. If it could be done without mentioning my name, it would avoid ill-intended observations, as in some such way as this, 'By duty paid on a part of such a parcel of wines not entitled to privilege,' or in any other way you please. The wine was imported into Philadelphia probably about midsummer last. Accept assurances of my great esteem and respect.

"TH. JEFFERSON.

"GENERAL MUHLENBERG."

It would be absurd to praise such an act as this, because it was simply right. Nor ought it to be within the choice of any public officer, of any grade whatever, to do otherwise. It will doubtless, before many years have passed, be an impeachable offence for any man holding a public office to accept so much as a free ride on a horse-car. This is a point that comes home to the suffering sons of Manhattan, who remember that a system of plunder which reached an average of ten mil-

lions a year began in aldermen pocketing bundles of cigars and quires of note-paper in the old corporation "tea-room."

He used the prestige and the opportunities of his office for the public advantage.

His introduction of better breeds of domestic animals into Virginia is a case in point. With the aid of Mr. Livingston, Minister at Paris, after a long course of manœuvring and trouble, he managed to get six merino sheep as far on their way to Albemarle as Fredericksburg, half for himself, half for Madison, and all for Virginia; and wrote to his manager to go with Mr. Madison's head man to get them home. The two managers, when they caught sight of these animals, so renowned at the time throughout the country, were wofully disappointed. "The sheep were little bits of things," reports Mr. Bacon, "and Graves said he would not give his riding-whip for the whole lot." Their instructions were to divide them by tossing up for the first choice. "So," says Mr. Bacon, "I put my hand into my pocket, and drew out a dollar, and said, 'Head or tail?' I got the best buck. He was a little fellow, but his wool was as fine almost as cotton. When I got home, I put a notice in the paper at Charlottesville, that persons who wished to improve their stock could send us two ewes, and we would keep them until the lambs were old enough to wean, and then give the owners the choice of the lambs, and they leave the other lamb and both of the ewes. We got the greatest lot of sheep, more than we wanted; two or three hundred, I think; and in a few years we had an immense flock. People came long distances to buy our full-blooded sheep. At first we sold them for fifty dollars, but they soon fell to thirty and twenty; and before I left Mr. Jefferson, merino sheep were so numerous that they sold about as cheap as common ones."

Next, he imported some of the broad-tailed sheep from Barbary, which made splendid mutton, but would not thrive

in Virginia. He introduced also a superior kind of Guinea pigs. Himself, Mr. Madison, and General Dearborn joined in importing six hogs of a kind which Mr. Bacon tells us were called Calcutta hogs; black and white, short-legged, long-bodied, easily kept, and not given to rooting,—a very great success in every respect. “Mr. Jefferson,” remarks Mr. Bacon, “did n’t care about making money from his imported stock. His great object was to get it widely scattered over the country, and he left all these arrangements to me. I told the people to bring three sows, and when they came for them, they might take two and leave one. In this way he soon got a large number of hogs, and the stock was scattered over that whole country.”

His neighbors derived benefit even from his salary, which, to the imagination of primitive Virginia, seemed inexhaustible. A larger mill was among the urgent wants of the neighborhood, Mr. Bacon relates, and the people thought that, “as Mr. Jefferson had a large salary, he was better able to build it than anybody else.” He undertook the work, since “he was always anxious to benefit the community as much as possible”; and Mr. Bacon, assisted by an engineer from the North, superintended the construction. In his homely, excellent way, the manager relates the hopeful rise of the structure, “built of rock,” four stories high, with “four run of stone,” and a dam and race that cost a thousand dollars; and he tells us what minute directions Mr. Jefferson kept sending from Washington about it, and how he preferred it to all the works in progress on his estate. The mill complete, grain came in in surprising quantities, until eleven thousand bushels were stored, awaiting their turn to be ground. Coopers, millers, and teamsters were all in full activity; when, alas! in the midst of a great freshet, Mr. Bacon saw the dam swept away by the torrent of waters. “I thought we were ruined,” he says; “I never felt worse. I did not know what we

should do.” Mr. Jefferson being at home at the time, Bacon hurried off to the mountain-top to convey to him the dreadful news. There he met the lord of the mansion just from the breakfast-table, calm as a May morning. He asked, “Have you heard from the river?” “Yes, sir,” replied the doleful manager, “I have just come from there with very bad news. The mill-dam is all swept away.” “Well, sir,” said Mr. Jefferson, with perfect serenity of manner, “we can’t make a new dam this summer, but we will get Lewis’s ferry-boat, with our own, and get the hands from all the quarters, and boat in rock enough in place of the dam to answer for the present; and, next summer, I will send to Baltimore and get ship-bolts, and make a dam that the freshet can’t wash away.” Which was done. “You never saw his countenance ruffled,” Mr. Bacon observes. “No odds what happened, it always maintained the same expression.”

How eagerly he availed himself of his opportunities for increasing the sum of knowledge, his letters exhibit, and the fact is part of the history of that age. It was his thought that sent Meriwether Lewis and William Clarke up the Missouri to its sources in the Rocky Mountains, across those mountains to the Columbia River, and down the Columbia until huge waves rolling in from the ocean and tossing high their light canoes notified them that they had reached the Pacific. Counting from the time when Captain John Smith sailed up the Chickahominy in search of the South Sea, the world had waited two hundred years for this exploration. Never was a piece of work of that kind better done or better chronicled; for it was Jefferson who selected the two heroes that conducted it. Captain Lewis was the son of one of his most valued Albemarle neighbors. Lieutenant Clarke was the brother of that General George Rogers Clarke who held back the Indians from joining in the war of the Revolution; and both of

them were such masters of all frontier arts, that the perilous expedition of two years, four months, and ten days was one joyous holiday excursion to them. Returning to St. Louis laden with spoils and trophies, Captain Lewis, besides his journals and other official results, sends off exultingly to the President "sixty-seven specimens of earths, salts, and minerals, and sixty specimens of plants." It was Jefferson, too, who set on foot the two exploring expeditions of Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike, whose name lives in that of the peak which he discovered, and in those of ten counties of the United States. Pike was the first American who explored the Upper Mississippi beyond the Falls of St. Anthony; noting the sites of the cities now rising on its banks, and shaking hands on the way with "Monsieur Dubuque," who was working the lead-mines and lording it over a wide domain. Lieutenant Pike was the first American to explore the valley of the Arkansas. He said truly, in one of his letters, that the regions which he had traversed were little more known to the world than the wilds in the interior of Africa. In seventy years we behold them populous, and more familiar to our knowledge than the next county.

It was Jefferson who encouraged Astor to attempt his scheme of North-western trade, — a scheme which was as feasible as it was audacious, and which only the War of 1812 frustrated. It is interesting to observe, in view of the present importance of the Western silver-mines, that, in 1808, the secret of their existence, "seventeen hundred miles from St. Louis," was confided to the President, who, however, considering the menacing attitude of Spain, could only give verbal encouragement to the exploration sought. He jocularly writes to Gallatin: "I enclose for your information the account of a silver-mine to fill your treasury." As for the bones of the mammoth, he had enough of them at last, and kept the Philosophical Society, of which he was still the president, abundantly supplied

with objects of curiosity and investigation. And was there ever such an indefatigable recorder? Among his papers is a leaf thus entitled: "Statement of the vegetable market of Washington during a period of eight years, wherein the earliest and latest appearance of each article within the whole eight years is noted." One small page suffices, but it is complete; the list embraces thirty-seven articles. He could tell at a glance that the earliest appearance of "sprouts" was on the 22d of February, and the latest, May 20th; and that the extremes of the strawberry season were May 8th and July 9th. He refutes Dickens's satire of red-tape. In a minute or two, he could put his hand upon any letter or document, any entry or memorandum, of the tens of thousands which he possessed; and of all this myriad mass of details he was the master, not the slave.

He preserved perfect harmony in his Cabinet during the whole of both terms.

One reason was this: there was not an egotist among them. The pugnacious traits, such as vanity, jealousy, personal ambition, and the other commonplace forms of self-love, were extinguished, or, at least, subordinated in them all. "Our administration," wrote Jefferson once, "now drawing to a close, I have a sublime pleasure in believing will be distinguished as much by having placed itself above all the passions which could disturb its harmony as by the great operations by which it will have advanced the well-being of the nation." All of them were modernized persons. The masters of the past were, of necessity, soldiers and men of the soldierly spirit. The masters of our modern world are educated men of business. These five gentlemen, Jefferson, Madison, Gallatin, Dearborn, and Robert Smith, were all of this description; for Dearborn was only a soldier while his country was invaded; just as the most peaceful citizen becomes warlike when attacked by a ruffian. The military type of man, valu-

able as it was and is, was not represented in the Cabinet at all. It is also true, that the Jeffersonian theory of government is precisely the one that tasks the intellect and stirs the passions least, because it excludes even from consideration seven tenths of the questions which usually most perplex governments, its chief object being to protect *rights*, not interests. Interests are complex; rights are simple. The tariff question is a puzzler if you view it as affecting existing interests; but if you put the case thus: Has an American citizen a *right* to buy a pair of Sunday trousers, London made, for four dollars, instead of paying twenty-two for the Broadway article?—the case is within finite comprehension. Ralph Waldo Emerson and John G. Whittier go to Washington demanding to be protected, at home and abroad, in their *right* to the product of their lifetime's arduous and noble toil. Pirate publisher meets them there with the thieves' natural plea: Stolen books are cheaper than books honestly paid for. Republican government waives all that complicated nonsense out of hearing, and considers but two points, both easy: 1. Does the Constitution give us jurisdiction? 2. Is the demand of these ornaments of their country just? How adapted to human capacity such questions! A wayfaring man, unless a book-peddler, need not err therein.

But there never was a time when the politics of the world were so difficult as then. "Every country but one," as Jefferson said, "demolished; a conqueror roaming over the earth with havoc and destruction, a pirate spreading misery and ruin over the face of the ocean. Indeed, my friend, ours is a bed of roses. And the system of government which shall keep us afloat amidst this wreck of the world will be immortalized in history." It was a bed of roses, because the simple aim of the Republican administration was to have nothing whatever to do with this prodigious and astounding broil, except to sell refreshing provisions to both combatants, and pick up anything

in the way of a Louisiana or so that might get loose in the contest.

But, after all, it is the Arnold who makes the Rugby; it is the Fellenberg who renders possible the "self-governing college," so pleasingly revealed to us by Mr. Robert Dale Owen; and it was the large, benign, commanding intelligence of the chief which alone could have united and exalted a group of men to the height maintained by this peerless administration. Washington, Adams, and Madison, all had dissension in their Cabinets. Jefferson alone had none. He gave them his confidence without reserve. "If I had the universe to choose from," he said to them all, in 1801, "I could not change one of my associates to my better satisfaction"; and, in 1809, he said the same, with only a change of tense. Nor did anything like a serious difference of opinion ever arise among them. "All matters of importance or difficulty," he once wrote, "are submitted to all the heads of departments composing the Cabinet, sometimes by the President consulting them separately and successively, as they happen to call upon him; but, in the greatest cases, by calling them together, discussing the subject maturely, and finally taking the vote, in which the President counts himself but as one. So that, in all important cases, the executive is in fact a Directory, which certainly the President might control; but of this there never was an example, either in the first or the present administration."

In his use of the pardoning power, he was governed by principles that rendered that absurd relic of Divine Right comparatively harmless.

These principles were two in number. In a letter to Edmund Randolph, of 1808, he stated them both: 1. To entitle a criminal to the remission of a penalty, "extraordinary and singular considerations are necessary": otherwise, the pardon of the criminal would be "to repeal the law" that condemned him. 2. "The opinion of the judges who sat in the cause I have ever re-

quired as indispensable to ground a pardon.

He submitted to the outrages of the press.

We are now too familiar with this policy to appreciate either its novelty or its difficulty in the early years of the present century. Jefferson both believed and proved that a public man, fit for his place and doing his duty, cannot be injured by a hostile press. This truth we now all know, and have seen it tested many times; but in 1801 it was a discovery. Nor was there then in Christendom one government besides that of the United States strong and able enough to permit freedom of the press. Bonaparte's, of course, was not. Pitt's was not. Nor was there a government in all Europe where the idea of a free press could be entertained. And what made Jefferson's triumph the more remarkable was, that the Federalists were the "vocal class." It was they who filled most pulpits, wrote most books, edited most papers, presided in most courts, pleaded most causes, and taught in most colleges. They were denominated the educated class. Education, at that day, did not mean the acquisition of knowledge, but of scholarship; which, while it cultivates the communicating talents, may leave the prejudices intact, and is compatible with the last degree of mental servility and narrowness. A man may become a genuine scholar and remain a Jesuit. The Federalist leaders, too, were exasperated beyond mortal endurance. Their self-love was torn all to pieces. They had predicted their own speedy return to power: they saw their minority dwindling at every election. They foretold anarchy: they saw universal order and general content. They had prophesied financial chaos; they saw every obligation of the government met, its debt steadily diminished, its credit perfect, its only embarrassment a surplus. They had expected a suppression of the navy; they now saw, for the first time, the navy put to its legitimate use in terminating the piracies of the Algerines.

They had dreaded an expulsion from office of all their adherents: they saw the right of opinion respected, and no man disturbed in his place, except for a reason that did not include his political creed. They had predicted a reign of loafers and scallawags: they saw the great offices filled with men who were both refined by scholarship and enlarged by knowledge. They had foretold a base subserviency to France: they saw the President win from France the most valuable acquisition that one country ever gained from another since the creation, and this without bloodshed. They had predicted insult and rash hostility to Great Britain: they saw the moment come when, with universal acclamation, Jefferson could have had a war with England, and yet he held back the conflict for another four years, every month of which made that conflict less unequal.

It is not in mortals to behold with equanimity such brilliant and triumphant wisdom in the career of a person against whom they are publicly committed. The leading Federalists seem to have been equally puzzled and indignant. C. C. Pinckney could only attribute the strengthening hold Jefferson had of the public confidence to "the infatuation of the people." John Quincy Adams thought that Jefferson's success was owing to an unaccountable run of good luck. "Fortune," said he, "has taken a pleasure in making Jefferson's greatest weaknesses and follies issue more successfully than if he had been inspired with the profoundest wisdom." (This in 1804. Before Mr. Jefferson went out of office Adams was a Republican.) Gouverneur Morris, the jovial and witty aristocrat, set it down, Froude-fashion, to the natural baseness of merchants and traders. It was a favorite fiction of the class of Tories represented by Morris, that the counting-room is the centre and resort of all that is sordid and contemptible. But Morris did not despair of the Republic. "When the people," said he, "have been long enough drunk, they will get sober; but while the frolic lasts, to

reason with them is useless. Their present leaders take advantage of their besotted condition, and tie their hands and feet; but if this prevents them from running into the fire, why should we, who are their friends, complain?" Fisher Ames thought it was all a piece of impudent, reckless imposture, which just happened to succeed. "Never before," wrote he, "was it attempted to play the fool on so great a scale." Hamilton solved the enigma with the utmost ease, in his old manner; his central, immutable principle being this: Man is an ass. In his usual high-stepping style, he remarks: "Mankind are forever destined to be the dupes of bold and cunning imposture." Old John Adams, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," fulminated comparative history, but thought the people would open their eyes at last. "If," said he, "the talents, the policy, the address, the power, the bigotry and tyranny of Archbishop Laud and the court of Charles the First were not able to destroy or discredit sound principles in 1630 or 1635, there is little cause of apprehension for them from the feeble efforts of the frivolous libertines who are combining, conspiring, and intriguing against them in 1802."

How instructive is all this! How eloquent it is against intrusting the rights of a nation to the custody of a class!

If the uppermost men of the opposition wrote thus in their confidential correspondence, we can imagine the tone and style of the party press. The falsehoods which had been accumulating for three Presidential elections, with the new atrocities of Callender and others, formed a mass of calumny from which the mildest and the fiercest county editor could draw every week the slanders most congenial to his disposition. They did so. The State courts gave members of the administration a fair means of redress, and some of them appear to have thought of bringing suits for libel. Jefferson

avowed their right to do so; but said he, in various forms of expression, "Let us prove to the world that an administration which has nothing to conceal has nothing to fear from the press." It is the means which the press has of giving publicity to events which makes it one of the great powers of the modern world. When it utters falsehood, the party injured is itself. "I admit," he wrote to an old friend in 1808, "that restraining the press to *truth*, as the present laws do, is the only way of making it useful. But I have thought it necessary first to prove that it can never be dangerous." Again, in his second inaugural, he spoke of the importance to mankind of this experiment to ascertain whether a government that did no act which it would be unwilling the whole world should witness, could be written down. "The experiment has been tried," said he. "You have witnessed the scene; our fellow-citizens looked on, cool and collected; they saw the latent source from which these outrages proceeded; they gathered around their public functionaries, and when the Constitution called them to the decision by suffrage they pronounced their verdict, honorable to those who had served them, and consolatory to the friend of man, who believes he may be trusted with the control of his own affairs."

Such were some of the preliminary and minor excellences of this unique administration. Of themselves, they would not have carried it far. We are familiar with the theological student of tradition who advertised for a home in a family where a pious example would be considered an equivalent for his board. Of similar absurdity we might accuse the head of a nation who should expect to satisfy the people by being a virtuous, attentive, and rational man. That, indeed, is highly desirable; but it was for something else that the people assigned to Mr. Jefferson quarters in their White House at Washington.

James Parton.

WITHOUT REWARD.

THE maiden whom his fancy paints
Is all unlike the girl I am ;
I vex the air with weary plaints :
She dwells within a saintly calm.

I see in him the good I seek ;
He sees in me but faults to shun ;
He thinks me wrong, he knows me weak ;—
I hate myself, so lightly won.

I lift my heart unto his smile ;
I follow him with faithful eyes ;
I know myself as far the while
As is the sunflower from the skies.

He gives the hand he gives to all,—
A kindly touch, a friendly grasp ;
My fingers tremble as they fall,
Thrilled into weakness, from his clasp.

I hang upon his lightest word ;
I grow beneath his careless praise ;
I stir, as the poor weed is stirred,
Drinking the sunshine summer days.

I know not when the charm will end ;
I cannot dream my dream undone ;
And even now it seems to blend
With life immortal, unbegun.

Is heaven before ? I shrink away ;
I have no confidence to reach ;
I can but fall and blindly pray :
'T is God apports life to each.

I know he gives and he withholds ;
I have not, and this strong soul has :
The mystery the bud enfolds
May never bring its fruit to pass.

I wonder if God sees and cares ;
I wonder am I right or wrong :
Pluck me the wheat from out the tares
And stop the murmur of my song !

D. H. R. Goodale.

HONEST JOHN VANE.

PART II.

III.

SUCH as we have described was John Vane's slender outfit for the labors and responsibilities of a Congressman at the time he became one.

Was it sufficient? Slowburgh, taken collectively, thought it was. He was too ignorant to be a professor in the State university, or even a teacher in one of the city schools; but it was presumed that he would answer well enough as a lawgiver for a complicated Republic containing forty millions of people. The great majority of his constituents did not suppose that their representative needed any more intelligence or moral stamina than would just enable him to find out what were the "party measures" and faithfully to vote for them. The few who believed that he ought to be acquainted either with finance, or political economy, or constitutional limitations, or international law, and that furthermore he should be a person of tried character and honor, — these few eccentrics had no political influence. Such were the happy-go-lucky credences at which universal suffrage had arrived in this exceptional district of Slowburgh.

But as this state of public opinion was not John Vane's work, we must neither blame him nor praise him for it. We ought even to take a respectful and compassionate interest in him, as a good-hearted man of fair repute who was about to be severely tried by temptation, and who, even in his hour of triumph, had his pathetic hopes and fears. It is creditable to his sentimental nature that, amid all the visions of greatness which naturally flocked about him, he did not forget his love for the daughter of the boarding-house keeper, but rather remembered her the more tenderly because he had a sort of throne to share with her. When he heard

that he was elected, his first desire was to seek her presence and offer himself once more. In this mind he faithfully remained; but how should he transform it into deed? Having been refused by her, and having departed from her mother's house, really in humble sorrow, but seemingly in lofty dudgeon, he simply supposed that he must not call upon her.

Should he write? Well, it is very strange to tell, but nevertheless it is solemnly true, that this Congressman elect distrusted his ability to compose a suitable epistle for the occasion. Of course he could spell correctly, and, as for business letters, he wrote a dozen or so a day, and very good ones too. A speech also he could make, for nature had given him that commonplace fluency of utterance which does so much duty in our public affairs, and he had acquired confidence in delivery by practice in caucuses, debating-clubs, and, if I do not err, in prayer-meetings. But in English composition of the elegant and delicate sort, he was entirely inexperienced. He said to himself that, if he should write a declaratory note to Miss Smiles, something common, something lacking in high breeding, might creep into it, which would be sure to disgust this genteel and highly educated young lady, and cause her, as he stated it in his anxious mind, "to put another veto on him." So, for several days, our statesman elect walked the streets of the city which had delighted to honor him with a prevalently humble and troubled spirit.

Accident at last favored him; or, perhaps, it may have been a stroke of feminine providence; for women do sometimes condescend to order their own destinies. Once again Olympia Smiles met him on the street, and most graciously allowed herself to be

stopped by him, if, indeed, she did not herself do the stopping. Vane was for a moment dumb, for he remembered that he had nothing special to say to her except that he adored her, and it did not seem to him quite proper to interview her just there on that subject. Olympia came to his rescue with that quickness of mind which young ladies rarely lose and that mercy which they sometimes have.

"Mr. Vane, I am glad to meet you," she smiled. It was a very cordial speech surely, but it did not at all diminish her maidenly dignity, so well did she know how to rule her manner. "I have really longed to congratulate you on your victory," she continued. "It gives me a great deal of pleasure."

"I thank you exceedingly," stammered John, blushing with unspeakable joy and fright. "I heard you were good enough to take my side during the campaign. I was very much obliged to you for it, I am sure."

He showed no anger and he put on no dignity, though he seemed to hear even then her humiliating words, "It can never be." In the matter of loving he was surely a model soul, and, so far as that goes, well worth any woman's winning.

"Why don't you come and see us?" she resumed, after a moment of natural hesitation over the entangling query. "I had hoped that we should always remain good friends."

She looked uncommonly attractive as she uttered this, for there was an enchantment about her beyond that of mere beauty. Her agitation not only filled her cheeks with color and her eyes with tremulous light, but drew from her whole being a mysterious influence which we might, perhaps, call a halo of enticement. She longed so earnestly to bring her discarded lover back to her feet, that he could not but be vaguely aware of the longing.

"I shall be delighted to call," replied John Vane, so much moved that he could not devise a fine speech, but delivered himself with the simplicity of

high breeding. "Will you allow me to see you this evening?"

"Yes," murmured Olympia, drawing her breath with some difficulty, "do come."

Then, unwilling to say more for fear of exposing her feelings too clearly, she gave him a bewildering smile and went her way. Her superb figure thrilled in every vein with excitement, and she could hardly set her little bootees upon the ground steadily. Citizen John Vane had had no attractions for her; but she could not help being drawn by the member of Congress. After the fashion of women, she instinctively admired a man who rules his fellow-men, and causes them to do him reverence. As he, like all masculine flesh, adored beauty and delicacy, so she, like all feminine flesh, worshipped strength and authority.

That evening John called, in his best suit, at his old boarding-house, and was received there with a warmth which melted the icy past out of his mind. Mrs Smiles, who had always liked him, and who had been sentimentally pained as well as financially injured by losing him from her table, called up all her social graces of by-gone fashionable days to do him honor; Julia Maria, Olympia's younger sister, only nineteen years old at the time, saluted him in her pert but alluring way as "the delegation from Slowburgh." Olympia herself, that experienced, though not hardened veteran of the world, robed herself in just the right mixture of cordiality and dignity. Both in a moral and in a wardrobe sense she had taken great pains to get herself up for the occasion. She was arrayed in her best garnet silk; and we ought to add the statement that it was her only really good and fresh one, — a pathetic circumstance in view of the fact that she dearly loved gorgeous apparel, and that it suited her style of beauty. The rich and noble color of the garnet lent additional splendor to the flush on her brunette cheeks, and to the liquid sparkle of her dark eyes. There was an emerald cross (a

relic of her mother's former prosperity) on her breast; and several rings of like moving history sent out little glimmers of gentility from her fingers. The fine raiment and the authentic splendor of the jewels became her, and made her more queenly, more like a Cleopatra, than even her wont. John Vane had never before seen her so beautiful, and he was dazzled to that degree that he forgot his own political majesty, and sat before her on the edge of a chair a most humble Antony.

"I am truly rejoiced at your success, Mr. Vane," chanted the mother, who felt it her duty to open the way toward full cordiality. "We shall now have an honest man to represent us," she continued, repeating such political talk as she had fully caught the sense of while serving her boarders. "And a man of ability, too," she quickly added, vaguely conscious that an imputation of honesty alone is small praise. "Knowing what you have done in life hitherto, I feel sure that you will be very useful in your new sphere."

"Do manage, Mr. Vane, to have a gay season in Washington," put in Julia Maria; "and then do get me an invite to spend the winter there."

Olympia lost a little of her air of repose, and glanced uneasily at her sister. Was it within the range of possibility that this young chit should skip into the arena and carry off the prize by dint of mere girlish forwardness and flippancy? Mrs. Smiles also saw the peril, and, in obedience to the eye of her eldest, sweetly sent Julia Maria down stairs with a message to the cook.

"I don't know what sort of a figger I shall cut in Congress," observed John Vane, modestly. "But you may be sure, Mrs. Smiles, that I shall do my honest best. I hope sincerely that I shall merit the compliments you are so polite as to pay me."

"O, *indeed* you will!" broke in both mother and daughter, eagerly.

"And yet, I should think you would tremble at the thought of assuming

such responsibilities," continued Mrs. Smiles, gazing with real veneration at her once favored boarder, now the choice of the people. "It must be such a terrible thing to decide on the President's salary, and such-like important questions."

"O, that's very simple!" answered the Congressman elect, pardonably anxious to show a little bit of his political lore. "You see, the President's salary is fixed by law, and there's no discussion over it."

"Yes, but you may have to vote on the law," pursued the good lady, eager to make up some work for her hero.

"O, as to that," stammered Vane, who had been drawn beyond his depth, "I dare say that may come up sometimes! Of course, when it does, Congress attends to it."

"Certainly," chimed in Mrs. Smiles, delighted that it should be so, because it enhanced her friend's glory. "I remember hearing Mr. Smiles, my poor husband, — this was when we were in better circumstances, Mr. Vane, — I remember hearing him say that Congress is only too powerful. He took a great interest in politics, Mr. Smiles did. It is the business of a statesman, he used to say. Often and often I've heard him say it."

By this time Olympia was glancing sidelong at her mother, as she had previously glanced at her sister. Mrs. Smiles noted the look and divined from it that she was in the girl's way, and proceeded to remove herself.

"Dear me! I wonder if Julia gave my message," she exclaimed in a simulated tone of reminiscence. "Do excuse me for a few moments, Mr. Vane. You know a housekeeper has her affairs."

"Certainly, Mrs. Smiles," bowed John, who was rejoiced to have her depart, although he also felt nervous.

As soon as the two "young people" were left alone, Olympia rose from the chair where she had been sitting in isolated dignity, advanced to our Congressman with an air of cordial inter-

est, and placed herself by his side on a sofa.

"Now tell me *all* about it," she murmured with a bewildering smile. "I have so *longed* to question you! I wanted to give you some intelligent sympathy. Tell me *all* your plans of legislation, as far as it is proper to tell them to a woman."

Such a gush from such a source was intoxicating to the heart, and furthermore it was inspiring to the mind. Some thousands of psychologists have already remarked that a man can always talk easily, if you will let him talk about himself and provide him with an interested and interesting listener. John Vane at once lost his embarrassment and found that this was indeed a land of free speech. He had a fluent utterance, as we have already indicated, and on this occasion he beat his best time on the platform. He told all that he knew about national politics, and some things which neither he nor any other man ever knew.

"O, that will be noble work!" exclaimed Olympia, when he had fully exposed his plan for renovating and purifying the Republic by rescinding the franking privilege. "We shall all owe you a vast debt of gratitude," she continued, without in the least comprehending how the reform would benefit her or any other human creature. "But do you think it possible to eradicate such an established and wide-spread abuse?" she continued, calling it what he had called it, and thereby causing him to marvel at her discrimination. "Here are all these greedy people all over the country, crazy to get these big books and reports that you speak of. How do you think they will bear being deprived of them? Of course they will become your bitter enemies. Don't you think it would be safer, and better in the long run, to begin with some easier work, where there would not be millions to oppose you? Of course I am dreadfully ignorant of these political matters," she naïvely confessed, discovering by his face that she had made some blunder, which she

certainly had as to the millions. "You must forgive me for venturing suggestions. I ought not to try to discuss matters so much above me. But I am so eager to have you succeed from the very start! O, so *eager*!" she added, rolling up her fine eyes enthusiastically.

"O Miss Smiles! I do heartily thank you for your interest," gasped John Vane, barely restraining himself from falling on his majestic knees.

At this moment the impertinent cheap parlor clock struck ten. Congressman Vane started and stared at its round face with astonishment. Since Mrs. Smiles had left the room "for a few moments," more than an hour had elapsed.

"I must be going," he observed, remembering an appointment, at ten precisely, with certain leading managers of politics.

"O, it is not late!" pleaded Olympia. "I have but just begun to get interested—I mean, to understand these matters."

But the Congressman felt that it would not do to let his potent allies wait long, and, humbly pleading his appointment, he persisted in rising.

"Do call again soon," urged the young lady. "I want to show you that I am still your friend,—one of your most sincere friends," she added fervently, giving him her hand.

John Vane could not resist the temptation; he impulsively pressed that hand to his lips. "You know how I feel!" he gasped in apology, and then in haste made his dizzy way to the door.

"O, how could you!" whispered Olympia in feigned remonstrance. But her cheek was red with pride and pleasure, and her parting glance was of a nature to fill him with hope.

A sense of justice compels us to state that this young lady was not merely a clever hypocrite, cold-heartedly planning for herself a prosperous marriage. During the two months in which John Vane had fought his election fight and won his really brilliant

victory, she had not only lost all her early disdain of him, but had gradually learned to admire him, to wish to win him, and to like him. People are often loved, not merely for what they are themselves, but also for their adventitious surroundings. I myself feel that I might have a passion for a tolerably plain queen, if her Majesty should distinctly and magnificently encourage me. Just in this natural, and therefore, I suppose, rational and proper manner, Olympia "fancied" and in a certain sense loved Mr. Vane because he was a Congressman and a celebrity.

A learned pig, or any other intellect of a second-rate order, might predict with accuracy the result of such a state of things. These two people, who so earnestly wanted each other, soon managed to have each other. But, although John Vane made an easy conquest, it was none the less an unexpected one to him, and a matter of great and keen joy. When he at last dared to say to Olympia, "Will you be my wife?" and when she leaned with downcast eyes toward him and whispered, "I will," he was as much astonished with gladness as if he had been received bodily into heaven. Just in that moment his feelings, and we may hopefully venture to add hers also, were as admirable and enviable as the emotions of the most select and highly educated natures would average under the same circumstances, and might easily be accepted as the sure harbingers of a happy married life.

We shall see in the sequel, when Mr. and Mrs. Vane come to be exposed to the temptations of Washington, whether these seraphic visitants prophesied correctly.

IV.

IN due time John Vane took his lovely bride to the national capital, and entered upon his triple career as a social magnate, a lawgiver, and a reformer.

He was a bloomingly happy man at

the period of that advent, and he could surely allege satisfactory reasons for his beatitude. He had attained eminence early in life; there were few younger Congressmen than himself. His fame as an incorruptible soul had preceded him; and because of it he had been received by his brother legislators with a deference which spoke well for them, as if they also were honest or admired probity theoretically, or at the very least bowed to popular prejudice on the subject. He had, as he supposed, a sure entry into the hitherto unvisited region which he called high society, and by his side walked a being who seemed to him perfectly fitted to guide him among those Delectable Mountains. Finally, his wife was the object of his robust, undivided affection, and, to the best of his knowledge and belief, returned it with interest.

But, however pure and abundant may be the sources of earthly joy, some turbid stream will ever and anon rile them, bubbling up no doubt from the infernal regions. Before long Vane discovered, or rather had it borne in upon him, that Olympia was not pleased with her architectural surroundings, nor with their upholstery attributes. His apartments, it must be conceded, were not fine; they were just that kind of tarnished, frowsy lodgings which Congressmen of moderate means grumble at, but perforce put up with; such lodgings as one is sure to find abundantly in any city which is crowded during one half of the year and deserted during the other half. Even Vane, whose self-made career had not left him a sybarite, was obliged to admit that the bedroom smelt unpleasantly of a neighboring stable, and that the parlor was dingy and scantily furnished.

"O, this shabby Washington!" Olympia soon began to sigh. "What mean, musty, vile rooms! I don't see how we came to take them. I'm sure nobody but poorhouse people will visit us twice *here*."

"But, my dear petsy posy, what can be done?" gently replied John. "They are the best we could find at the figger,

and the figger is as high as my pocket-book measures. Just look at the whole thing now," he continued, patiently recommencing an argument which he had already been driven to state more than once. "I'll show you exactly how I stand. As a source of income the refrigerator business don't count at present. I had to take in a partner to carry on the shop; and whether there'll be any profits or not I can't yet say. It won't be safe, at least not for the first year, to estimate my receipts at anything more than my Congressional salary. What I have to live on, then, is just five thousand dollars, and no more."

"But that is a great deal," interrupted Olympia, who had never had anything whatever to do with the boarding-house responsibilities, and was consequently as ignorant of the cost of living as Queen Victoria, and probably a great deal more so.

"Well, that depends on the rate of outgo," smiled the husband, hoping vainly to render his logic palatable by sugaring it with meekness. "Now, what are our expenses? First, there are the two children. I wanted to make things easy for your mother, and so I put their board at twenty-four dollars per week, which, with other bills, such as clothing, schooling, doctoring, etc., will foot up to eighteen hundred a year. It's awful, but I wanted to make it light on the old lady." He smiled again, not noting how this reference to maternal poverty jarred on Olympia. "Then our board and rooms here cost forty dollars a week, and won't fall greatly below that while we are in Slowburgh, besides which you want a trip to Saratoga. So there goes another payment of two thousand and eighty dollars. That makes three thousand eight hundred and eighty, you see. All we have left for everything else — wardrobe, washing, servants, street-cars, hack-hire, and sundries — is only eleven hundred and twenty dollars. Can we fetch the twelve months round on that? I don't know yet. But I'm sure, we ought to wait and see, before

we branch out any wider. Just look at it, my dear petsy posy, for yourself."

"I hate arithmetic," was the answer which dear petsy posy accorded to this painstaking exposition of weighty facts; "I always did hate it and always shall."

There are some persons so constituted that they will get furious with a thermometer for proving that a room is warm after they have pronounced it cold. Olympia, who already felt discontented with her husband for bringing her into these commonplace rooms, was little less than angry at him because his arguments in favor of retaining them were unanswerable. She did not care one straw for his reasons, except to hate them for controverting her wishes.

"I did think that I should be allowed to live in some style while I was in Washington," she continued to pout. "This kind of thing," with a disdainful glance at her furnishings, "I suppose I can bear it, if I must; but I do say that it is a very great disappointment to me."

Having been married before, John Vane was not much astonished at this persistence, but he could not help being grieved by it. It did seem to him rather hard that a wife whom he had taken out of the enforced frugality of a boarding-house should be just as eager for grandeur and as hostile to saving as if she had been reared in the lap of luxury and had brought him a fortune. Furthermore, a sad doubt, which has dolorously surprised many a husband beside him, now sprang upon him for the first time. "Is it possible," he asked himself, "that she is not going to be satisfied with succeeding through *my* success, but means to make her own glory the centre of our life?" The first Mrs. Vane, whatever her shortcomings in other respects, had been content with such an abode as he could pay for, and had taken a pride in his growing business. But here was a new style of helpmeet; a helpmeet who apparently did not propose to live for him; who, on the contrary, intended that he should

live for her, and that without regard to balancing his bank account. She had got a Congressman; but that almost continental fact did not satisfy her: she must have her own separate empire and glory. In short, Vane began dimly to suspect (although he did not at all know how to phrase the matter to himself) that he had married a girl of the period, that fairest and greediest of all vampires. Being love-bewitched, however, he did not really believe in his calamity, and much less burst forth in wrath or lamentation.

"Well, my dear, we'll see about it," he said, cheering. "We'll keep our eyes open for some better shanty than this, and if the dollars seem plenty we'll pop into it."

This conditional promise of finer surroundings Olympia tacitly accepted as a positive agreement to provide the same, and went out that very day in search of first-class apartments, returning much annoyed at finding none vacant. To soothe her disappointment she got fifty dollars from her husband, purchased such damask curtains as could be had therefor, and so embellished her parlor. Vane winced a little; as a business man he saw that this was a poor way to prepare for getting into better lodgings; as a business man also he hated to spend money in lending attractions to another person's property. But he tried to persuade himself that he had got off tolerably cheap, and that his wife would learn economy and self-control in the course of time. Then, like many another Congressman who cannot rule his own expenditures, he turned his attention to reforming those of the nation.

The first thing to be done was to get in his bill for the abolition of the franking privilege. He had written it out months ago, and touched it up ever so many times since. After pulling aside those damask curtains in order to give himself some light, he took his well-scratched manuscript out of his trunk, and read it to himself aloud. As is frequently the case with persons little accustomed to composition, the sound of

his own periods was agreeable to him, and the sense impressive, not to say sublime. It seemed to him that it was a good bill; that it was, all over its face and down its back, an honest man's bill; that every respectable fellow in the House would *have* to vote for it. He decided to make a clean copy of it just as it was, without another syllable of useless alteration. He had just squared himself and spread out his legs and put his head on one side for this chore, and was in the very act of flourishing his right hand over the foolscap preparatory to executing a fine opening capital, when he was arrested by a ring at his door-bell. Presently in stamped his old acquaintance and most adroit wire-puller, Mr. Darius Dorman, followed by a stranger.

No miracle having of late been performed for the benefit of Dorman (who, indeed, may have been altogether beyond the pale of heavenly interferences), he was as ungraciously fashioned and as disagreeably discolored as ever. Earthly soap and water, it seemed, could not wash away that suspicious smear of charcoal and ashes which constituted his complexion, or which, perhaps, only hid its real tint. Blurred, blotched, smoke-dried, wilted, uneasy, and agile, he looked and acted, as he had always looked and acted, to mortal eyes, like either a singed monkey or a bleached goblin, who had some unquenched sparks on his hide that would not let him be quiet.

To this brownie in bad preservation the person who accompanied him offered a pleasing contrast. He was a man of near seventy, but still slender in build and of an upright carriage; his face was long, venerably wrinkled, firm in expression, and yet unctuous with mildness and benevolence; his hair was long, straight, thin, and of a gray which verged on the reverend gloss of pure whiteness; his whole air was marked by a curious staidness and circumspectness which seemed to promise ascetic virtue. One would have said that here was a soul which had dwelt long on the pillar of self-sacrifice. If

there was a certain sharpness amounting almost to cunning in the half-shut, faded, cold gray eyes, it might have been acquired, of course, by wary spying into the ambushes of this wicked world, and be only a proof of that serpent-like wisdom which goes properly with the harmlessness of the dove. If there was a show of grip about the close-shut mouth, as though it could hang on to an advantage like a mastiff to a bone, perhaps it might have resulted from a dogged struggle to hold fast to the right. On the whole, this gentleman's appearance was well calculated to inspire instant and entire confidence, providing the beholder were disposed by education to put faith in exteriors of the Puritanized cast.

"How are you, Vane?" exclaimed Dorman, cordially extending one of those hands which had such an air of having been rubbed in a fireplace. "Glad to see you at last where you belong, glad to see one right man in the right place. Let me make you acquainted with the Honorable Mr. Sharp, one of the leading members from the good old Whetstone State," he explained, referring to a well-known Commonwealth. "Of course you have heard of Mr. Simon Sharp, the great financier and practical statesman. Mr. Sharp, this is honest John Vane, the workingman's man, the plain people's man. By Beelzebub!" he added (for he had very odd fashions of swearing), "I'm glad to bring you two gentlemen together. You both travel the honest track. You'll make a team."

Mr. Vane and Mr. Sharp shook hands respectfully, and said what pleasant things they could think of. Our member noted with some surprise that his famous and puissant visitor had a singularly soft, ingratiating, obsequious, nay, even sycophantic utterance, and that his manner was not only deferential, but slightly anxious and nervous and embarrassed, as if he were a needy tradesman, eager to propitiate a difficult customer. Moreover, he was unctuously and little less than stickily profuse in compliments, pouring them

forth with a liberality which reminded one of oil dripping from a castor-bean press. He repeated over and over such lubricating commonplaces as, "I thank you truly, Mr. Vane. You are really much too kind. You do me too high an honor. This from you, my dear sir, is more than I deserve. I am delighted to have the pleasure of your acquaintance. I hope to learn statesmanship from you, sir. I trust that you will find me a zealous scholar. We have all been, as it were, waiting for you. O, thank you kindly!" when a seat was urged upon him. "You are really too urbane and thoughtful. I thank you heartily."

At last, emerging with difficulty from a wilderness of bowings and scrapings, they all three got settled creakily in such unstable chairs as the dingy parlor afforded. Mr. Dorman now opened his dry, blackened, baked lips, and took the lead in the conversation.

"Just in Washington, Vane. I came on about my little job, and I thought I'd drop in to see how you found yourself; and as I was strolling along I met Friend Sharp."

Here he glanced at that worthy person, who was thereby driven to nod and smile in confirmation of the tale, although the fact was that Dorman had looked him up at his residence and besought him eagerly to call on Vane.

"And it's a lucky circumstance, I think," continued Darius, with one of his unpleasing smiles,—a grimace which seemed to express suffering rather than joy, as though he had sat down upon an unhealed burn. "You see, Friend Sharp is one of the oldest sailors in this ship of state, and knows all the ropes, and the way to the caboose, and everything."

"O Mr. Dorman! you do me too much honor!" put in Mr. Sharp, with a meek, uneasy air. "I scarcely know a rope, and know nothing about the caboose. You are really too obliging. But you mean a compliment, and I thank you kindly."

"I must have my little joke," winked Darius. "Well, at any rate, Friend

Sharp is a man who knows how to keep out of traps and to show others how to steer clear of them. Now you, Vane, have got a great measure on your mind and conscience. It's a great and good measure; there's no use in disputing it. The only question is, whether it is best to push it now, or wait awhile. Will hurrying it up do good or do harm? Mr. Simon Sharp is just the person to tell you."

"Well, gentlemen," said Vane, with an elevating sense of making a revelation, while the truth was that Sharp already knew all about his proposed bill,— "well, gentlemen, I want to abolish the franking privilege."

The member from the old Whetstone State bowed, stretched out one of his smiles into an adulatory grin, and whispered in his greasiest voice, "Certainly, Mr. Vane, certainly!"

"You agree with me!" rejoiced Honest John. "Well, I'm glad of securing one leading voice in the House."

"In principle,— in principle," Mr. Sharp continued to grin; "yes, in principle I entirely agree with you. You have suggested a measure which touches my conscience, and I need not say that I thank you kindly. You will find many sympathizers with your idea in Congress, sir. All honest, fair-minded, intelligent, and patriotic members long to do away with that expensive nuisance which so corrupts our national morality and overloads our mail-bags. The trouble is that the fellows who want a re-election—" And here the good soul shook his venerable head sadly over the character of the fellows who wanted a re-election.

"But ain't there enough popular men and sound patriots to carry it, in spite of those chaps?" asked Vane, anxiously.

"You see, there are *so many* who want a re-election!" explained Mr. Sharp, gently. "In fact, almost everybody gets around to that state of mind after two years."

"Do you mean to say that all Congressmen think of is how to get an-

other term?" exclaimed Honest John, rather indignant at the insinuation.

"No, no, by no means!" implored the Whetstone State representative. "Pray, don't understand me as even suggesting such a calumny. They think of many other things," he added, remembering certain objects of general interest which he did not choose to mention; "but this particular measure you see—the stoppage of electioneering documents, etc.— touches every man's chances in the end."

"I see it does," grumbled our upright and brave member. "But what has that got to do with a fellow's duty?"

This allusion to duty may not have seemed germane or important to Mr. Sharp; at all events he did not give himself the trouble to oil it with any commentaries.

"Horace Greeley worked at this abuse for years," he pursued. "Horace was an honest politician and a very potent editor. He did his best, and he failed."

"And you mean to say that a man who is n't a shaving to Horace Greeley won't succeed any better than he did," inferred John Vane, with a lowliness which shows that he had some sense.

"I don't mean to say that you are only a shaving to Mr. Greeley," responded Mr. Sharp, politely. "By no means, sir. On the contrary, you quite remind me of Mr. Greeley," he added, running his eyes over Vane's cherubic face and portly figure. "He was not so well-favored a man as you, sir; but still you remind me of him,— remind me very agreeably. Both self-made men, also; I say it with profound respect." He bowed here, and indeed he kept bowing all the while, like an earthenware mandarin. "And both honest, known to the world as such, eminent for it!" he emphasized, with a grin which could have bit a quarter out of a mince-pie. "Ah, well, sir! so much the worse!" he resumed. "An honest man can't do away with the franking privilege. A rogue might, for he would offer something in place of it, and so, perhaps, carry his point by a

sort of bargain. No, Mr. Vane; you must really excuse me for contradicting your honorable hopes, but a gentleman of your character can't repeal the franking privilege,—at least not for years to come. That is my sorrowful, but candid belief."

John Vane stared at Mr. Simon Sharp with wonder and dismay. The venerable man had begun all right on this matter, and then, in the most rational and natural manner, had ended all wrong. Was this the way that people learned to reason by dint of sitting for several terms in Congress?

"If you could only become useful,—generally useful, you understand,—you might try your bill with some chance of success," resumed Mr. Sharp, after some moments of meditation. "A man who is known to be *useful*,"—and he laid a very strong emphasis on the word,— "such a man can propose almost anything, and carry—well, carry something."

"Well, how can I get to be useful?" inquired the zealous neophyte from Slowburgh.

"I'll tell you," smiled the veteran, at the same time hitching his chair forward confidentially, as if being useful were a sort of patent-right or other precious secret, not to be communicated to the public.

V.

"SPECIAL legislation is the great field for what I call Congressional *usefulness*," pursued Mr. Sharp, again bringing down a violent emphasis on the word, as if he were trying to drive it into his listener's head.

"Ah! is it?" stared John Vane. "That's news to me. I thought general legislation was the big thing,—reform, foreign relations, sectional questions, constitutional points, and so on; I thought those were the diggings to get a reputation out of."

"All exploded, my dear sir!" answered Mr. Sharp. "All gone out with Calhoun and Webster, or at the

latest with Lincoln and Stanton. All dead issues, as dead as the war. Special legislation—or, as some people prefer to call it, finance—is the sum and substance of Congressional business in our day. It is the great field, and it pays for the working. It pays every way. Your vote helps people, and they are grateful and help *you*. Your vote brings something to pass, and the public sees that it does, and respects you. Work into finance, Mr. Vane," exhorted Mr. Sharp, gently moving his hand in a spiral, as if to signify the insinuation of a corkscrew, "work slow-ly into—finance—so to call it. Take up some great national enterprise, and engineer it through. Get your name associated with a navigation scheme, or a railroad scheme, to advance commerce, you understand, or to move the crops." And as he alluded to these noble purposes, his voice became little less than reverential. "The millions yet unborn—you understand," here he seemed to be suggesting hints for a speech in advocacy of said scheme,— "millions yet unborn will have reason to remember you. Capital will become your friend. And capital—ah, Mr. Vane, there's a word! My very blood curdles when I think of the power and majesty of *capital*. This land, sir, this whole gigantic Republic, with its population of forty millions, its incomparably productive and energetic industry, and its vast network of continental communications, is the servant, and I had almost said the creature, of *capital*. Capital guides it by its wisdom and sustains it by its beneficence. Capital is to be, and already is, its ruler. Make capital your friend. Do something for it, and secure its gratitude. Link your fortunes and your name with some gigantic financial enterprise. Then, when you have won the reputation of advancing the industrial interests of the country, and gathered around you hosts of admirers and friends, you can return to your pet measure. Now, there is my advice,—the advice of an old hand. Does n't it strike you as worth considering? My

maxim, as you see, is slow and sure. I also have my little reform at heart, but I keep it waiting until I can get strong enough to push it, and meantime I strengthen myself by helping other people. Never mind now what that reform is," he added, noting a gleam of inquiry in Vane's eye; "you will hear of it some day. Let us come to the immediate and the practical. While I make my humble little project bide its time, I am busy with a scheme which combines capital and industry, a scheme of national importance and magnitude. I don't mind mentioning it to you. It is the great Subfluvial Tunnel Road, meant to run through our country from North to South, under the Mississippi River, uniting Lake Superior with the Gulf of Mexico. It is a gigantic idea: you must admit it. Of course the business minutiae and prospects of it are beyond me," he conceded, with an air of innocence and simplicity which seemed to relieve him of all responsibility as to those points. "There I have to trust to the judgment of business men. But where my information fails, Mr. Dorman here can fill the gap. Dorman, suppose you let our friend into this if he wants to come in."

John Vane, being quite beyond his honest depth by this time, had nothing to say to the Great Subfluvial either in condemnation or praise, but merely stared in expectant silence.

"It is the job I gave you a hint about in Slowburgh," began Darius Dorman, turning upon his member a pair of sombre, lurid, smoky eyes, which were at once utterly unearthly and utterly worldly. "We have just got it well under way."

"What! stock taken?" exclaimed Vane, amazed that he had not heard of such a huge financial success.

Darius smiled, as a slave-trader might smile upon a stalwart, unsuspicious negro who should express a curiosity to see the interior of his schooner.

"The subscription is to be started by the government," he proceeded. "That is, the government will loan the

capital necessary to build the tunnel, and then secure itself by a mortgage on the same. No particular risk, you see, to capitalists, especially as they will get the first issue of stock cheap, and won't be called on to pay in a heavy percentage. What they don't want to keep they can sell to the outside public, — the raft of small investors. Now, bankers and financiers won't neglect such a chance as that; they will pile in as fast and as plenty as need be. With a government loan to start on, the stock is sure to be floated and the thing finished; and after that is done, why, it will go on pretty much as railroads do, — gradually increase its business, and in the end pay well, like railroads."

Just here there was a malicious twinkle in his charcoal-pits of eyes, as though he were thinking of the numberless widows and orphans and other unprotected creatures whose little all had gone into railroads without ever bringing out a dividend. At the same time he glanced suddenly at his grimy hands and rubbed them uneasily against each other, as if he would have been glad to get them clean for once in his existence, or as if the maculations on them itched and scalded quite intolerably.

"O, there's nothing unusual or extra smart about the enterprise!" he resumed, perhaps detecting in honest John Vane's countenance a gleam of suspicion. "It is about the way railroads in general are got up, except the one notion of a government loan to start the thing. That is new and patented. Don't mention that for the Devil's sake!" he implored, with an outburst of his characteristically eccentric profanity. "Keep as dark as hell about the whole thing. All we want of you is to bear the job in mind, and when the House comes to the question of the loan, give us your voice and vote."

"It will be a grand thing for the country," put in Mr. Sharp, seeing that Vane pondered.

"O, magnificent!" exclaimed Dor-

man. "Give us another New York at New Orleans. Double the value of land in the Mississippi Valley."

"Unite the North and South," continued Sharp. "Close up the bloody chasm. Bind together the national unity in chains of cast-iron."

"Pour the wild rice of Green Bay upon the dinner-tables of our working-men," responded Dorman.

"Bring the Menomonic Indians within easy reach of Christian missionaries," was Sharp's next word in this litany.

"Providing the whole tribe has n't already got to the happy hunting-grounds," suggested Dorman.

The Whetstone statesman glanced at the business man, and the business man glanced at the Whetstone statesman. Apparently (only John Vane did not perceive it) the two came very near laughing in each other's faces.

"Besides, it will pay well, at least to first investors," resumed Dorman.

"Yes, I should think it might pay *them* well," answered John Vane, with just a suspicion of satire in his tone.

"If you should ever care to invest, by the way," suggested the business man, as though that were a thing which he had just thought of, and which would of course not influence his representative's decision, "if you should ever fancy putting something of your own in, we can promise you a sure return for it. You shall have your pick, — stock at the opening figure, — corner lots cheap around the stations, — something paying and safe, you know, something salable if you don't want it."

"Well, I'll think of it," nodded Vane, who had already made up his honest mind to have nothing to do with the Great Subfluvial, judging it to be a scheme for swindling the government and the general public.

"Do so," begged Mr. Simon Sharp, his broad array of yellow teeth showing in a manner which vaguely reminded one of the phrase, "dead men's bones and all uncleanness." The member from the old Whetstone State seemed at the moment to be as full of teeth as

ever a freshly opened tomb was of skeletons. It was an error in him to make exhibition of those ravening tusches and grinders; they neutralized abominably the expression of integrity and piety which gleamed from the Puritanic lacker of his venerable mug. "Do, Mr. Vane," he continued, "give the project your intelligent consideration, and see if it is not worthy of your highly reputable and valuable support. And now, sir, I am compelled, very much against my wishes, to bid you a good morning. Delighted to have made your acquaintance, and to welcome you as a brother Congressman. Don't go to the door with me, don't! You are altogether too urbane. I thank you kindly."

"Honest, able old fellow, that Sharp," observed Dorman, as soon as the Whetstone patriot had fairly bowed and smirked himself out of the house. "Glad he happened to drop in on you while I was here."

"See here, Darius!" broke out Vane, still Honest John Vane, proud of his noble *sobriquet* and resolved to hold fast to it. "I'm not going to go for a bill merely because there's money in it, and some of that money offers to come my way. That ain't my style."

"I know it is n't," conceded Dorman, bowing humbly to this tempest of integrity and honorable self-esteem, probably for the sake of weathering it sooner.

"Then what do you offer me cheap stock for, and corner lots at a nominal figger, and all that sort of thing, to get me to vote your loan? Don't you know and don't I know that you are trying to bribe me?"

"You take your risk, don't you?" argued the man of affairs. "I don't offer you money, but merely a business risk."

"What risk is there when the government is to construct the road, and to give it such a credit that the stock can't help selling? You might as well talk about the risk of taking United States bonds at half the market value. You can't fool me that way, old boy.

I'm a business man myself. I see as plainly as you do that the Great Subfluvial is to be built at the expense of the Treasury for the benefit of directors and officers and boss stockholders, who will take the shares at fifty, say, and sell them out at par, and then leave the whole thing on the hands of the small investors and Uncle Sam. That's what you fellows mean to do, and want me to help you do. I don't see it."

"John Vane, if you are really honest John Vane, you'll allow that one good turn deserves another," insinuated Dorman.

"I know you think you put me here," replied Vane, who already began to feel the oats on which Congressmen feed, and to attribute to his own mettle his advancement from the position of "wheel-horse" to that of "leader." "You did say a word in season for me at the caucus: I own it. But proposing is one thing, and getting the nomination is another, and carrying the election is a third. Could you have shoved through any other man? Why didn't you try it? You saw what horse could win the race, and you bet on it. It was the name of Honest John Vane,—the man of the plain people,—the self-made man,—that's what took the caucus and the ballot-boxes. And now you want me to throw all those claims to respect and power overboard; want me to stop being honest and to tax the plain people uselessly; want me to go back on myself and my best friends; want me to follow in Bummer's dirty trail. Suppose I should do it? Why, I should end like Bummer; I should be laid on the shelf. O, I'm not ungrateful for what you did toward the nomination! I'll do anything in reason for you, old boy,—get you a collectorship or postmastership, anything that'll bear telling of. But I won't help plunder the Treasury of forty millions, and the stock-buying public of twice as much more, merely to give you a hundred thousand and myself five thousand. I tell you squarely, and you may as well understand it first as

last, that I won't go into your lobbying."

"Why, this is the way everything works here," the lobbyist (for such he was) at last asserted in his desperation. "Bills of this sort slide through every year. Some are upset, but who upsets them? Fellows who have n't been retained, or who have rival bills to push. I tell you, John Vane, that more than half your brother patriots in the Capitol do something in this line. The main work of Congress is done out of sight, like that of a mole, or by Beelzebub! any other underground creature. Making such laws as are needed, and voting such appropriations as the departments demand, would n't worry through a ten days' session. The real business of you legislators is running party politics, clearing scores with your fuglemen, protecting vested interests which can pay for it, voting relief bills for a percentage on the relief, and subsidizing great schemes for a share of the subsidy. A good Congressman of the present day is the silent partner of ever job that he supports. That's what I meant by financial legislation when I urged you to go into it. Don't be an old-fashioned dog-in-the-manger, John Vane. Go with the crowd and humor the crowd; let others have their fodder, and bite in yourself. Look at the rafts of patriot statesmen who drive their carriages and keep open house. Do you suppose they do it off their salaries? Then why can't you do it off your salary, instead of huddling into these two little rooms and travelling by horse-car? Is it because they know how to make money go further than you do? No, *sir!* They take their little stock in a good bill, and then put it through. It's the common thing in Washington, and it's got to be the correct thing. And *you* can't change it. There's a boiler inside this boat which will make the wheels turn round, no matter who tries to hold 'em. As long as there is special legislation, there will be money to be made by it, and legislators will take their share. When a rich financier or monopolist

comes to a poor M. C., and whispers to him, I want a chance to pocket a million, is the M. C. to say, Pocket it, and be sure not to give me any? Will he, as your human nature averages, will he say it? No, *sir!* he says, Let me have a percentage; and I assert that he's right. It's the natural working of humanity, under the circumstances. The only thing I wonder at is, that Congressmen are content with so little. Most of 'em ain't bold and hearty at all. They are pusillanimously half honest. Come, Vane, I want you to do well in the world of politics, and I want you to begin by supporting the Great Subfluvial."

"Dorman, I have the greatest mind in the world to expose you," was the almost heroic response of honest John.

"I should contradict and disprove every word of your exposure," laughed the unabashed lobbyist. "Do you suppose Congress wants subsidy legislation ripped open and exhibited to the public? Congress would believe you and would appoint a committee of investigation, and then would hush the matter up. Wait till you have learned your business, and then call me a liar, if you can."

And so the interview ended, with virtue still unshaken, but vice undiscouraged. Darius Dorman was too familiar with his evil trade and with the society in which it had hitherto prospered, to despair of finally leading his representative up to the manger of corruption. He narrated the substance of the above dialogue to the Honorable Simon Sharp with spasmodic twinges of cheerless gayety which resembled the "cracked and thin laughter heard far down in Hell."

"It is ludicrous, I must confess, Mr. Dorman," sighed the representative of the old Whetstone State, with a sad shake of his venerable long head; "but painfully so. I'm afraid that your friend won't come to much in Congress. He won't be a practical statesman. No head for finance."

"Don't give way to despondency about him, my benevolent creature,"

answered Darius, shaking all over with his dolorous mirth, his very raiment, indeed, quivering and undulating with it, so that it seemed as if there might be a twitching tail inside his trousers. "I have looked into the very bottom of John Vane's thimbleful of soul. I know every sort and fashion of man that he will make up into, under the scissoring of diverse circumstances. John has no character of his own. He has had neither the born twist nor the education to give him one. He is a chameleon. He takes the color of the people about him. If his constituents ever find him out, they won't call him Honest John Vane, but Weathercock John. He went straight in Slowburgh, because most folks in Slowburgh go straight. After he has been long enough in Congress he will be like the mass of Congressmen. The furnace of special legislation and the bellows of Washington opinion will melt him over. Don't be anxious about him; it is a mere matter of time. He is pious, I grant; but so are you, Friend Sharp; so are lots more who live by subsidy bills. It's of no use to be inside religion when you are also inside politics, as politics now go. Yes, it *is* of use; it varnishes the politics over nicely; it makes the special legislation look decent. John will be a great help to us, his reputation is so good. We must keep going for him, and we shall finally fetch him. When he finds that the majority take stock in bills, when he fairly realizes that he must choose between failing as a watchdog of the Treasury and succeeding as lapdog of the lobby, he will go for the spoils solid, or at least vote a split ticket. I'll bet on bringing him over; I'll bet my eternal happiness on it!" he laughed, as though the article in question were not much to risk.

"You are a very plain-spoken person, Mr. Dorman," observed the Honorable Sharp, pulling a decorously long face. "Just a little—well, let us say eccentric, in your expressions," he added with his obsequious smile. "However, to come to the substance

of what you tell me, I must admit that it is encouraging. You really cheer me, Mr. Dorman. I thank you kindly."

Well, we have described the first Washingtonian temptation which stole to the side and whispered in the ear of Honest John Vane. Of course it was not the last; the goblins of the Mammonite crew dropped in upon him from week to week and almost from day to day; he could hardly put out his hands without feeling the pocket of a ring or corporation gaping to receive them. If he accepted an invitation to a supper, he found that it was given by some subsidy or relief bill. If a gentleman offered him a cigar, he discovered that it was scented with appropriations. If he helped a pretty woman into a street-car, she asked him to vote for her statue or her father's claim.

The lobby proved to be every way more imposing and potent than he had imagined it. True, some of its representatives were men whom it was easy for him to snub,—men of unwholesome skins, greasy garments, brutish manners, filthy minds, and sickening conversation; men who so reeked and drizzled with henbane tobacco and cockatrice whiskey that a moderate drinker or smoker would recoil from them as from a cesspool; men whose stupid, shameless boastings of their briberies were enough to warn away from them all but the very elect of Satan. But there were other corruptionists whom he could not steel himself to treat rudely. There were former members of Congress whose names had been trumpeted to him by fame in his youthful days; decayed statesmen, who were now, indeed, noth-

ing but unfragrant corpses, breeding all manner of moral vermin and miasma, but who still had the speech of patriotism on their lips and the power to argue speciously about the "needs of the country." There were dashing Brummels, who seemed to him much finer gentlemen than himself, asserting a high position in society, wearing fine raiment elegantly, brilliant in conversation, gracious in manner, and stately in port. There were soldiers of the late war, bearing titles which made his civilian history appear mean, and boasting of services which seemed to crown them with a halo of patriotism.

Hardest of all for a novice in public affairs to face, there were pundits in constitutional law and Congressional precedent, whose deluges of political lore overflowed him like a river, and stranded him promptly on lone islands of silence. Then there were highly salaried and quick-witted agents of great business houses, which he, as a business man, knew, respected, and perhaps feared. Now and then, too, there was a woman, audacious and clever and stylish and handsome,—an Aspasia who was willing to promise money, and able to redeem her promises in beauty. Indeed, it sometimes seemed to John Vane that the lobby was a cleverer and more formidable assemblage than either of those two chambers which nominally gave laws to the nation. More and more distinctly, as the session went on, he realized that his honesty would have a hard fight of it, and that if he succeeded in keeping it from being borne to the ground, he would grandly deserve to wear his cherished *sobriquet*.

James DeForest.

ON AN INTAGLIO HEAD OF MINERVA.

THE cunning hand that carved this face,
A little helmeted Minerva, —
The hand, I say, ere Phidias wrought,
Had lost its subtle skill and fervor.

Who was he? Was he glad or sad,
Who knew to carve in such a fashion?
Perchance he shaped this dainty head
For some brown girl that scorned his passion.

But he is dust: we may not know
His happy or unhappy story:
Nameless, and dead these thousand years,
His work outlives him, — there 's his glory!

Both man and jewel lay in earth
Beneath a lava-buried city;
The thousand summers came and went,
With neither haste, nor hate, nor pity.

The years wiped out the man, but left
The jewel fresh as any blossom,
Till some Visconti dug it up, —
To rise and fall on Mabel's bosom!

O Roman brother! see how Time
Your gracious handiwork has guarded,
See how your loving, patient art
Has come, at last, to be rewarded!

Who would not suffer slights of men,
And pangs of hopeless passion also,
To have his carven agate-stone
On such a bosom rise and fall so!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

PART II.

V.

EARLY EXPERIENCES.

GUNNAR did not like spelling half as well as his grandmother's stories, and Gunhild had to use all her powers of persuasion, before she could convince him of the necessity of learning the alphabet. He soon, however, learned to know the letters and to draw them on the floor, with beards, tails, and other fanciful additions. He had an original way of attributing certain good or bad traits of character to each letter of the alphabet, and of showing a decided favor for some in preference to others. He could well understand why "Hulder" should commence with "H,"* he said, for the *H* was always, like the Hulder, trying to curl up its tail to keep it out of sight. But in spite of all difficulties, and in spite of all the ill-treatment of the Catechism, which had to serve both as spelling-book and for religious instruction, Gunhild did not give up; and after two years of persevering toil, she at last had the satisfaction of knowing that her pupil had read the book five times through, and could say the Lord's Prayer and Apostles' Creed both forwards and backwards.

Thor did not think it well for the boy to stay at home any longer with his grandmother; he knew already too much about Hulders, trolls, and fairies, and he could hardly open his mouth about anything else. He was old enough now to be of some use, and as soon as he could find any one who wanted him he would send him away. Gunhild protested, but it was in vain: his mother might have known that; for Thor never changed his mind.

One night he came home and told her that he had made arrangements

with the widow of Rimul, who wanted Gunnar to watch her cattle in the mountains through the summer; the boy would have to be ready to start for the saeter at daybreak the next morning. Gunnar's heart beat loud for joy when he heard this; he had nearly laughed right out, and would have done so, if he had not been afraid of offending his grandmother.

Next morning all rose with the sun. They ate their breakfast in silence. When the heart is full, it is hard to speak. When they were about to start, the grandmother gave Gunnar a small bundle, with a hymn-book, a coat, and a shirt for change.

"The coat you must only wear on Sundays," said she, the tears nearly choking her voice. "When you hear the church-bells chime from the valley, then you must read a hymn and the gospel for the day in the back part of the book; then nothing evil can befall thee. On week-days you must always go in your shirt-sleeves, except when it is very cold." The last advice Gunnar hardly heard, he was so anxious to be off.

Father and son walked rapidly down towards the boat-house. It was early in June. The sun shone brightly, and the morning fog was slowly rising from the fields and from the river. Gunnar could not help turning his head often to look from a distance at the old cottage which he had now quitted for the first time in his life; and as long as the turf-covered roof was in sight, he could see his grandmother standing in the door, wiping the tears from her eyes with her apron. Gunnar for a moment was quite touched; he felt the tears starting, and it suddenly occurred to him that he surely loved his grandmother very much.

When they reached Atle Henjum's boat-house, Thor untied a boat, and

* H in the German, not in the English, alphabet. The German alphabet is mostly used in Norway.

they crossed the river. Rimul lay on the hillside, smiling in the morning sun. The fjord looked as if it wanted to speak, but was too happy to find expression; therefore it remained silent, but gazed at the wanderers with those strange speaking though speechless eyes, which no one ever forgets who has ever penetrated to the heart of Norway.

There was a great noise and bustle at Rimul. Everybody, from the mistress to the house-cat, seemed to be too busy to take any notice of Thor and Gunnar, as they passed through the gate into the yard. The boys were loading the backs of the horses with buckets, kettles, blankets, and all kinds of household utensils; while the girls were marking the ears of the sheep and goats, and tying bells round the necks of the most distinguished members of the flock. On a sloping bridge, leading from the yard into the upper floor of the barn, stood a tall, fair woman, with a large white cloth tied in a peculiar fashion around her head. It was bound tightly round the forehead, but widened behind into the shape of a semicircle. The fair woman seemed so absorbed in the orders she was giving in a loud voice to the different parties working in the yard, that she did not observe Thor, before he was right at her side.

"Thanks for the last meeting," said Thor, taking off his cap and extending his hand.

"Thanks to yourself, Thor," said Ingeborg of Rimul; for it was she to whom Thor had addressed his words.

"It will be a warm day," observed Thor.

"Therefore we want to get the cattle off at once; if we tarry, they will scatter before noon, and we shall not know where to look for them. Glad you came so early, Thor. Is this your boy?"

Gunnar had sought refuge behind his father.

"This is my boy. Go and shake hands, Gunnar."

The boy obeyed, though rather reluctantly.

"Gunnar; a good old name. How old are you, Gunnar?"

"Don't know," said Gunnar.

"Eleven years ~~and~~ last Christmas," replied his father.

"That little girl you see down there among the sheep," continued Ingeborg, still addressing the boy, "is Gudrun Henjum, my brother's daughter. Go and speak to her. I have something to say to your father."

There was something severe in the woman's way of talking, and he felt rather inclined to rebel. How could he go and speak to a little girl, — he who had hardly ever seen a little girl before? What should he speak to her about? Thus pondering, he had nearly reached the foot of the bridge, when a sudden powerful thrust from behind sent him headlong down into the yard. He was so surprised that he hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry. As he was trying to get on his feet again, he discovered a large ram standing a few yards from him, evidently preparing for another attack. A merry ringing laugh caught his ear, and as he looked up he saw two little girls coming to his rescue. That was more than he could bear. In a moment, springing to his feet, he seized the ram by the horns, and shook him with all his might.

"Why, you naughty boy!" cried one of the girls, "you must not treat Hans so badly. Don't you understand, he only wants to play with you."

Gunnar felt rebuked. He released the ram, and for a while stood gazing at the little girl, and the girl stood gazing at him, each of them expecting the other to speak first. The little girl had a scarlet bodice and golden hair.

"Are you the Hulder?" said he at last, in order to say something.

"Mother, mother," cried she, running up to where Thor and Ingeborg were standing, "what do you think he is saying? He wants to know if I am the Hulder."

"Be quiet, child," said Ingeborg, sternly, "I have no time to speak to you."

Abashed at the rebuke, the little girl turned slowly, twisted the corner of her apron between her fingers with an expression of embarrassment, and after some hesitation again returned to Gunnar.

"Have you got a name?" asked she.

"Yes," answered he.

"My name is Ragnhild, and this is Gudrun, my cousin."

Here she pointed to another little girl, who seemed to be of about the same age as herself; in other respects there was but little resemblance. Gudrun was not so fair, and had a certain look of shyness about her.

"My name is Gunnar; and grandmother knows a great many stories about Necken and the Hulder, and the boy who killed the trold and married the beautiful princess."

The girls were astounded at such wisdom.

"Who is Necken?" asked Ragnhild.

"Why, don't you know about Necken? he who plays every midsummer-night in the water under the great waterfall yonder?"

"Plays in the water? Who told you?" And a shade of doubt passed over Ragnhild's expressive features.

"Well, if you don't believe it, you may ask grandmother; she knows."

"Who is grandmother?"

"Why, my grandmother of course."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the coming of Thor and Ingeborg.

The long, clear tones of the loor streamed through the valley and resounded between the mountains. It was the signal that the caravan was starting. Suddenly all was life and motion throughout the wide yard. The call of the loor seemed to impart joy and animation to everything it reached. The cattle bellowed, the calves and the goats danced, the milkmaids sung, and the forest far and near echoed with joyous song and clamor. From her elevated station on the bridge of the barn, Ingeborg still continued issuing her final orders with re-

gard to the order of the march, until the back gate of the yard was opened and the lads led the loaded pack-horses up along a steep and stony road, which climbed over the wood-clothed mountain-side and gradually lost itself in the thicket; after the horses followed Thor and Gunnar with the goats and sheep; and last came the girls, driving before them the herd of larger cattle. All the girls and most of the men had long loors in their hands; and high above the noise of the lowing cattle and the merry chat and laughter of the girls flowed the loor-tones from mountain to mountain, like an eagle soaring over all the littleness of the world below. The cattle knew the loor, and followed it instinctively: it is the surest messenger of spring, and as such is as welcome as the lark and swallow.

The loor is the song of the dark Norwegian pine forest; it is the voice of Norway's cloud-hooded mountain; it has a traditional history as old and as romantic as that of the troubadour's guitar in the Middle Ages; and surely no Spanish donna or Italian signora ever listened more expectantly to the music of a nightly serenade than the simple saeter-maid when the echo of the loor tells her that her lover is on his way from the valley. This has always been his greeting; and she takes her own loor, puts it to her mouth, and the mountains far and near resound with her welcome.

Soon the last calf has left the yard. Ingeborg of Rimul is still standing on the same spot, viewing with apparent pleasure, and not without a certain pride, the long caravan, as it slowly winds along the steep saeter-road. And, in truth, it is a beautiful sight: the met in their light, close-fitting knee-breeches, scarlet vests, and little, red, pointed caps; the girls with their long blond hair flowing down over their shoulders, their white linen sleeves, and bright bodices; the varied colors of the cattle all standing in fine relief against the dark hue of the forest, which on both sides enclosed

the road. When the caravan was out of sight, Ingeborg rose, with a contented smile.

"I should like to see the man," said she to herself, "who has finer flocks on this side the mountains."

Thor and his son walked in silence up the steep mountain path, driving the goats before them. Gunnar was looking eagerly for the Hulder, whose scarlet bodice he expected to discover at every bend of the path. All his looking was vain; but although greatly disappointed, he felt by no means inclined to give up. At noon they had walked about eight miles without resting. Then the view, which had hitherto been shut in on all sides by the thick-growing pine-trunks, suddenly opened upon a wide, glittering lake, whose water was so clear that they could hardly decide where it touched the air; for the bottom was visible as far as the eye could reach. Gunnar gave a cry of delight at the sight of the lake: he had never seen a lake before. Here men and cattle halted to take their noon rest. He in the mean time climbed up on a rock projecting far into the water, and sat there watching the fishes chasing each other round, and playing hide-and-seek between the stones and rushes down on the bottom.

In about an hour the loor again sounded, and the party again broke up. The farther they went, the steeper became the road; and gradually, as they ascended, the forest grew thinner, and the whole landscape assumed a wilder and sterner character. Instead of the slender, stately pine, the crippled dwarf birch was seen creeping along the stony ground; everything was so barren, so lifeless; and the barrenness of the monotonous scenery seemed to impress both men and cattle. The song and the laughter ceased, and the bells of the cows were the only sound to break the silence.

It was already late in the afternoon. The landscape still wore the same unseemly garb of dust-brown heather, interwoven with the twisted and knot-

ted stems of the dwarf birch, running lengthwise and crosswise in every possible direction, and with their coarse, mazy network binding the incoherent elements of the landscape together. Suddenly came a loud shout from the foremost man.

"The highland, the highland!" ran from mouth to mouth; and, joining in the joyful cry, girls and men, hurrying the cattle onward, bounded from stone to stone as fast as their feet could carry them. At the border of the wide highland plain they all halted: one powerful tone from thirty united loors rolled over the crowns of the mountains; it was their greeting to the highland. Numerous flocks of screaming birds flew up from the plain in answer to the greeting.

Gunnar was among the last comers. To him, who had no idea of what a highland meant, and who never had been used to see more than a few rods around him, the change was so sudden and so unexpected that for a moment he had a sensation as if he was losing his breath, or as if the earth had fallen from under his feet, and he had been left floating in the air. The next sensation was one of blindness; for the immense distance dazzled his unwonted eye almost as if he had been gazing at the sun. Speechless he stared before him. Gradually the objects which had at first appeared near together separated, and the vast tableland spread before him in all its unlimited grandeur. He drew a long, full breath: surely he had never known the delight of breathing before. A throng of childish plans crowded into his mind; half-hidden dreams, half-born hopes revived, and came forth into light: they had not had room while they were crowded together down in the dark, narrow valley.

Gunnar felt strong and free. He sat down on the soft verdure, and drank new delight from the glorious sight. The whole plain was overgrown with rich, fresh, green grass. A few miles away lay a large mountain lake; and a clear, broad river wound quietly through

the imposing plateau. On a slight elevation near the lake-shore lay three turf-thatched châteaux, hedged in by a fence of low palisades; that was the saeter of Rimul. In the blue distance a Yokul lifted its airy head into the clouds. Suddenly his grandmother's old, forbidden story of the poor boy, the three-headed Trolld, and the beautiful princess, stood vividly before Gunnar's mind. When the poor boy had walked a long way and had reached the top of the first mountain, he had met an old woman, of whom he had asked the way. "Can you see that high mountain, far away in the blue distance?" the old woman asked.

Yes, the boy could see that mountain.

"Well," continued the old woman, "ten thousand miles beyond it is another far higher mountain. There is the palace of the Trolld; there sleeps the beautiful princess."

"This must surely be the right mountain," thought Gunnar. "O, could I but see beyond it!"

Before long the caravan was again moving, and he was no longer left to his own meditations. Indeed, the goats gave him enough to do for the remainder of the day, and he soon had a foretaste of the unpleasant part of the duties of a "cattle-boy." The goats did not seem at all disposed to keep company; and when that animal has formed a determination, it is not easily prevailed against either by force or by cunning. But in spite of the resolute resistance on the part of the goats, Gunnar at last had the triumph of seeing his rebellious subjects gathered with the rest of the party on the saeter-green. The saeter cottages were opened, and the horses unloaded. Before the door of the middle cottage, out in the open air, there was a large fireplace built of rough stones; here a fire was made, and the wooden cups and milk-pails were boiled with juniper branches, before they were taken into use; for unless thus prepared they would give a wooden taste to the milk.

It was indeed a welcome sight to

Gunnar when at length a repast, consisting of oatmeal and dried beef, was spread on the grass; and he was certainly not the only one who looked forward with eagerness to the approaching feast. All preparations being finished, the merry company sat down round the fire, and attacked the solid food with an enviable appetite.

When the meal was at an end, it was already late in the afternoon. The cattle would find pasture within the corral that night, and the hour for milking was near. The maids then went to their work, and the men to theirs.

"Poor lads we have nowadays," said Brita, a tall, slender girl, with a mass of rich blond hair flowing down over her back, and deep dimples in her cheeks, "poor lads we have nowadays! Among so many, not one who knows how to tread the springing-dance decently." And she put down the filled milk-pails she was carrying, set her arms akimbo, and, with an air of roguish defiance, fixed her eyes upon a group of young men who lay lazily smoking around the fire.

"Did you ever hear of the chicken who wanted to teach the hen to lay eggs?" answered a young lad in the smoking group, to whom the challenge seemed to be especially addressed.

"The best buck is not always the one that has the biggest horns, Endre," laughed the girl. "Your strength has always been in the mouth, you know; your legs are certainly more than long enough, if you only knew how to use them."

"Knut, halloo! Out with the fiddle," cried Endre to an older man, who was sitting on the threshold of the cottage leisurely smoking his evening pipe, "out with the fiddle, I say! and Brita shall soon see whether I understand how to use my legs or not."

Knut soon got his eight-stringed Hardanger violin in order, struck a few strangely sounding chords by way of prelude, and began. Brita was only too glad to accept Endre's invitation.

The other young men follow Endre's example; and before long the whole crowd is moving in a ring around the fire in time with the alluring music. Only Thor does not dance; he takes a seat at the fiddler's side, and soon seems entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the smoke from his pipe, as it curls up, spreads, and slowly vanishes in the clear night air. Probably he is musing over the days when he ranked the foremost among the dancers of the valley. Gunnar looks in wonder at this unwonted sight; and the longer he listens to the exciting notes the stronger a desire he feels to join. Now the music comes softly rippling from the strings, now it rolls and rumbles, and now again flows smooth and clear, until it hushes itself into a gentle, whispering murmur. And the dancers understand, and they feel the power of that music. First forming a long line, they move slowly forward, leading the girls by the hands after them, and softly touching the ground alternately with their heels and toes, and adapting the gestures of their whole bodies to the rippling tones; but gradually as the strokes of the fiddler grow wilder, the tread of their heels becomes stronger, and the motions of their limbs more wildly expressive.

It was late, but still the sun was lingering; it looked red and tired, for it had waked many hours. One long, loving, parting look, and it sunk in a dreamy halo behind the western glaciers. A nightly chill crept over the highland.

The dance was ended. Knut, the fiddler, carefully wrapped his precious violin in his handkerchief to protect it from the damp night air. Gunnar, who had looked on and listened until he was fast asleep, was aroused by his father. "I am going home again now," said Thor, "but I shall come up here to see you now and then. Here, take this as a keepsake from your father." And Thor went. Gunnar had hardly time to realize whether he was awake or dreaming. It was a fine knife, with carved haft and silver sheath, he

held in his hand. He had long wished for just such a knife. Surely he had never known his father before now. He saw that clearly.

VI.

RHYME-OLA.

GUNNAR sat on the lake-shore musing; he stared down into the deep, clear water. The sun stood right in the north. Round about lay the cattle in their noon rest. Although it was but three weeks to-day since he had come to the saeter, it was to him an infinitely long time; he appeared to himself so much older and wiser; and the little boy who a few weeks ago rode on Fox and talked to the dark was as far off as if he had but heard of him in some Neck or Hulder legend. And the poor boy who slew the Troid and married the princess! curious it would be to know if he had ever been in the highlands and watched cattle.

How strange it looked down there in the water! How wonderfully cool and clear! Now a big, shining dragon-fly came dancing away over the invisible mirror, gently touched it, and small, quivering rings spread and spread, and vanished,—vanished somewhere and nowhere. How wonderfully still! The water rested, the air rested, everything rested. No sound, no motion. But the silence seemed to make everything look stronger, to color and intensify it. Down there on the bottom of the lake the gray stones lay between the tall, rustling bulrushes; and they grew and moved, drew nearer and nearer. Gunnar, half frightened, turned his eyes swiftly, flung himself on his back, and gazed up into the air. There was not a cloud to be seen; the air was a great nothing. And the longer he gazed the weaker he appeared to himself, as if he was losing himself in the clearness of the air; and the air grew stronger and stronger; it began to float and move before his eyes, until at last an infinite number of small colorless, disks came slowly swimming past him, and filled

the space far and near. Then by degrees they assumed a faint violet or blue color, faded, and again grew brighter. A flash of light from nowhere and everywhere leaped through the air, trembled, glittered, and vanished. And the air itself vanished too. Again it was as nothing. He shut his eyes. How strange!

Then it was as if something spoke, — spoke without a sound, yet distinctly and audibly; without word, yet full of hidden meaning. He listened; and the longer he listened the dimmer grew the boundary between silence and sound, until they strangely blended. The silence seemed the symphony of an infinite number of infinitely small voices too small to be called sounds; they gushed forth all round him and from within him; they whizzed in the air, they buzzed in the grass, the bulrushes rustled with them. Suddenly, as he became conscious that he was listening, the sound stopped, as in wonder at its own existence, and a vast emptiness filled the world far and near. He held his breath; and as his thought lost its hold on itself, the air, the grass, the rushes were again alive with numberless voices; but to him it seemed as if they had been forever, as if they had never suffered an interruption; for there was that in their nature which has no beginning, neither has it any end. And as he lay there listening in half-conscious unconsciousness, the thought shot through his mind that he must have seen and heard all this before, he knew not when or where. Then came the poor boy with his princess; certainly, from his grandmother's tales, it was there; he knew it all. He felt as if he stood at the entrance of that new world which, though unknown and unseen, he had been vaguely conscious of through so many long years of yearning, whose nearness he had felt many a dark winter night when, after the tale was ended, the drowsy embers from the hearth had stared at him with weird, beckoning eyes; when on Fox, the old saddle, he had ridden out in search of Trolld, and wonders; when, up under the

roof of the cottage, he had spent such happy hours gazing at the dark, and with the fantastic shapes of the dark gazing at him. As all these impressions now again stood vividly before him, he saw that they had all been tones in the same chord. This was the full chord; still there was no rest in it,—it was a chord of transition, a step to something higher. And the Hulder,—he felt her presence; she could not be far from him now.

A thundering noise struck his ear; he started to his feet, still dreaming, senseless, bewildered. He had half expected to see the golden hair and the scarlet bodice of the Hulder, and in the first moment he was not sure but it might be she. But before his second thought, he felt himself seized by the arm and flung up the hillside, and he thought he heard these words: "Whatever you do, boy, don't you rush right into the water!"

Gunnar rubbed his eyes and stared. He saw a queer-looking little man standing on the hillside, holding a long loor in his hand, and with a broad grin on his face.

"I do not think you are a very good cattle-boy," continued the man. "What do you think the widow of Rimul would say if she knew you went to sleep at this time of the day, and that right in the sunshine? If it had not been for me, you might have looked in the moon for your cows to-night. They were all straggling."

"I was not asleep," said Gunnar, now somewhat recovered.

He thought the little man was very queer-looking indeed. He was rather homely, some would, perhaps, say even ugly. His eyes were large and dark, and looked as if he had just been weeping; his mouth was broad, and drawn up to one side in a strange, half-sarcastic smile. There was an inexplicable conflict between the dreaming sadness of his eyes and the broad burlesque expression of the rest of his features. He seemed to be conscious of this himself; for he kept winking with one eye, as if trying to make this discordant feature conform

to the leading characteristic of his face.

The little man flung himself down on the greensward and fixed his eyes intently on Gunnar; and the boy followed his example, and stared at him in return. Thus they sat for a while. At last the stranger opened his mouth as if he were going to speak, then shut it again without saying anything, and so again and again.

"Have you got anything to eat?" cried he suddenly, as if it cost him a great effort to speak the words.

"No," said Gunnar.

"Then come here," continued the other, "and hold this cow by the horns, while I milk her. I am hungry as a wolf."

Gunnar obeyed. There was something very peculiar in the little man, some strange mixture of strength and weakness, which did not fail to make a strong impression on his mind. While he held the cow, his companion stooped down, milked with one hand, using the other for a cup, and now and then emptying it into his mouth. But after awhile, probably finding this process too troublesome, he knelt down, put his head up under the cow, and milked right into his mouth.

"Does the cow kick?" asked he.

"Yes."

"Very well." And he went on milking, while Gunnar stood gazing at him in mute astonishment. At last the cow began to show signs of impatience.

"Ah," said he, rising, and wiping the milk from his mouth with his ragged coat-sleeve, "what a delicious meal! I have not seen a thing to eat since yesterday noon; and since this morning my miserable bowels have been entertaining me with a wofuller Lenten-hymn than ever found its way into old Kingo's hymn-book. Strange enough, I never was partial to fasting."

And he laughed aloud; but finding no response in Gunnar, whose face was as grave as ever, he suddenly stayed his mirth, and with a look of disappointment turned on his heel and seated himself in the grass, with his back to his

companion. Gunnar, however, unconscious of offence, walked up to him, and flung himself down at his side on the green. The man then, after having examined all his pockets, finally from the one on the inside of his vest drew out some ragged and greasy papers, which he carefully spread out on his knees, and for some time contemplated, with an expression of the keenest interest. Soon his mouth was again drawn up into its customary grin or smile, and his face grew brighter and happier the longer he looked. Gunnar was quite curious to know what these old papers could contain; for, judging from the expression of the man's face, they surely afforded him great delight. Now he shook his head and laughed heartily. The boy could no longer restrain his curiosity.

"What is your name?" asked he, rather abruptly.

The man was so absorbed in his papers that he heard nothing.

"What is your name?" repeated Gunnar, this time close to his ear.

The little man quickly raised his head, and looked round bewildered, as if he had been suddenly awaked from some delightful reverie.

"My name?" said he; "my name? Sure enough; that is more easily asked than told. I have such a great number of names, that I hardly think I can remember them all."

"Then tell me only one of them."

"Well, if you are so very anxious to know, I will tell you as many as you can bear to hear. Some call me Fool-Ola, others Rag-Ola; but with the pastor and all the gentlefolk of the valley I generally go by the name of Rhyme-Ola."

"Why, indeed! Are you Rhyme-Ola?"

"They say so."

"I have heard grandmother speak of you. She knows a great many of your songs too." Rhyme-Ola's sad eyes brightened, but he said nothing. Gunnar was very anxious to know something about the papers, but he hardly knew how to approach the subject. At

last he made an attempt. "Is there anything written in those papers of yours?" asked he.

"Written!" cried Rhyme-Ola, in sudden excitement; "written, did you say? No, sir; there is nothing written on my papers, — nothing *written*," with an indignant emphasis on the last word.

"I beg your pardon. I did not know there was any harm in asking," said Gunnar, quite frightened by the irritation of his friend.

"No, sir; there is nothing *written*," repeated Rhyme-Ola, indignantly; "the pastor himself said that it was printed, — printed in the great city beyond the mountains, and read by all the judges and pastors all over the country. Then it cannot be written."

Upon Gunnar's further inquiry, Rhyme-Ola related with great minuteness a long story, of how he had once, a long time ago, sung one of his ditties to the old pastor, who was now dead and buried; how the old pastor had praised his song, and asked his permission to write it down, and send it to one of the city papers.

"That is a good song, Rhyme-Ola," the old pastor had said, "and worthy to live a long time after both you and I are dead and gone." So he had it sent to be printed in print, and these were the leaves on which the song had been printed. Never author found more happiness in his far-famed volume than this poor country songster in the long-forgotten newspaper in which his only song was printed. "It is to live after I am dead," muttered he, gazing at the half-worn-out leaves with eyes as tender as those of a mother looking on her first-born child.

Gunnar fully showed his delight, and looked upon the remnants of the song with reverence, as if they contained a world of wisdom.

"Could you not read the song for me?" asked he, eagerly.

"Read? I cannot read."

"Sing then!"

"Yes, gladly will I sing." And Rhyme-Ola once more took his papers, turned, and examined them closely,

running down the page with his finger, as if reading; at about the middle of the page he pointed at a line and called Gunnar. "Read there," said he: "what does it say?"

The paper was so soiled that Gunnar had great difficulty in making out what it was.

"Now, what does it say?" repeated the author impatiently.

"The Bruised Wing: by Rhyme-Ola."

"By Rhyme-Ola; yes, that is right, by Rhyme-Ola." And he rose to his feet and sang: —

"Little sparrow he sits on his roof so low,
Chirping the summer-day long.
The swallow she bathes in the sunlight's glow,
And lifts to the heavens her song.
But high is the flight of the eagle.

"Little sparrow he buildeth his lowly nest
Close decked by the shingles red.
The swallow she findeth a better rest,
With her wings to the storm-wind wed.
And high is the flight of the eagle.

"The swallow she cometh from far away,
O'er wild waves and mountains high;
She comes from the land of eternal day,
Where the summer shall never die.
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"Little sparrow's world is his narrow lane,
He knoweth no sunshiny shore;
His nestlings he feedeth and gathers his grain,
And yearneth for nothing more.
But high is the flight of the eagle.

"Now spring was breathing its healing breath,
With life teemed the earth and the sky;
And fled were darkness and cold and death,
In the days now long gone by.
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"And the swallows came from the lands of light;
In the belfry they built their nest, —
Their fledglings had there so wide a sight,
And there could so safely rest.
But high is the flight of the eagle.

"For they saw the sun in its glory rise,
Saw the huge clouds chased by the gale;
And they long to bathe in those radiant skies,
As for the breeze longs the slackened sail.
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"One morn then, as loud chimed the sabbath-bell,
All the world seemed to beckon and sing;
Then rose to the clouds one nestling, but fell
To the earth with a bruised wing.
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"Swift summer speeds, and the swallows flee
To the realms of summer and light.
Alas for him whose wing is not free
To follow them on their flight!
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"Yea, tenfold pity on him in whose breast
 Live longings for light and spring,
 But still must tarry in sparrow-nest,
 Tarry with bruised wing.
 For high is the flight of the eagle."

There was something almost ethereal in Rhyme-Ola's voice ; in the beginning of the song it was clear and firm, but as he approached the end it grew more and more tremulous, and at last the tears broke through ; he buried his face in his hands and wept. Gunnar's sympathy was heartfelt and genuine ; before he knew it, he felt the tears starting too. He hardly understood the whole depth of pathos in Rhyme-Ola's song ; but for all that he felt it none the less. It inspired him, as it were, with a vague but irresistible longing to do something great, he knew not what ; and as he sat there musing over the sad words, "tarry with bruised wing," the outer world again receded, he forgot Rhyme-Ola's presence, and his fancy again began its strange and capricious play. The words of the song, which were still ringing in his ears, began to assume shape and color, and to pass in a confused panorama before his eyes. Unconsciously, his thought returned to what he had seen and heard in the air and in the silence, and it was to him as if he had never awakened, as if he was still wrapped in the visions of his summer dream. He was startled by Rhyme-Ola's dark eyes staring at him. With an effort he fixed the scene in his mind ; and, as again the lake, the rocks, and the distant Yokul lay before him, glittering in the noonday, the song appeared far, far away, like a dim recollection from some half-forgotten fireside tale. The fireside led his thought to his grandmother ; and as one thought followed another, he at last wondered if Rhyme-Ola had any grandmother.

"Have you any grandmother, Rhyme-Ola ?" said he.

"Grandmother ? Never had any."

Gunnar could hardly credit such an assertion ; and wishing for more satisfactory information, he continued to ask the songster about his father and mother and other family relations ; but he received only evasive answers, and it

was evident that the subject was not agreeable. Now and then he made a remark about the cattle or the weather, and finally succeeded in bringing up another theme of conversation. So they talked on for an hour or more. Then Rhyme-Ola started to go.

"It is St. John's Eve to-morrow night," said he, as he arose ; "you will of course be at St. John's Hill."

"I did not know it was St. John's Eve, but I think I shall come."

And Rhyme-Ola walked off.

"Many thanks for your song," cried Gunnar after him.

"Thanks to yourself."

"You will come again very soon, won't you ?"

"Very soon."

Here Rhyme-Ola was out of sight.

Gunnar again sat down on the rock, reviewing all the wonderful events of the day.

VII.

ST. JOHN'S EVE.

ST. JOHN'S EVE lies midway between spring and fall ; it is summer in its strength and glory.

The day was far advanced, evening was drawing near. Gunnar had again taken his station on the rock projecting into the lake, on the very same spot where Rhyme-Ola had found him the day before. On his knees rested a wooden board made of two rough fir-planks, whereon was spread out a large, square piece of thin, white birch-bark. In his hand he had a pencil, with which he drew on the bark. The cattle showed evident signs of impatience, for it was already milking-hour ; but Gunnar was too much absorbed in his work even to be conscious of their presence. Many new, strange thoughts had been playing in his mind since Rhyme-Ola's visit. Still the sad and yet bold and rousing strain of the song kept ringing in his ear, now wakening him to life and action, now turning his mind to blissful reverie. When he had first left the cottage in the valley and first had drunk the freshness of the mountain air, there had

been a new life born in him. Fresh hopes and longings had thronged his mind; Necken, the Hulder, and all that was fair to his childish fancy had suddenly become living realities, and he could often feel their enchanting presence, when the day fell warm and wondering over the highlands, and the air held its breath in anxious silence. Often had he spent hour after hour searching through the dark and half-hidden copse in the hope of catching a glimpse of some airy sprite. Never a loor-tone came floating over the plain, but he started to see if the Hulder might not be near; for he was sure the loor must be hers. True, shadows of doubt had been coming and passing, — shadows such as summer-clouds throw on the forest when the sun is bright. Like these they had again vanished, leaving the light the clearer for their presence. Then Rhyme-Ola came with his wondrous song. Although he did not sing of the Hulder, still either his song or himself in some strange manner again brought her to view. He had brought what had been lacking to make the chord full, the harmony complete; he had given form to the shapeless longings, had given rest to the restless chord. Gunnar no longer had need of looking without for the Hulder: into his own mind her image descended, clear and beautiful as the day. When he came to the saeter that night, he felt an irresistible desire to give expression to the powerful thoughts that moved within him. In the cottage at home he had always taken great delight in drawing the strange beings which lived in his fancy. For canvas he had used the cottage floor; paper he had never known. Since he had left home, he had often busied himself with projects for new drawings, but had never found an opportunity to execute his designs. To-night, however, he could allow nothing to defeat his purpose. Having searched the saeter cottages from one end to another, he finally discovered in the crevice of a beam a large pencil, which probably had been left there by the carpenters.

Under one of the beds lay a pile of birch-bark, which the maids used for kindling-wood. From this he selected the largest and smoothest pieces, cut them square, and found them even more suitable for his purpose than anything he had hitherto tried.

It was late before Gunnar sought rest that night; but the sun is late, too, at midsummer, so there was nothing to remind him that midnight was drawing near. The next morning he brought his half-finished drawing with him as he started with the cattle, and took his seat on his favorite rock, while the flocks were grazing around on the lake-shore. Now the day was already leaning toward night; it had stolen away like a dream, and he knew not how or where it had gone. Soon he should give the last touch to his drawing; he saw that it was not finished, but somehow or other he could not decide where the finishing touch was needed. It was the Hulder he had attempted to picture, fair as she stood before his soul's eye. But the sketch before him was but a fair mortal maiden: that unearthly longing which gave its character to the tone of her loor, and that unfathomable depth of her eyes — that which really made her the Hulder — he had failed to express. As he sat wondering what the fault might be, a strong loor-tone shook the air and came powerful upon him. He looked up, and saw Brita, the fair-haired saeter-maid, standing on a hillock a few hundred yards from him, blowing her loor to call the cattle home. Glancing at the sun, and seeing that it was far past milking-hour, he quickly rose, put the loor to his mouth, and gave such a blast that the highlands echoed far and near. Brita's loor answered; the cattle understood the welcome signal, and started for the saeter.

"Indeed, you are a nice cattle-boy!" cried Br' all flushed and out of breath, both from her running and from indignation. "Did n't I tell you to drive the flocks home early to-night? and instead of that you keep them out more than an hour after time. Now we shall have to stay at home from the St. John's Hill,

all of us, only for your laziness, you hateful boy!"

Brita was justly indignant, and her words were huddled forth with all the passionate flurry of womanly wrath; but before she had finished she found herself nearly crying at the prospect of losing all the sport and merriment of the St. John's Eve. Gunnar, conscious of his guilt, attempted no apology. As soon as they reached the saeter, all the girls fell to milking as hard as they could, and, much against his will, he was obliged to assist them. When the cattle were disposed of, they all started for the St. John's Hill, which lay about midway between the saeter and the valley. As they approached the lake-shore, a pair of screaming loons flew up from their nest among the rushes. It was still bright day when they gained the pine region. A confused murmur rose from below; as they came nearer they could distinguish the strain of many violins, the song of women, and the loud shouts of the men.

"No, indeed! I cannot run at this rate," groaned one of the girls, as she let herself drop down on a large, moss-grown stone. "If you have a mind to kill yourself for one dance, more or less, you may gladly do so. I shall not move one step farther until I am rested. Will you wait for me, Gunnar? for Brita hardly will, as long as she knows that Endre is dancing with some other girl, down on the hill."

Gunnar promised to wait.

"A poor set of girls we have here in the valley," said Brita, laughing, "who can hear the fiddles calling, and the lads shouting, and then can talk of rest. So tired I never was, and hope never to be." So saying, she ran down the steep road, and soon was out of sight. One of the girls followed, the other remained.

On the long and even slope from the highlands to the fjord, there is not seldom found an abrupt and steep projection, as if the mountain all of a sudden had thrust out its back, and determined to check the luxuriant vegetation below,

which threatens to grow straight up over its ears. From such a projection the eye has a wide range, both upward to the mountains and downward to the sea; for the pine is too clumsy to climb, and the dwarf birch is neither thick nor tall enough to hinder the sight. It was on a ridge like this that Gunnar and the saeter-maid were resting. From above they saw the sun flooding with fire the western horizon, and the purple-burning glaciers gleaming and flashing. Below rose the waving crowns of the pine forest, with its heavy green hue slightly tinged with the flush of the sunset. Here and there a tall, slender fir, forgetful of the winter storms, lifted its airy head high above its humbler fellows, and graciously nodded to some admiring birches at its foot. In a wide opening between the thick-growing pine-trunks lay the St. John's Hill, which was, however, no hill, but rather a large and sunlit glade. From the centre of this glade a huge bonfire, strangely wrestling with the sunset, threw its glaring light upon a dense mass of human life, whirling away over the plain in wild enchantment. A thin, transparent dusk seemed to rise from below, as the sun sunk deeper behind the glaciers. The forest drew its dark, steady outline on the horizon in effective contrast to the wild, flushing scene it embraced.

"Now I suppose you are rested," said Gunnar to the saeter-maid, who, like himself, seemed anxious to take an active part in the merriment below.

"Yes, thank you," said she, and they both arose.

After a short walk they arrived at the St. John's Hill, where he immediately lost sight of his companion; he hardly had time to realize where he was, before he felt himself hurried along into the midst of the crowd, where the stunning noise, the fire, and the strange people worked his senses up to such a pitch of excitement that at last he was not sure whether he was standing on his feet or his head. Another boy of about his own age, seeing how frightened he looked, went up to him,

and fired his gun close to his ear. That suddenly brought him back to his senses; the blood rushed to his face, he clinched his fist, and dealt the boy a blow right under his left eye, so that he tumbled backwards. His opponent, however, jumped to his feet, and returned the blow with good effect. In the next moment they held each other in close embrace; and a hot fight ensued. The people flocked densely around them, encouraging them with shouts of approval; and they both fought as if their lives were at stake. At first, Gunnar seemed likely to be the loser, as he received more blows than he gave; but this rather added to his strength. The boy tried repeatedly to trip his foot, but he was on his guard; then he made a last rush at him, and they both fell, the boy under and Gunnar upon him. He was just rising, proud in the consciousness of his victory, when he saw a tall, grave man elbowing his way through the throng. The man walked rapidly up to the combatants, gave each of them a box on the ear, seized Gunnar's adversary by the arm, and carried him off. The people roared with laughter. Then, instead of pride in his victory, a feeling of shame stole over him. He ran away as fast as his feet could carry him, — away from the fire, the din, and the people. Tired and confused, he sank down on the soft moss, buried his face in his hands, and felt unhappy as he had never felt before.

He did not know how long he had been lying in this position, when he heard a well-known voice hard by. It was the voice of Ragnhild, the widow of Rimul's daughter. "Who was the boy who struck Lars?" said she.

"It was Gunnar, your cattle-boy," answered another voice, which he concluded to be that of Gudrun, the timid little girl he had seen at Rimul.

"Gunnar, our cattle-boy!"

"Why, yes, of course. Lars came and fired his gun right in his ear, so it was no wonder he struck. I only wish he could be at hand when Lars strikes me; I never dare tell it to father, for when

father strikes, he always strikes too hard, and then both mother and I cry."

Ragnhild was about to make some remark, when Gunnar, who lay half concealed in the tall heather, raised himself on his elbows, to make them aware of his presence. Gudrun was a little frightened at his unexpected appearance, but Ragnhild walked up to him, sat down in the heather, and tried to open a conversation.

"Why do you like so much to fight?" said she.

Gunnar did not know what to answer; he felt as if he had something in his throat which nearly choked him. She fixed her large blue eyes upon him with an earnest, half-reproachful look. Then suddenly the tears rushed to his eyes, he pressed his burning face down in the moss, and wept as only a child can weep. He felt her hand on his head, and her fingers gliding through his hair. And there he lay weeping, until at last, consoled by Ragnhild's tenderness, he forgot the cause of his grief, and before long was engaged in a lively dispute with the little girls. Ragnhild, who had wondered ever since they first met at his strange story about Necken, now eagerly sought further information; and knowing little of the world of wonder, which he loved with life and soul, she could not conceal her doubt at the startling things he told her. He, of course, grew the more zealous being opposed; and the girls, who were naturally no less superstitious than he, were only too willing to be persuaded. He was just deep in the wondrous tale of Saemund of Tagerlien and Margit of Elgerfold when he was interrupted by the same tall man who had interfered in his combat an hour ago. He came to take Ragnhild and Gudrun home. "It is near midnight, children," said he, in a deep voice, "and the way homeward is long." And as they went they cried their good-night to him from the distance. He followed slowly and returned to the glade, where the fire was still blazing high, and the dance wilder than ever. There he met

Rhyme-Ola, who told him that the boy he had fought with was Lars Henjum, and that the tall man who struck them was Atle, Lars's father.

After a time the music ceased, and the merry dancers, both lads and maidens, thronged round the fire, where they sat down in a close ring, and talked, jested, and laughed, little heeding the waning hours and the solemn silence of the forest. It was a gay scene, indeed, and one which would have filled an artist with rapture. How fair did those fresh, healthy faces appear, blushing, perhaps, with a little deeper tinge, as the glow of the fire fell over their features! Here sat one leaning forward, with his hands knit around his knees, watching the flames in pensive silence; there, next to him, a merry couple, too much occupied with each other to take notice of what was going on around them. The young man was Endre, the same who had opened the dance at the Rimul saeter on the evening of their arrival at the highlands; and who should the girl be but the bright-eyed Brita, with the deep dimples in her cheeks. Endre must have been very interesting; for whenever he spoke, Brita laughed, blushed, and now and then turned half away, as if to avoid his gaze, while he sat bending over towards her, intently watching her face.

As the night advanced, and the soft night-fog spread over the forest, their minds were imperceptibly attuned to the supernatural. Now was the time for wonder-tales and legends; and there was none who could tell like Rhyme-Ola: there were few who denied that. So Rhyme-Ola was called upon for a story; and there was no need of asking him twice, for there was nothing he liked better than story-telling. It was Rhyme-Ola's arrival which interrupted Brita's and Endre's conversation. He came from behind them, and politely asked to be admitted into the ring, for he hardly could tell his story otherwise.

"Jump over, Rhyme-Ola," proposed

Endre; but before the singer could have time to follow the advice, he seized him round the waist, lifted him high above his head, and, amid a roar of laughter from the company, put him down within the ring right before the fire. Rhyme-Ola, being well used to sport of this kind, took it in good part, straightened his little figure, winked with his sad eyes, drew his mouth up to his customary smile, and began his story.

When it was ended the narrator let his eyes slowly glide from face to face along the listening circle, and saw, not without satisfaction, the frightened expressions and half-open mouths which sufficiently assured him that he had succeeded in securing attention. But in all that crowd there was hardly one who listened with so intense an interest as Gunnar. As soon as the tale had commenced he had joined the group and quietly taken his seat behind Brita's back, where he was still sitting when Rhyme-Ola found him.

"Gunnar," said Rhyme-Ola, "I have something I want to tell you." And he gently urged the boy on until they were out of hearing. Then, leaning against a large, white-stemmed birch-tree, he fixed his strange eyes on Gunnar and began again.

"I have been at Rimul to-day," said he, "and I have seen the widow." Here he hesitated, smiled his melancholy smile, and winked.

"I asked the widow of Rimul," he went on, "if she had not some cattle for me to watch too. She said she had. So, now I shall always be with you, Gunnar." And all his face laughed as he cried out the last words. Gunnar stood for a moment staring at his strange companion.

"What did you say?" asked he.

"From this time I shall always be with you," repeated Rhyme-Ola, laughing. "Now it is time to go home," added he; "it is very late, or, rather, very early."

Soon they were on their way, and reached the saeter at sunrise.

H. H. Boyesen.

THE PIMPERNEL.

SHE walks beside the silent shore,
The tide is high, the breeze is still;
No ripple breaks the ocean-floor,
The sunshine sleeps upon the hill.

The turf is warm beneath her feet,
Bordering the beach of stone and shell,
And thick about her path the sweet
Red blossoms of the pimpernel.

"O sleep not yet, my flower!" she cries,
"Nor prophesy of storm to come;
Tell me that under steadfast skies
Fair winds shall bring my lover home."

She stoops to gather flower and shell,
She sits, and, smiling, studies each;
She hears the full tide rise and swell
And whisper softly on the beach.

Waking she dreams a golden dream,
Remembering with what still delight,
To watch the sunset's fading gleam,
Here by the waves they stood last night.

She leans on that encircling arm,
Divinely strong with power to draw
Her nature, as the moon doth charm
The swaying sea with heavenly law.

All lost in bliss the moments glide,
She feels his whisper, his caress;
The murmur of the mustering tide
Brings her no presage of distress.

What breaks her dream? She lifts her eyes,
Reluctant to destroy the spell;
The color from her bright cheek dies, —
Close folded is the pimpernel!

With rapid glance she scans the sky:
Rises a sudden wind, and grows,
And charged with storm the cloud-heaps lie.
Well may the scarlet blossoms close!

A touch, and bliss is turned to bale!
Life only keeps the sense of pain;
The world holds naught save one white sail
Flying before the wind and rain.

Broken upon the wheel of fear
 She wears the storm-vexed hour away;
 And now in gold and fire draws near
 The sunset of her troubled day.

But to her sky is yet denied
 The sun that lights the world for her:
 She sweeps the rose-flushed ocean wide
 With eager eyes that quick tears blur.

And lonely, lonely all the space
 Stretches, with never sign of sail,
 And sadder grows her wistful face,
 And all the sunset splendors fail.

And cold and pale, in still despair,
 With heavier grief than tongue can tell,
 She sinks,—upon her lips a prayer,
 Her cheek against the pimpernel.

Wee blossoms wet with showery tears
 On her shut eyes their droplets shed,
 Only the wakened waves she hears
 That singing drown his rapid tread.

"Sweet, I am here!" Joy's gates swing wide,
 And heaven is theirs, and all is well,
 And left beside the ebbing tide
 Forgotten is the pimpernel.

Celia Thaxter.

THE SUMMER'S JOURNEY OF A NATURALIST.

II. FROM THE DELAWARE TO THE POTOMAC.

THE traveller in America almost always lays his course on the great East and West ways, thinking to get thereby the greatest contrasts that the land affords. He would do much better if he should take the less travelled roads that lead from North to South. On the East and West roads he gets only the contrasts which are given by the same people under the varied conditions of a Westward movement, while on the North and South line he passes in review the several colonies from which this country has been peopled, and can study the conditions of their popula-

tions before they effaced their character by Westward migration. Our Atlantic coast has four or five distinct centres of population, from which as many separate streams of humanity have spread over the great central valley, mingling their contributions, as in the founder's great work the metals of many furnaces are mingled. We hear a great deal about the way in which foreign material is absorbed into the structure of our American society: let him who would see how far the rigid materials of the Old World become thus plastic in the New, come with us across the country

which lies between the Delaware and the James. Our wagon journey had already led us in its course from the sea at Boston over the Berkshire Hills, by Albany and thence to the west of the Catskills and down to the Delaware. Our roadside views of Massachusetts and New York have served to bring conviction that in the former State we have an assemblage of social conditions which differ widely from those you find in New York. Skipping over the State of New York, we may find New England again in the West, its grandchild; but New York, though it derived no inconsiderable part of its blood from it, has copied little, except its educational system, to mark its neighborhood to the New England centre. Probably the most striking difference between New England and the eastern part of New York is found in the effects of alcohol on the people. It is very rare to find a parish in Massachusetts where the effect of whiskey is evident to the traveller's eye: in New York it will often happen, especially in the less civilized parts, that one in ten of the population will show the effects of drink.

As we left Port Jervis, we came into the valley of the Delaware, one of the noblest of our Eastern rivers, and a fitting portal to the mountain region of the true Alleghanies. The floods of the previous year had carried away the bridge; so we were taken over by a "flying bridge,"—an ancient and simple device, consisting of an ark-like boat, attached to a long rope anchored in the stream some hundred feet above the crossing, and moved by merely putting the steering-oar hard *starboard* or *port*. The current forces the vessel to and fro. The sturdy boatman was proud of his command over the seething stream, though he seemed to have no clear idea of the forces involved. A little blackberry girl, who crossed on the boat with us, was curious to know where we came from; on being told, she asked, naively, if we had come all the way to-day.

We entered Pennsylvania through one of the many unhappy-looking little towns which preserve the memories of

the Mexican War. Surely there must have been a curse upon the host of Montereys, Buena Vistas, and Mexicos, that not one of them has got beyond the very first stage of civic development. Our road down the valley towards the water-gap was through a wonderfully fertile country, tilled with a care unapproached by any culture we had yet seen. We now came upon the pure German population. It shows itself in the heavier faces and more loutish build of the men; but it could be guessed by the bigger barns and smaller houses, by the thrifty labor which saves the weedy corners and the costly fences,—the twin curses of American husbandry. The sense of ownership in the land is keener than in the ordinary American. Of this we had an amusing instance: the narrow strip between the travelled way and the fences was grown over with blackberry-bushes, here hanging with rich, ripe fruit; from time to time we rested our horses and picked a few berries, as every wayfarer is used to do. Some of the natives caught us at it, and were as indignant as if we were robbing a hen-roost, and answered our jocose defiance by a promise of the sheriff at the next town. As they were afoot, and the county line not far away, we were unable to learn whether the law warranted the evidently sincere claim of the hospitable natives. The river takes its arrowy course through the middle of the league-wide valley. As is the custom here, the road is well up on the slope of the boundary hills, which slope shows that the river is coursing in a mountain valley, barred on the east from the sea by a high ridge. Its long search for a break in the wall is at length rewarded, and in the Delaware Water-gap it cuts through the great barrier, in a noble gorge which lays bare the roots of the mountain, and pours towards the sea.

Stroudsburg, where we leave the river, is a pretty town, old enough to have escaped "laying out,"—a funeral process, which very properly arrests the growth of most places to which it is applied. The many old houses with the

broad verandas, which begin to show the higher sun, are crowded along the old highway, to see and be seen by all the world. Something of the city has crept in here and there; pretentious, much-corniced stores, ambitiously called blocks and justifying the name with their clumsy forms, mar it a bit, but the town is one of the most pleasing we have seen. There is a little of the German homeliness to season the Yankee look, which still clings to the towns about here. The German population holds the land and the rural hamlets, but the towns have been filled with a trading class of English descent.

Out of the village and again into a lovely country, though no longer the broad savannas of our two days' journey down the Delaware. The hills, the work of the mountain-building forces, though not of mountain size, have been smoothed by water-action until they are beautifully rounded. These, from the moist valleys to the arid hill tops, are marked by the highest culture. The great barns, with their little steeples, quaint weathercocks, and gay colors, show that the farmer's heart is in his work; for men only decorate the things they love, unless it is to follow a new fashion. Very often we see that it has been the life-work of some simple mind to build the barn; and his pride in the result is shown by his name carved or painted thereon. In Massachusetts and New York, the farm buildings do not usually represent half the money that is put into the house; what goes there is spent grudgingly. But our good Pennsylvania Germans seem to build their barns first, lavish their money upon them, and then take what is left and build a rather humble home, so placed that they may gloat over their garner all their lives. Just now the barns were full to their ridge-poles with hay and grain; from them came the cloud of dust and whirring sound of the threshing-machine, or oftener the rythmical monotony of the beating flails. Clumsy wagons, rising at either end like the prow and poop of old Dutch

ships, go lumbering down to the towns with their loads of grain. In this thickly peopled land, where every acre has a jealous owner, we had to journey a dozen miles in search of a camp-ground. At length we got into a wood, where we hoped to pass a quiet sabbath. We were far from the main road, but, though we slipped in after dark, seemingly unseen, every one within five miles seemed to know of our presence before morning. By dawn the woods were thick with people, and all day we lived as publicly as the champion in a prize-ring. They stared hungrily at us at meal-times, pried into our wagons, endeavored to get into our tents, became perfectly intolerable in every way. Few of them seemed able or willing to speak English, and, when addressed in German, answered slowly and shyly. Their heavy faces showed a staring curiosity, which the most energetic remonstrance could hardly change for another look. I finally asked the least unintelligent looking man if he was not ashamed of himself and his countrymen. He answered in effect, "that there rarely happened anything new in their district, so they must make the most of present opportunities," and stared on. They were sturdy-looking creatures, with nothing of the trim lankness which belongs to Americans generally; heavy, long faces, unintellectual but kindly, showing no trace of vice. The women were as robust as the men, and showed the strong tendency to look like them so common among the lower classes of Europe. They are, for all the world, like any throng of Rhineland Germans. Their language, although with a share of Americanisms, is apparently only the dialect which one hears, with innumerable slight variations, all along the Rhine, from Suabia to Holland. Their century and a half of American air and institutions has left them just where they would be, in all physical and mental traits, if they had passed the time on the soil of fatherland, with one grave loss, however: isolated from the intellect of their

race and language, they have gradually separated themselves from the legendary past, which has done so much to spiritualize the German peasantry; and they have failed to profit by the great mental awakening which came of the second reformation of Germany, when Goethe, Schiller, and their school did for the intellect of the people what Luther, Melancthon, and Zwingli had done before for their conscience. Among the Rhineland Germans, by no means the best of that great people, there is scarce any so poor in mind but you will find down in his soul seed planted by the great poets of his race. I do not believe that one in a thousand of these good Pennsylvania people have ever read and remembered a line of those authors who have given their race its most glorious expression, if, indeed, they have not given it its character. I could not find a trace of the clinging to the traditions of fatherland. They are completely sundered in spirit from the home of their ancestors. In this they contrast singularly with the Canadian French, who seem to retain a sense of the glory of France and their share in its history.

Any one who has studied the conditions of the German settlements in the West, who has seen the determined efforts they are making to preserve in this country, by systematic isolation of their colonies, the language and customs of the native country, must feel grave doubts as to the results of such a course, after he has studied this interesting people. No one can doubt that, in our society, the interests of social and intellectual culture and of good government are likely to be greatly profited by the people we receive from Germany. They bring frugality against our spirit of waste, and a decent conservatism to balance our sometimes reckless advance. Education and civic morality are native with them; and art, that which we need the most of all the Old World's goods, has made a fertilizing impress on their minds. But that this good seed should plant itself in our soil, it needs be sown broadcast over

the land. It would profit us little to have half a dozen of the Chinese walled duchies, which have been the curse of Europe, transferred to this country, each with the non-intercourse act of a foreign and difficult tongue. Nor do these home-loving strangers — whose pathetic effort to keep all they can of their fatherland must rouse the sympathy of every one who has been among a foreign people — get that for which they aim. The great people they have left are going forward with a mighty impulse, the result of a true national spirit, the interaction of the varied parts of a great whole. But these little fragments can only retain the senseless existence of disjected members, if they refuse a real share in the life which surrounds them here. Let them lay aside their mother-tongue, — as fine an intellectual garment as was ever made, but not fit for their new work. As one of the factors of the great nation that is now building here, they and their descendants may well claim that their fatherland has shared in the greatest work of their race. As scattered fragments of German-speaking people, they will become the same thrifty, spiritless folk we have here raising grain and cattle, but counting for nothing in the life of the nation.

A merciful rain which tried our tents sorely finally gave us relief from our inquisitors. It was funny enough to see them crouching against the trees, or under the wagons, to give their eyes a little longer indulgence; but one by one they were drowned out, and the woods were again our own. Our next day's journey was all the way among the same people, until we came towards Leighton, with the same good cultivation, and comfort for man and beast as before. Children were very numerous and very healthy, but there was not much evidence of schools. In one of the hamlets we found our foraging party halted, quite unable to open communications; in the dozen houses, one of them an inn, there was no one who could speak English enough to understand a demand for supplies. An

old man present told me that his grandfather was born in Pennsylvania, and that the ancestors to the same degree of all the villagers were also native born. The children, he said, learn some English at school, but often forget it when they leave. It is a hard matter to learn of this from the children themselves; for, as is common with young rustic humanity, they can only see anything with their mouths wide open, and are unwilling to interrupt their gazing while the curious show we present is going by.

We follow down a rivulet tributary to the Lehigh, and come upon it near where it, too, breaks, as its brother the Delaware had done, through the mountain ridge to the plain. Down the river came two railways and a canal; and our honest Germans are wedged apart by a more active people. We get here our first sign of the coal-fields: the iron and water ways are laden with coal; train after train and load after load pour down the valley with their homely freight. Everything catches the grime of the trade, and makes us regret the cleanly dulness of our last two camps. We found a fine camping-ground some miles beyond the valley on the side of a mountain, where two springs joined to make a little rivulet which ran through a great wood. As before, the woods, though seeming solitary, were provided with an owner, who found us out in a few hours; his anger was easily mollified with a few words of his native tongue. Every one here fears gypsies, as they call all the numerous predatory bands which seem to infest the States south of New England in a singular way. From all accounts, I judge that there must be many hundreds of these associations, all modelled on the gypsy basis, some with a real "Zingari" character, wandering over this region; they trade a little, for a pretence, tell fortunes, and steal. The American county line is an amazingly convenient boundary; no officer can well cross it in pursuit; so this style of life has advantages denied in Europe, where the

pièce de voyage and the gendarme make an end of such business. We have seen several of these bands; none of them seemed real gypsies, though all of their members bore the stamp of foreign blood. Portuguese, Italians, one or two Spaniards, some Irish, and a sprinkling of Canadian French make up the motley crew. They have good outfits and at times a look of wealth; their horses are really *picked* animals, selected without regard to cost, and kept with a care which would please their rightful owners; their wagons are more comfortable than our own, some with the "New Haven wheel" and other evidences of taste and money. Just at present all these Arabs are working southward with the waning summer. They greet us as brothers in an "argot" which shows that they are no random gatherings of waifs, but floating communities of some permanence. They are going to Virginia and southward for the winter. They want to know what "family" we belong to, something of our history, and are a little disposed to patronize us as a feeble though somewhat promising "family," as they call their clans. To this complexion have we come at last.

From Lehighton to Tamaqua the country has a mixed people, Germans and English sharing the fertile and monotonous land together, getting a deal of worth out of it. At Tamaqua we suddenly enter the long coal basin which stretches all the way to Pottsville and beyond. A mile or two of distance here gives us a marvellous contrast. The wealth of soil disappears; in its place comes the underground richness of the ancient coal-period forests. The endless fields of grain give place to scanty forests robbed of every tree which could be used in shoring up the galleries of the mines. The gnarled and worthless pines spread their ragged limbs against the sky line of the hills. The brooks are turbid with the waters pumped from the innumerable shafts, and wander deviously through and around the enormous piles of black waste which is dumped into

their valleys. Squalid little wooden hamlets are clustered below each of the files of grimy sheds which show the entrances of the rivers on the sides of the mountains. On every hand run the coal railways, down which pour unending trains of coal. The change in the people is even more painful than the change in the face of the land. The men seem mostly Cornish or other British miners, — shapeless, hulking fellows, shuffling over the ground with something of the uncertain tread of sailors on shore, their clothing sordid, their faces bleary-eyed and dull with the monotonous toil in darkness to which their race has been subjected for generations. Whiskey has made its mark on nearly every face, — visible even through the soot which hides almost every other expression of their sinister countenances. The women are in far better condition. Many of them are pictures of rude health and vigor, well fed, not overworked, for there are no æsthetic cares here; living in the open air, — for their dens are too small for tenements, — they have a better chance for growth than most lower-class women. The children, too, are sturdy little urchins until the black mine draws them in, when they seem at once to leave their youth for the old age of hopeless, sunless toil. It was late in the afternoon when we got well into this melancholy region, and though we drove fast, no camp-ground could be found between the villages. The woods seemed wild enough, but they were everywhere cut by paths which are traversed by the mine people on their way to and fro. We recoiled at the prospect of camping among these unpleasant-looking neighbors; moreover, the springs were all dry. Poor at best in this region, they are here cut by the underground channels, and come up a putrid torrent from the pumps. So we journeyed on, hoping to get the unaccustomed shelter of a hotel at Pottsville. When we came to the fair-ground near the town, we found there a crowd of people, and were told that the place was quite overrun with visitors brought by a

meeting of the "Red Men," which being interpreted, meant that a charitable secret society, like the Odd Fellows in plan, of extended membership in Pennsylvania and to the westward, held their annual convocation here.

So we passed through Pottsville, and after a day's journey of forty miles we found the unwonted cover of a little inn in the town of St. Clair. Our tavern was happily uncarpeted and reasonably clean. The landlord complained that everything had to be brought there by railway: no food for man or beast is raised within many miles. One does not see a worse-looking people in any English or European mining country than met us here in the morning. The sordid town, with bad drainage, ten thousand people crammed in a little space, foul streets, and dirtier people, made an ineffaceably painful impression. With the outward degradation comes, too, a sullen temper; the ragged urchins, seeing strangers, set upon them like wolves, yelling from a distance in a vain effort to stampede our horses. Climbing over the mountain by a road whereon a large toll was charged, apparently to deter people from risking their necks upon it, we left this hideous country behind us. The next day we crossed the Ashland coal basin, but managed to traverse it during the day and camp beyond. No one can go through mining districts without grave fears for the future of human life in such regions, where, for centuries to come, that life is to have its shape given by underground work. We are accustomed to think that our land is blessed in its prodigious store of coal, probably exceeding in amount all that the other continents together contain. But unless this wealth can be appropriated with less injurious effect to those who develop it, there is a great curse as well as a blessing in it.

The Susquehanna is as beautiful as the Delaware, which is high praise indeed. Sunbury, when we came upon its banks, was a common town, with an excessively American look, wide streets,

and rather mean houses. The river is unnavigable, so the town turns its back upon its beauties and faces the noisy railroad. The cliffs across the river are great vertical walls of southward-dipping rock; the river between is broadened out and quieted by a dam below, so that it can mirror them in good fashion. There was a little steamer to pull the ark in which our teams were crowded across the stream, — a wheezy little antiquity, with a dreadfully home-made look, but officered with people as important-looking as if it had been a man-of-war. Evidently the steamer is a local celebrity of no small importance. For our camp near Sunbury we had a pleasant wood among those pleasantest of rustics, the German farmers, who, having scattered from the great herds of their race, have got rid of their language and taken up with the common ways. There is nothing to mark their descent but their squarish forms and an element of queerness in their English, differing widely from any other local peculiarity I have noticed. There is, after all, one peculiarity, — they are content with their lot in a most un-American way: they look to their lands for their future, without that longing for the city or the wilderness which seems to poison the life of every ordinary American farmer. For the first time on our journey we were invited to camp on a man's land and made very welcome. Our nearest neighbor was as proud of his temporal success as if he had been a Vanderbilt. He told us in a moment that, when he was married, forty years ago, the domestic outfit consisted of a plate, a pot, and a bushel of potatoes. A life of toil had given him one hundred acres of good land, a barn with stock and grain, a cabin with a broad porch, and a good well: what would one more? The good fellow did not count his swarm of children among his possessions, clearly because he felt that they were as much a matter of course as breathable air or timely rain. In a spirit of speculation he had been down to Virginia into the Shenandoah Valley, on the great

journey of his life; he thought the land no better than here, and dearer.

Our road carried us again to the shores of the Susquehanna at Lewisburg; the views on our road up the Wyoming or East Branch were enchanting. The mountains are all low crowned, and repeat the same shape. Their forms may be likened to that of rounded, creeping things: sometimes they are long and serpent-like, again they remind one of huge caterpillars; they may be better likened to the waves of a sea, as they run after the calm has come, only they do not crowd so closely together. It is evident that when made they were far more regular than at present, and more than thrice as high. The higher ridges are now about three thousand feet, and are manifestly mere wrecks of their sometime forms. Despite the amount of wear which in other conditions would give the wildest landscapes, these mountains differ so little one from the other that the eye makes no selection among them. It is only when the rivers have carved a little individuality in them that this monotony gives way. Bordered by the ever varying rivers, their related forms give a singular symmetry and rhythm to the landscape.

The valley is beautifully fertile for a day's journey from its mouth, with a charming road from the low valley into the high table-land and mountain region to the west. Our camp was in a region rich in fossils, the heaps of stones in the fields being each a museum of ancient and extinct life. We came here upon a great rattlesnake ground. Two newly killed specimens of large size lay in the road over the "col" where we camped. A passing stage-driver said that during the month he had killed eighteen on his daily walk up the long hill.

Our road led us through Centre County, a region where the German descendants predominate, though less foreign in aspect than the region to the eastward. The people here have kept some distinctive peculiarities, among them a fondness for flowing

fountains. In the street in one hamlet of forty houses we counted a dozen on the roadside, the water being brought from far away. The spring-houses, sometimes built so as to be small fish-ponds, with a wealth of whitewashed walls and woodwork, make a pretty feature on the landscape. Turning in our "voyage en zig zag" again towards the northeast, we crossed the Seven Mountains towards the valley of the Juniata. A well-made road through twelve miles of mountain wilderness gave a tedious journey, occasionally relieved by far-reaching views across the country, with its monotonous processional mountains. Here we killed our first and last rattlesnake. The surly fellow was lying in the middle of the road and resented our coming. We all mistook his rattle for the whirr of the cicada or locust, as it is called; his slow retreat being interrupted by our attack, he made a good fight and died hard. After being as dead as he could be made by severing the spinal cord, his body made all the motions of striking, and came near wounding one of the party with its fangs. At the foot of the Seven Mountains we pass the Keshgecoguillas Valley, the most instructive of the mid-mountain valleys of Pennsylvania. Here one gets the best specimen of the mountains illustrating the share which the building up and pulling down forces have had in their making. This part of the Alleghanies is wonderfully like the Jura. We get out of the valley by a pass where a slender thread of water has widened a cleft made when the mountain was formed. Into the rivulet, a few miles before it falls into the Juniata, pours the beautiful stream from Logan's Spring, where dwelt that great, sad chief, the Caractacus of the West. It pours a mill-stream from the solid rock. There could be no fitter monument for that noble savage than this beautiful stream, which will endure until the mountains that feed it are worn away.

The Juniata Valley, when we come into it, is one of the most beautiful in our land. Thirty miles above, after a

struggle with the mountain, it breaks through their gorges into this great synclinal valley. It is here forced from the sea by the Blue Mountain,—a high and quite impassable ridge towering to the north. It flows through the five-mile-wide valley as placidly as if it had never worn the hills asunder. Unfortunately, the railway had caused the utter neglect of the common road, once one of the great East and West ways, so that our journey to Huntingdon was one long struggle with almost insuperable difficulties. Just beyond Huntingdon we came into a country as curious in its way as the Saxon Switzerland; for miles along its crest one of the low-topped mountains was capped with great towered and sculptured rocks. Some low and flat like tables for giants' feasts, others like pulpits,—big enough for the most ambitious reformer,—still others rising like the ruins of mediæval towers and parapets, and covered with climbing plants and ferns, or showing gray and bare among the grand forest trees,—these ruins were as impressive as the wreck of human work could be.

Our road led us through one of the wide mountain-valleys known as Morrison's Cove—a queer maritime term applied to all the broad mountain-valleys of this region. This cove is peopled by the Dunkers, a German Sabbatarian sect with a number of notions about religious matters than cannot well be described. Religious schism seems to be favorable to good farming; probably because all religionists are apt to be dead in earnest in all they do. We spent a long day driving through their broad, well-tilled farms. As we go up the valley the mountains become more broken than before and lose that appearance of being cast in one mould which belongs to the rest of Pennsylvania; at length, in Alpine fashion, they swing round and close the valley at its head with a formidable succession of ridges. At the foot of these we camped, by the waters of a cold sulphur-spring. Over a steep and rocky "col," which wrecked one of our wag-

ons, we passed into the Sulphur-Spring Valley. Looking up a wagon and horses to relieve our broken-down vehicle, I found my way into the cabin of a German, a young man who lived with his old mother. The little living-room and kitchen was admirably clean, with no other furniture than benches and tables of old oak, except a large rack whereon there was displayed some pottery of the last century make. The old woman was surly in broken English, but mellowed a little when spoken to in German. After many hesitations, made to bring up the price, the two thought they ought to have *two dollars* to take a load of near a ton a distance of ten miles, and were evidently surprised that no better terms were asked.

We found shelter in a wood three miles from Bedford, — a forest so profound that, though we stayed two days there, no spying mortal found us out.

Our repairs being made, we struck through Bedford into the Cumberland Valley. Bedford has a reputation for its mineral waters. The rectangular little town was as hot as a gridiron, dusty and detestable. The springs, just beyond, seemed to have the usual barracks and brass-band attractions of American springs. One more camp made in a driving thunder-storm ended our twenty camps in Pennsylvania. As we went down the Cumberland Valley the mountains became more picturesque, but the farms waned. At length the noble Potomac Valley opened wide before us. Cut athwart the mountains in a broader way than any other of the Alleghany streams, it stands as a barrier between the two great sections of the Appalachian Chain. Beyond it, in sweeps of almost Alpine grandeur, rose the higher mountains of Virginia, which we had so long striven for.

N. S. Shaler.

QUESTION.

DEAR and blessed dead ones, can you look and listen
 To the sighing and the moaning down here below?
 Does it make a discord in the hymns of Heaven —
 The discord that jangles in the life you used to know?

When we pray our prayers to the great God above you,
 Does the echo of our praying ever glance aside your way?
 Do you know the thing we ask for, and wish that you could give it,
 You whose hearts ached with wishing, in your own little day?

Are your ears deaf with praises, you blessed dead of Heaven,
 And your eyes blind with glory, that you cannot see our pain?
 If you saw, if you heard, you would weep among the angels,
 And the praises and the glory would be for you in vain.

Yet he listens to our praying, the great God of pity,
 As he fills with pain the measure of our life's little day;
 Could he bear to sit and shine there on his white throne in Heaven,
 But that he sees the end while we only see the way?

Louise Chandler Moulton.

ROMAN RIDES.

ROME, last of April.

I SHALL always remember the first I took : out of the Porta del Popolo, to where the Ponte Molle, whose single arch sustains a weight of historic tradition, compels the sallow Tiber to flow between its four great *mannered* ecclesiastical statues, over the crest of the hill, and along the old posting-road to Florence. It was mild midwinter, the season, peculiarly, of color on the Roman Campagna ; and the light was full of that mellow purple glow, that tempered intensity, which haunts the after-visions of those who have known Rome like the memory of some supremely irresponsible pleasure. An hour away, I pulled up, and stood for some time at the edge of a meadow, gazing away into remoter distances. Then and there, it seemed to me, I measured the deep delight of knowing the Campagna. But I saw more things in it than it is easy to repeat. The country rolled away around me into slopes and dells of enchanting contour, checkered with purple and blue and blooming brown. The lights and shadows were at play on the Sabine Mountains,—an alternation of tones so exquisite that you can indicate them only by some fantastic comparison to sapphire and amber. In the foreground a *contadino*, in his cloak and peaked hat, was jogging solitary on his ass ; and here and there in the distance, among blue undulations, some white village, some gray tower, helped deliciously to make the scene the typical “Italian landscape” of old-fashioned art. It was so bright and yet so sad, so still, and yet so charged, to the supersensuous ear, with the murmur of an extinguished life, that you could only say it was intensely and deliciously strange, and that the Roman Campagna is the most suggestive place in the world. To ride once, under these circumstances, is of course

to ride again, and to allot to the Campagna a generous share of the time one spends in Rome.

It is a pleasure that doubles one's horizon, and one can scarcely say whether it enlarges or limits one's impression of the city proper. It certainly makes St. Peter's seem a trifle smaller, and blunts the edge of one's curiosity in the Forum. If you have ridden much, to think of Rome afterwards will be, I imagine, to think still respectfully and regretfully enough of the Vatican and the Pincio, the streets and the duskily picturesque street-life ; but it will be even more to wonder, with an irrepressible contraction of the heart, when again you shall feel yourself bounding over the flower-smothered turf, or pass from one framed picture to another beside the open arches of the crumbling aqueducts. You look at Rome so often from some grassy hill-top—hugely compact within its walls, with St. Peter's overtopping all things and yet seeming small, and the vast girdle of marsh and meadow receding on all sides to the mountains and the sea—that you come to remember it at last as hardly more than a large detail in an impressive landscape. And within the walls you think of your intended ride as a sort of romantic possibility ; of the Campagna generally as an illimitable experience. One's rides certainly make Rome a richer place to live in than most others. To dwell in a city which, much as you grumble at it, is, after all, very fairly a modern city ; with crowds, and shops, and theatres, and *cafés*, and balls, and receptions, and dinner-parties, and all the modern confusion of social pleasures and pains ; to have at your door the good and evil of it all ; and yet to be able in half an hour to gallop away and leave it a hundred miles, a hundred years, behind, and to look at the tufted broom glowing on a lonely

tower-top in the still blue air, and the pale pink asphodels trembling none the less for the stillness, and the shaggy-legged shepherds leaning on their sticks in motionless brotherhood, with the heaps of ruin and the scrambling goats and staggering little kids treading out wild desert smells from the top of hollow-sounding mounds; and then to come back through one of the great gates, and, a couple of hours later, find yourself in the "world," dressed, introduced, entertained, inquisitive, talking about Middlemarch to a young English lady, or listening to Neapolitan songs from a gentleman in a very low-cut shirt,—all this is to lead a sort of double life, and to gather from the hurrying hours more impressions than a mind of modest capacity quite knows how to dispose of. I touched lately upon this theme with a friend who, I fancied, would understand me, and who immediately assured me that he had just spent a day which this mingled diversity of sensation made to the days one spends elsewhere what an uncommonly good novel is to a newspaper. "There was an air of idleness about it, if you will," he said, "and it was certainly pleasant enough to have been wrong. Perhaps, being, after all, unused to long stretches of dissipation, this was why I had a half-feeling that I was reading an odd chapter in the history of a person very much more of a *héros de roman* than myself." Then he proceeded to relate how he had taken a long ride with a lady whom he extremely admired. "We turned off from the Tor di Quinto Road to that castellated farm-house you know of,—once a Ghibelline fortress,—whither Claude Lorraine used to come to paint pictures of which the surrounding landscape is still artistically suggestive. We went into the inner court, a cloister almost, with the carved capitals of its *loggia* columns, and looked at a handsome child swinging shyly against the half-opened door of a room whose impenetrable shadow, behind her, made her, as it were, a sketch in bituminous water-colors. We talked

with the farmer, a handsome, pale, fever-tainted fellow, with a well-to-do air, who did n't in the least prevent his affability taking a turn which resulted in his acceptance of small coin; and then we galloped away and away over the meadows which stretch with hardly a break to Veü. The day was strangely delicious, with a cool gray sky and just a touch of moisture in the air, stirred by our rapid motion. The Campagna, in the colorless, even light, was more solemn and romantic than ever; and a ragged shepherd, driving a meagre, straggling flock, whom we stopped to ask our way of, was a perfect type of pastoral, weather-beaten misery. He was precisely the shepherd for the foreground of a scratchy etching. There were faint odors of spring in the air, and the grass here and there was streaked with great patches of daisies; but it was spring with a foreknowledge of autumn,—a day to be enjoyed with a sober smile,—a day somehow to make one feel as if one had seen and felt a great deal,—quite, as I say, like a *héros de roman*. Apropos of such people, it was the illustrious Pelham, I think, who, on being asked if he rode, replied that he left those violent exercises to the ladies. But under such a sky, in such an air, over acres of daisied turf, a long, long gallop is certainly the gentlest, the most refined of pleasures. The elastic bound of your horse is the poetry of motion; and if you are so happy as to add to it—not the prose of companionship, riding comes to seem to you really an intellectual pursuit. "My gallop, at any rate," said my friend, "threw me into a mood which gave an extraordinary zest to the rest of the day." He was to go to a dinner-party at a villa on the edge of Rome, and Madame X—, who was also going, called for him in her carriage. "It was a long drive," he went on, "through the Forum, past the Coliseum. She told me a long story about a most interesting person. Toward the end I saw through the carriage window a slab of rugged sculptures. We were passing under the Arch of Con-

stantine. In the hall pavement of the villa is a rare antique mosaic, — one of the largest and most perfect; the ladies, on their way to the drawing-room, trail over it the flounces of Worth. We drove home late, and there's my day."

On your exit from most of the gates of Rome you have generally half an hour's riding through winding lanes, many of which are hardly less charming than the open meadows. On foot, the walls and high hedges would vex you and make your walk dull; but in the saddle you generally overtop them and see treasures of picturesqueness. Yet a Roman wall in the springtime is, for that matter, as picturesque as anything it conceals. Crumbling grain by grain, colored and mottled to a hundred tones by sun and storm, with its rugged structure of brick extending through its coarse epidermis of peeling stucco, its creeping lace-work of wandering ivy starred with miniature violets, and its wild fringe of stouter flowers against the sky,—it is as little as possible a blank partition; it is almost a piece of landscape. At this moment in mid-April, all the ledges and cornices are wreathed with flaming poppies, nodding there as if they knew so well what faded grays and yellows were an offset to scarlet. But the best point in a dilapidated wall of vineyard or villa is of course the gateway, lifting its great arch of cheap rococo scroll-work, its balls and shields and mossy dish-covers (as they always seem to me), and flanked with its dusky cypresses. I never pass one without taking out my mental sketch-book and jotting it down as a *vignette* in the insubstantial record of my ride. They always look to me intensely sad and dreary, as if they led to the moated grange where Mariana waited in desperation for something to happen; and I fancy the usual inscription over the arch to be a recommendation to those who enter to renounce all hope of anything but a glass of more or less agreeably acrid *vino romano*. For what you chiefly see over the walls and at the end of the straight,

short avenue of rusty cypresses are the appurtenances of a *vigna*,—a couple of acres of little upright sticks, blackening in the sun, and a vast, sallow-faced, scantily-windowed mansion, whose expression denotes little intellectual life beyond what goes to the driving of a hard bargain over the tasted hogsheads. If Mariana is there, she certainly has no pile of old magazines to beguile her leisure. Intellectual life, if the term is not too pompous, seems to the contemplative tourist as he wanders about Rome, to exist only as a kind of thin deposit of the past. Within the rococo gateway, which itself has a vague literary suggestiveness, at the end of the cypress walk, you'll probably see a mythological group in rusty marble,—a Cupid and Psyche, a Venus and Paris, an Apollo and Daphne,—the relic of an age when a Roman proprietor thought it fine to patronize the arts. But I imagine you are safe in thinking that it constitutes the only literary allusion that has been made on the premises for three or four generations.

There is a franker cheerfulness — though certainly a proper amount of that forlornness which lurks about every object to which the Campagna forms a background — in the primitive little taverns where, on the homeward stretch, in the waning light, you are often glad to rein up and demand a bottle of their best. But their best and their worst are the same, though with a shifting price, and plain *vino bianco* or *vino rosso* (rarely both) is the sole article of refreshment in which they deal. There is a ragged bush over the door, and within, under a dusky vault, on crooked cobble-stones, sit half a dozen contadini in their indigo jackets and goatskin breeches, with their elbows on the table. There is generally a rabble of infantile beggars at the door, pretty enough in their dusty rags, with their fine eyes and intense Italian smile, to make you forget your private vow of doing your individual best to make these people, whom you like so much, unlearn their old vices. Was the Por-

ta Pia bombarded three years ago, that Peppino should still grow up to whine for a copper? But the Italian shells had no direct message for Peppino's stomach, — and you are going to a dinner-party at a villa. So Peppino "points" an instant for the copper in the dust and grows up a Roman beggar. The whole little place is the most primitive form of a hostelry; but along any of the roads leading out of the city you may find establishments of a higher type, with Garibaldi, superbly mounted and foreshortened, painted on the wall; or a lady in a low-necked dress opening a fictive lattice with irresistible hospitality, and a yard with the classic pine-wreathed arbor casting thin shadows upon benches and tables draped and cushioned with the white dust from which the highways from the gates borrow most of their local color. But, as a rider, I say, you avoid the high-roads, and, if you are a person of taste, don't grumble at the occasional need of following the walls of the city. City walls, to a properly constituted American, can never be an object of indifference; and there is certainly a fine solemnity in pacing in the shadow of this massive cincture of Rome. I have found myself, as I skirted its base, talking of trivial things, but never without a sudden reflection on the deplorable impermanence of first impressions. A twelvemonth ago the raw plank fences of a Boston suburb, inscribed with the virtues of healing drugs, bristled along my horizon: now I glance with idle eyes at this compacted antiquity, in which a more learned sense may read great dates and signs, — Servius, Aurelian, Honorius. But even to idle eyes the walls of Rome abound in picturesque episodes. In some places, where the huge brick-work is black with time, and certain strange square towers look down at you with still blue eyes, — the Roman sky peering through lidless loopholes, — and there is nothing but white dust in the road and solitude in the air, I feel like a wandering Tartar touching on the confines of the Celestial Empire. The wall of

China must be very much such a curiously piece of masonry. The color of the Roman ramparts is everywhere fine, and their rugged patchwork has been subdued by time and weather into the mellow harmony which painters love. On the northern side of the city, behind the Vatican, St. Peter's, and the Trastevere, I have seen them glowing in the late afternoon with the tones of ancient bronze and rusty gold. Here, at various points, they are embossed with the Papal insignia, — tiara with its flying bands and crossed keys, — for which the sentimental tourist has possibly a greater kindness than of yore. With the dome of St. Peter's resting on their cornice and the hugely clustered architecture of the Vatican rising from them as from a terrace, they seem indeed the valid bulwark of an ecclesiastical city. Vain bulwarks, alas! sighs the sentimental tourist, fresh from the meagre entertainment of this latter Holy Week. But he may find picturesque consolation in this neighborhood at a source where, as I pass, I never fail to apply for it. At half an hour's walk beyond the Porta San Pancrazio, beneath the wall of the Villa Doria, is a delightfully pompous ecclesiastical gateway of the seventeenth century, erected by Paul V. to commemorate his restoration of the aqueducts through which the stream bearing his name flows towards that fine, florid portico which covers its clear-sheeted outgush on the crest of the Janiculum. It arches across the road in the most ornamental manner of the period, and one can hardly pause before it without seeming to assist at a ten minutes' revival of old Italy, — without feeling as if one were in a cocked hat and sword, and were coming up to Rome in another mood than Luther's, with a letter of recommendation to the mistress of a Cardinal.

The Campagna differs greatly on the two sides of the Tiber; and it is hard to say which, for the rider, has the greater charm. The half-dozen rides you may take from the Porta San Giovanni possess the perfection of tradi-

tional Roman interest, and lead you through a far-strewn wilderness of ruins, — a scattered maze of tombs and towers and nameless fragments of antique masonry. The landscape here has two great features; close before you on one side is the long, gentle swell of the Alban Mountains, deeply, fantastically blue in most weathers, and marbled with the vague white masses of their scattered towns and villas. It is hard to fancy a softer curve than that with which the mountain sweeps down from Albano to the plain; it is a perfect example of the classic beauty of line in the Italian landscape, — that beauty which, when it fills the background of a picture, makes us look in the foreground for a broken column bedded in flowers, and a shepherd piping to dancing nymphs. At your side, constantly, you have the broken line of the Claudian Aqueduct carrying its broad arches far away into the plain. The meadows along which it lies are not the smoothest in the world for a gallop, but there is no pleasure greater than to wander over it. It stands knee-deep in the flower-strewn grass, and its rugged piers are hung with ivy, as the columns of a church are draped for a *festa*. Every archway is a picture, massively framed, of the distance beyond, — of the snow-tipped Sabines and Lonely Soracte. As the spring advances, the whole Campagna smiles and waves with flowers; but I think they are nowhere more rank and lovely than in the shifting shadow of the aqueducts, where they muffle the feet of the columns and smother the half-dozen brooks which wander in and out like silver meshes between the legs of a file of giants. They make a niche for themselves, too, in every crevice and tremble on the vault of the empty conduits. The ivy hereabouts, in the springtime, is peculiarly brilliant and delicate; and though it cloaks and muffles these Roman fragments far less closely than the castles and abbeys of England, it hangs with the light elegance of all Italian vegetation. It is partly, doubtless, because their mighty outlines are still unsof-

tened that the aqueducts are so impressive. They seem the very source of the solitude in which they stand; they look like architectural spectres, and loom through the light mists of their grassy desert, as you recede along the line, with the same insubstantial vastness as if they rose out of Egyptian sands. It is a great neighborhood of ruins, many of which, it must be confessed, you have applauded in many an album. But station a peasant with sheepskin coat and bandaged legs in the shadow of the tomb or tower best known to drawing-room art, and scatter a dozen goats on the mound above him, and the picture has a charm which has not yet been sketched away.

The other side of the Campagna has wider fields and smoother turf and perhaps a greater number of delightful rides, the earth is sounder, and there are fewer pitfalls and ditches. The land for the most part lies higher and catches more breezes, and the grass, here and there, is for great stretches as smooth and level as a carpet. You have no Alban Mountains before you, but you have in the distance the waving ridge of the nearer Appenines, and west of them, along the course of the Tiber, the long seaward level of deep-colored fields, deepening as they recede to the blue and purple of the sea itself. Beyond them, of a very clear day, you may see the glitter of the Mediterranean. These are rides, perhaps, to remember most fondly, for here are enchanting places, and the landscape has details of supreme picturesqueness. Indeed, when I turn over the picturesque impressions, the vaguely lingering sensations, of these Roman rides, it seems a fool's errand to have attempted to express them, and a waste of words to do more than recommend the reader to ride citywards at twilight, at the end of March, toward the Porta Cavalleggieri, and note what he sees. At this hour the Campagna seems peculiarly its melancholy self, and I remember roadside "effects" of the most poignant suggestiveness. Certain mean, mouldering villas behind

grass-grown courts have an indefinitely sinister look ; there was one in especial, of which it was impossible not to fancy that a despairing creature had once committed suicide there, behind bolted door and barred window, and that no one had since had the pluck to go in and see why he never came out. But, to my sense, every slight wayside detail in the country about Rome has a penetrating eloquence, and I may possibly exaggerate the charms of very common things. This is the more likely, because the charms I touch on are so many notes in the scale of melancholy. To delight in the evidence of meagre lives might seem to be a heartless pastime, and the pleasure, I confess, is a pensive one. Melancholy is as common an influence from Southern things as gayety, I think ; it rarely fails to strike a Northern observer when he misses what he calls comfort. Beauty is no compensation for the loss ; it only makes it more depressing. Enough beauty of climate hangs over these Roman cottages and farm-houses, — beauty of light, of atmosphere, and of vegetation ; but their charm for seekers of the picturesque is the way in which the lustrous air seems to illuminate their intimate desolation. Man lives more with Nature in Italy than in New England ; she does more work for him and gives him more holidays than in our short-summered clime ; and his home is therefore much more bare of devices for helping him to do without her, forget her and forgive her. These reflections are, perhaps, the source of the entertainment you find in a moss-coated stone stairway climbing outside of a wall ; in a queer inner court, befouled with rubbish and drearily bare of convenience ; in an ancient, quaintly-carven well, worked with infinite labor from an overhanging window ; in an arbor of time-twisted vines, under which may sit with your feet in the dirt, and you remember as a dim fable that there are races for which the type of domestic allurements is the parlor hearth-rug. For reasons apparent or otherwise, these things amuse me beyond expres-

sion, and I am never weary of staring into gateways, of lingering by dreary, shabby, half-barbaric farm-yards, of feasting a foolish gaze on sun-cracked plaster and unctuous indoor shadows.

I must not forget, however, that it is not for wayside effects that one rides away behind Saint-Peter's, but for the enchanting sense of wandering over boundless space, of seeing great classic lines of landscape, of watching them dispose themselves into pictures so full of "style" that you can think of no painter who deserves to have you admit that they suggest him, — hardly knowing whether it is better pleasure to gallop far and drink deep of air and grassy distance and the whole delicious opportunity, or to walk and pause and linger, and try and grasp some ineffaceable memory of sky and color and outline. Your pace can hardly help falling into a contemplative measure at the time, everywhere so wonderful but in Rome so persuasively divine, when the winter begins palpably to soften and quicken into spring. Far out on the Campagna, early in February, you feel the first vague, earthy emanations, which in a few weeks come wandering into the heart of the city and throbbing through the close, dark streets. Springtime in Rome is an immensely poetic affair ; but you must stand often in the meadows, between grass and sky, to measure its deep, full, steadily-accelerated rhythm. The winter has an incontestible beauty, and is pre-eminently the time of color, — the time when it's no affectation, but homely verity, to talk about the "purple" tone of the atmosphere. As February comes and goes, your purple is streaked with green, and the rich, dark bloom of the distance begins to lose its intensity. But your loss is made up by other gains ; none more precious than that inestimable gain to the ear, — the disembodied voice of the lark. It comes with the early flowers, the white narcissus and the cyclamen, the half-buried violets and the pale anemones, and makes the whole at-

mosphere ring, like a vault of tinkling glass. You never see the bird himself, and are utterly unable to localize his note, which seems to come from everywhere at once, to be some hundred-throated voice of the air. Sometimes you fancy you just distinguish him, a mere vague spot against the blue, an intenser throb in the universal pulsation of light. As the weeks go on, the flowers multiply and the deep blues and purples of the hills turn to azure and violet, and creep higher toward the narrowing snow-line of the Sabines. The first hour of your ride becomes rather warm for comfort, but you beguile it with brushing the hawthorn-blossoms as you pass along the hedges, and catching at the wild rose and honeysuckle; and when you get into the meadows, there is stir enough in the air to lighten the dead weight of the sun. The Roman air, however, is not a tonic medicine, and it seldom allows your rides to be absolutely exhilarating. It has always seemed to me, indeed, part of their picturesqueness that your keenest enjoyment is haunted with a vague languor. Occasionally, when the sirocco blows, this amounts to a sensation really worth having on moral and intellectual grounds. Then, under the gray sky, toward the veiled distances which the sirocco generally brings with it, you seem to ride forth into a world from which all hope has departed, and in which, in spite of the flowers that make your horse's footfalls soundless, nothing is left save a possibility of calamity which your imagination is unable to measure, but from which it hardly shrinks. An occasional sense of depression from this source may almost amount to exhilaration; but a season of sirocco would be an overdose of morbid pleasure. I almost think that you may best feel the peculiar beauty of the Campagna on those mild days of winter when the brilliant air alone suffices to make the whole landscape smile, and you may pause on the brown grass in the sunny stillness; and, by listening long enough,

almost fancy you hear the shrill of the midsummer cricket. It is detail and ornament that vary from month to month, from week to week even, and make your rides over familiar fields a constant feast of unexpectedness; but the great essential lines and masses of the Campagna preserve throughout the year the same impressive serenity. Soracte, in January and April, rises from its blue horizon like an island from the sea, with an elegance of contour which no mood of the year can deepen or diminish. You know it well; you have seen it often in the mellow backgrounds of Claude; and it has such an irresistibly classical, academical air that, while you look at it, your saddle begins to feel like a faded old arm-chair in a palace gallery. A month's riding on the Campagna, indeed, will show you a dozen prime Claudes. After I had seen them all, I went piously to the Doria gallery to refresh my memory of its two famous specimens, and I vastly enjoyed their delightful air of reference to something which had become a part of my personal experience. Delightful it certainly is to feel the common element in one's own impressions and those of a genius whom it has helped to do great things. Claude must have wandered much on the Campagna, and interfused its divine undulations with his exquisite conception of the picturesque. He was familiar with a landscape in which there was not a single uncompromising line. I saw, a few days later, a small finished sketch from his hand, in the possession of an American artist, which was almost startling in its clear reflection of forms unaltered by the two centuries which have dimmed and cracked the paint and canvas.

This unbroken continuity of impressions which I have tried to indicate is an excellent example of the intellectual background of all enjoyment in Rome. It effectually prevents pleasure from becoming vulgar, for your sensation rarely begins and ends with itself; it never berates; it recalls, commemo-

rates, resuscitates something else. At least half the merit of everything you enjoy must be that it suits you absolutely; but the larger half, here, is generally that it has suited some one else, and that you can never flatter yourself you have discovered it. It is historic, literary, suggestive; it has played some other part than it is just then playing to your eyes. It was an admission of this truth that my discriminating friend who showed me the Claudes found it impossible to designate a certain delightful region which you enter at the end of an hour's riding from the Porta Cavalleggieri as anything but Arcadia. The exquisite correspondence of the term in this case altogether revived its faded bloom; here veritably the oaten pipe must have stirred the windless air, and the satyrs have laughed among the brookside reeds. Three or four long grassy dells stretch away in a chain between low hills over which slender trees are so discreetly scattered that each one is a resting-place for a shepherd. The elements of the scene are simple enough, but the composition has extraordinary refinement. By one of those happy chances which keep observation, in Italy, always in her best humor, a shepherd had thrown himself down under one of the trees in the very attitude of Melibæus. He had been washing his feet, I suppose, in the neighboring brook, and had found it pleasant afterwards to roll his short breeches well up on his thighs. Lying thus in the shade, on his elbow, with his naked legs stretched out on the turf, and his soft peaked hat over his long hair crushed back like the veritable bonnet of Arcady, he was exactly the figure for the background of this happy valley. The poor fellow, lying there in rustic weariness and ignorance, little fancied that he was a symbol of Old World meanings to New World eyes. Such eyes may find as great a store of picturesque meanings in the cork-woods of Monte Mario, tenderly loved of all equestrians. These are less severely pastoral than our Arcadia, and

you might more properly lodge there a damsel of Ariosto than a nymph of Theocritus. Among them is strewn a lovely wilderness of flowers and shrubs, and the whole place has such a charming woodland air, that, casting about me the other day for a compliment, I declared that it reminded me of New Hampshire. My compliment had a double edge, and I had no sooner uttered it than I smiled—or sighed—to perceive in all the undiscriminated botany about me the wealth of detail, the idle elegance and grace of Italy alone,—the natural stamp of the land which has the singular privilege of making one love her unsanctified beauty all but as well as those features of one's own country toward which nature's small allowance doubles that of one's own affection. In this matter of suggestiveness, no rides are more profitable than those you take in the Villa Doria or the Villa Borghese; or do not take, possibly, if you prefer to reserve these particular regions (the latter in especial) for your walking-hours. People do ride, however, in both villas, which deserve honorable mention in this regard. The Villa Doria, with its noble site, its lovely views, its great groups of stone-pines, so clustered and yet so individual, its lawns and flowers and fountains, its altogether princely disposition, is a place where one may pace, well mounted, of a brilliant day, with an agreeable sense of its being a rather more elegant pastime to balance in one's stirrups than to trudge on even the smoothest gravel. But at the Villa Borghese the walkers have the best of it; for they are free of those delicious, outlying corners and bosky byways which the rumble of barouches never reaches. Early in March it becomes a perfect epitome of the spring. You cease to care much for the melancholy greenness of the disfeatured statues which has been your chief winter's intimation of verdure; and before you are quite conscious of the tender streaks and patches in the great, quaint, grassy arena round which the Propaganda

students, in their long skirts, wander slowly, like dusky seraphs revolving the gossip of Paradise, you spy the brave little violets uncapping their azure brows beneath the high-stemmed. One's walks, here, would take us too far, and one's pauses detain us too long, when, in the quiet parts, under the wall, one comes across a group of certain charming little scholars in full-dress suits and white cravats, shouting over their play in clear Italian, while a grave young priest, under a tree, watches them over the top of his book. I have wished only to say a word for one's rides,—to suggest that they give one, not only exercise, but memories.

Henry James Jr.

POOR MARIE.

DOWN the long hill came poor Marie,
 Her basket on her head.
 The tears rolled slowly down her cheeks
 And flecked her kerchief red,
 And every tear bewept the day
 When Wilhelm marched to France away.

The gurgle of the mountain spring,
 As from the wooden spout
 The water, like a joyous child,
 Leaped laughing, prattling out,
 Cried Wilhelm! Wilhelm! in her ears,
 Till she could hardly see for tears.

She wiped them with her apron blue,
 And sought her heart to cheer.
 "Why should I weep since he is true,
 Perchance may soon be here?"
 But the light harebell shook its head
 At every cheerful word she said.

In clefts and crannies of the rock
 Which walls the narrow street,
 The bluebell and the heatherbell
 Cling fast with slender feet,
 And, with slight vines and tufts of grass,
 Beckon and nod to all who pass.

"O wayside darlings!" cried Marie,
 "He praised my eyes of blue,
 When will he come to say again
 That they shine bright as you?
 Here, let me kiss you where you stand,
 I will not touch you with my hand."

The light wind sent a shiver down
 Through all the garlands green,

And shook the dewdrops from the cups
Of flowers that grew between.
On Marie's face the drops were shed
Like mourners' tears upon the dead.

Down to the market-place she came
With weary step and slow.
The heaps of fruit and stands of flowers
Were blooming in a row,
And everywhere hung overhead
Wreaths of immortelles for the dead.

The people in an anxious crowd
Filled all the street and square ;
You might have heard a passing cloud,
It was so silent there,
As from the church-steps some one read
The list of wounded men and dead.

For in the glorious battle fought
And won but yesterday
Were half the men of that small town,
The brown-haired and the gray.
Through the rapt throng poor Marie pressed,
To quake and listen with the rest.

She heard a whisper, as she passed,
That burned her like a flame.
"Poor, poor Marie!" it said ; she turned
To see from whence it came.
Hope kissed her pallid lips, and fled.
"Tell me," she cried, "O, is he dead?"

They bear a woman down the street :
"His mother, give her air."
She knows the kerchief and the gown,
She knows the ashen hair.
"Mother, let me die, too," she moans,
And senseless falls upon the stones.

Up the long hill climbed poor Marie,
Her stony eyes were dry.
The heart beneath the kerchief gay
Breaking, could only sigh.
One thought spun ceaseless in her head,
"Why do I live when he is dead?"

Fainting she leaned against the rock,
The bluebells kissed her face.
"He called my eyes as blue as these
Here in this very place ;—
Here in this very place," she said,
"And still they bloom while he is dead."

Mrs. Mary E. Anderson.

A GLIMPSE OF CONTEMPORARY ART IN EUROPE.

I.

IT is the custom to speak of this as a prosaic, matter-of-fact age, entirely devoted to material pursuits, and with no perception of the value of æsthetic enjoyments. The fact, however, seems to be, that never in the history of the world have governments or individuals done so much to promote art as they are doing now. In no previous century have the people at large taken such an interest in this subject; and one of the most striking features of social progress at the present time is the popularization of art. Our every-day experience proves this in a remarkable manner. There might have been seen last summer, at the Bethnal Green Exhibition at London, — one of the choicest that was ever opened, — beggars and people in rags. Music and the drama can be enjoyed only by the payment of admission money; but the best paintings and statues, and the finest examples of art applied to manufactures, are freely shown in Europe to all comers without fee or reward. Photography, lithography, and wood-engraving enable us for small sums to have in our houses copies of the best works, which give us satisfactory notions of the originals in all respects but that of color, and even this we may understand to some extent from chromo-lithography. We have autotypes of the drawings of the old masters which, for all practical purposes, are as good as the identical chalk marks of Buonarrotti or Andrea del Sarto. We have photographs which enable us to sit by our firesides and measure the details of the Milan Cathedral in a more satisfactory way than if we were in the piazza before it, and to study the majestic grace of the Venus de Milo almost as thoroughly as if we were in the gallery of the Louvre. No sooner is the Royal Academy Exhibition opened in London, or the Salon in

Paris, than we find in the illustrated papers woodcuts of the prominent works, giving us a fair idea of their composition and general effect. The modern Raphael does not paint for Leo the Tenth and the virtuosi of his court alone. He paints for mankind in general, and is to be criticised on all the continents.

The extraordinary encouragement which is given by European governments of the present day to the arts of design is shown by the establishment of schools of drawing for children and working people. This has taken place chiefly in manufacturing countries where skill in art has become of importance in adding to commercial values. It is not probable that the increased æsthetic enjoyment or even the greater refinement of the people entered to any considerable extent into the views of the statesmen who proposed these measures; but such results will not the less follow from what has been done.

Some attention had for many years been paid by governments on the Continent to this subject, even in Spain and Italy where the disturbed condition of public affairs might well have excused the authorities for neglecting a department the cultivation of which had given them so much glory in the past; and even in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, where art is an element which does not enter to any important degree into manufacturing industry. In Germany, drawing was always taught in the common schools, and in Switzerland and Belgium it is made a part of the elementary instruction of the children. In France it was chiefly in Paris that art education for children and workmen was carried to a considerable degree of excellence; but as late as 1846 the city granted only thirty thousand francs for this purpose. The great modern movement for the popularization of art made an immense change.

In 1867 more than three hundred thousand francs were appropriated for instruction in drawing in the Parisian schools; and in the next year, 1868, the number of pupils had increased to ten thousand.

It is in England, however, that the most extraordinary advance has taken place in the art education of the people. This is almost entirely owing to the lessons taught by the International Exhibition at London in 1851. It was distinctly seen at that time that France and other continental countries exhibited a great superiority in all productions which required skill in the arrangement of forms and colors, and that England would lose her supremacy as a manufacturing nation unless she should also cultivate this element of productive value. In 1852 a department of the government was formed to meet this exigency. Many new schools were established entirely devoted to instruction in design, and a plan was also adopted by which the elements of drawing should be taught in the parochial schools. Evening classes were opened to adults, which were not only substantially free to all who were unable to pay for their tuition, but workmen were encouraged to attend by prizes of drawing instruments, books, and money.

These efforts were successful to an extraordinary degree. From a Parliamentary Report, dated in June, 1871, and containing an account of the operations of the previous year, it appears that the number of individuals instructed in art in all parts of the United Kingdom, under the supervision of this department, had increased to 187,916. In 1851 the number had been only 3,296. It is an interesting fact that in a country where it is commonly supposed that the people are addicted to sordid traffic and coarse pleasures, nearly two hundred thousand children and workmen are every year instructed in the elements of design, and more than one thousand of these in the higher and more difficult branches.

But it was found necessary, not only

to educate pupils in the principles of art, but also to show them what had been the best results of genius and skill in that direction. Small appropriations were made at first for this purpose. These specimens were gradually increased in number, until they were removed, in 1857, to the Museum at South Kensington, which is now the most complete and interesting of any in the world in its illustrations of the history, the theory, and the practice, not only of decorative art, but also of art in some of its higher manifestations. It is unnecessary to describe to those who have been in London the wonderful attractions of this great collection, or the convenience and elegance of its installation; the superb hall of the cartoons of Raphael, with its appropriate sobriety of ornament; the long suite of galleries where so many of the most beautiful examples of the English school are hung; the rooms appropriated to the ceramic art, with ceilings and columns decorated with porcelain; or the immense glazed courts enriched with gilding and mosaics, and filled with the best specimens to illustrate the value which art can give to raw materials. Many of these objects are costly originals. Others are copies in electrotype or by some other process, and are quite as valuable as originals for purposes of study. A system is devised for the constant increase of the collection by contributions both from home and abroad. The British foreign consuls are required to facilitate the acquisition of interesting objects in their neighborhoods. There was on exhibition last year a set of drawings of full size copied from the wall paintings in the Catacombs of Rome; and in one of the new halls, not yet opened to the public, there was the plaster model of Trajan's column of the exact size of the original, the room being of such unusual dimensions that this cast required to be divided into two sections only. Besides works which are the property of the institution, a great number of other objects of inestimable value are constantly lent for exhibition.

Of these there will be occasion to speak hereafter. And these collections are not stationary in London. A certain selection from them is kept in circulation through the provincial towns. The report of 1871 states that, during the previous year, oil-paintings, drawings, and other art objects to the number of 9,125 were sent to thirty-two different localities as loans to exhibitions chiefly held in connection with schools of art. There is also a National Art library belonging to the South Kensington establishment, which contained in 1870 upwards of 33,000 volumes; and courses of lectures are delivered there, the attendance at which amounted the same year to 27,761. Finally, to conclude these statistics, the number of visitors to the Museum during the year 1870 was 1,014,849, and the whole number from the beginning 10,071,667.

The result of this undertaking on the part of the British government has been a substantial success. The French themselves, the most powerful rivals of the English, have repeatedly admitted this in an unqualified way. In pottery and porcelain, in glass, in calicoes and carpets, in silver-ware and jewelry, and in many other branches where skill in art is an element of value, the English are nearly, if not quite, equal to their continental competitors, and this is almost entirely owing to the extraordinary efforts which the government and people have made since the year 1851 to encourage art instruction.

Another proof of the revival of a wide-spread public interest in the fine arts is the increased generosity of governments and individuals in the enlargement and improvement of museums, galleries, and academies. Without repeating statistics on this head which are familiar to all who have travelled abroad, it is sufficient to mention a fact, which is not generally known, that many of these establishments which we are accustomed to consider of great antiquity are comparatively modern. At the beginning of the present century, the only one that rivalled the Louvre

was the gallery at Dresden. At that date neither the Museum of the Vatican nor the Studii at Naples, neither the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice, the Royal Museum of Madrid, the Pinakothek at Munich, the Gemälde-Sammlung at Berlin, nor the National Gallery at London, existed. And the great collections of the Pitti Palace at Florence, of the Belvedere at Vienna, of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, of the Hague, and of Hampton Court, were only the private cabinets of sovereigns.

To all these public museums governments are constantly making the most valuable additions. It is unnecessary to enumerate them here, but it would be ungrateful to omit the contributions to the Louvre during the reign of the late Emperor, particularly that of the unrivalled Campana vases. There are constant appropriations also for certain departments which are less conspicuous, such as are not often seen by travellers, and about which the public have only very vague ideas. How few people know, for instance, that in the national collection of engravings in Paris there are 1,200,000 pieces arranged in 14,500 volumes and 4,000 portfolios! It is quite easy to turn over in an hour or two at the British Museum several volumes of the works of Albert Dürer, Marc Antonio, Rembrandt, and Lucas Van Leyden, which are worth collectively at least fifty or sixty thousand pounds sterling. One of these specimens, a copy of the celebrated Hundred Guilder print of Rembrandt, cost its former owner more than six thousand dollars in gold; and it was stated by the superintendent that the collections in this department of the British Museum alone were worth from five to six hundred thousand pounds sterling, — from two to three millions of dollars!

The rapid growth of the British National Gallery from thirty-eight pictures in 1823 to more than eight hundred at the present time is a strong proof of the point already made, — that art is more substantially promoted now than it ever was before; and its example is very encouraging to us who

are attempting to establish museums in this country. Its history from the beginning is a record of enlightened liberality on the part both of the government and individuals, and this has been shown with particular clearness during the last two years. When the collection of Sir Robert Peel was to be sold in 1871, and was first offered, according to the provisions of his will, to the British government, it was at once purchased for the National Gallery for three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in gold. It consisted of only about seventy-five pictures, but these would bring at the present market rates considerably more than the price above mentioned. The famous *Chapeau de Paille* of Rubens would alone bring a good part of the whole amount.

In one of the rooms of the National Gallery there is a painting measuring less than eighteen by twenty-three inches, — so small that one might easily put it under one's coat and carry it off without being detected. It is by the Dutch master, Terburg, and it represents the Congress of Munster, at which the Treaty of Westphalia was signed in 1648. It contains nearly ninety portraits of the deputies, some of them full lengths, but all the heads finished with the delicacy of miniatures, and, at the same time, with a strength of character and expression which remind one of Vandyck. The late Marquis of Hertford paid \$36,400 in gold for this little picture at the first sale of Prince Demidoff's San Donato collection in 1868. It is stated that the British government was the rival bidder of the Marquis; and, on the death of the latter, his relative and legatee, Sir Richard Wallace, gracefully presented it to the nation, stating that he knew it to have been the Marquis's intention to do so, if he had lived.

The extraordinary generosity which has been displayed of late years by individuals all over Europe in gifts and legacies of valuable objects to public collections — in the free exhibition of their private galleries, and in the most liberal and unexampled prices paid for works

of art — is in England again most enlightened and conspicuous. The immunity of that nation from foreign invasion, the long peace which has lasted with a few trifling interruptions for more than fifty years, and, above all, the enormous increase of wealth in private hands have enabled the amateurs of that country to amass greater treasures of this sort than exist anywhere else in the world. Not only of specimens in painting and sculpture, but of that multitude of small objects in which the value of a precious material is enhanced by the still more precious skill of the artist, there are vast accumulations in those stately country houses which are the charm and the pride of English life. And these exquisite things are not kept imprisoned in secluded chambers, like the beauties of a harem, to be seen by nobody but their owners. They are displayed for the free inspection of all lovers of art, and are frequently sent also to the South Kensington Museum, where they remain for many months to be viewed *gratis* by the poorest workman or apprentice. There might have been seen, for instance, in 1870, in those galleries, besides the Sheepshanks and Vernon collections and the sketches by Turner which had been bequeathed to the government, the fine old pictures of Lord Elcho, and the best works belonging to the Marquis of Westminster, including Gainsborough's famous Blue Boy and Reynolds's Siddons. It may be mentioned, also, as a proof of the extent and variety of the objects on view at South Kensington at that time, that they included an exhibition of more than five hundred fans, most of them lent for the purpose by the Queen, the Empress of France, and other distinguished ladies. These fans came from all nations, and some of them were hundreds of years old. Several of them had interesting historical associations. Three or four had belonged to Marie Antoinette, one to Queen Anne, one had been mentioned in Madame de Sévigné's letters, one had been presented by Prince Charles Edward to an ancestor of the

present owner. Many of them were exquisite works of art. One was designed by Agostino Caracci, another by LeBrun, another by Philippe de Champagne, another by Lancret, another by Fragonard, and others by French artists of distinction, such as Roqueplan, Lami, Hedouin, and Gavarni. It would be tedious to enumerate the extraordinary private collections which have been lent within a few years to swell the artistic wealth accumulated at South Kensington, — unique specimens of Majolica, Capo di Monte, Palissy ware, Dresden, Sévres, and other varieties dear to collectors; jewelry remarkable for historical associations, for the intrinsic worth of the gems, like Lady Dudley's diamonds, or for its quaintness and rarity, like the peasant ornaments contributed by Mrs. Morrison; singular carvings in ivory and the precious metals; strange assemblages of ancient miniatures, snuff-boxes, and *boubonnières*; costly displays of laces and church embroideries; curious specimens of silver plate, of glass, of saddlery, of arms and armor, of musical instruments; in short, of all that apparatus of public and social life which is shaped or decorated by the hands of art.

Perhaps the most striking example that can be offered of the profuse liberality with which Englishmen buy works of art, as well as the generosity with which they display them to the public, is the collection of the late Lord Hertford, which consists of paintings, porcelain, bronzes, decorative furniture, and other objects, and which was lately shown by his legatee, Sir Richard Wallace, at the Bethnal Green branch of the South Kensington Museum free on three days of the week, and for the payment of sixpence on the other three days. Bethnal Green is an outlying district in the eastern part of London, inhabited generally by very poor people. A gentleman who is employed by the government as an expert in such matters stated to the writer that the market value of the Hertford collection was not less than

two millions of pounds sterling, — ten millions of dollars in gold.

The prices which have been paid for pictures of late years in Europe are surprising beyond all calculation, and it is well to enumerate some of them, as they have an important bearing upon any discussion relating to the condition and prospects of contemporary art. The enormous sum paid for the Terburg at the first San Donato sale has already been mentioned. Twenty-three pictures were disposed of at that auction in 1868. Of these the next in price to the Terburg was a little Cuyp which went for \$28,000, and then a Van Ostade for \$22,400. The whole twenty-three brought a total of \$271,990, averaging nearly \$12,000 each. In February, 1870, there was a much larger sale of works from San Donato, at which some of the prices were equally extraordinary. The highest priced picture on this occasion was the Broken Eggs by Greuze, which sold for \$25,200; then Delaroche's Lady Jane Grey and Ary Scheffer's Francesca di Rimini for \$22,000 and \$20,000 respectively. At the Paturle sale in Paris in February of last year, a picture by Leopold Robert was knocked down at \$16,000; and at the Pereire sale in March, 1872, a landscape by Hobbema at about the same price. But the most extravagant rates of modern times, considering the large number of works sold, were paid at the auction of the collection of Mr. Joseph Gillott of Birmingham, in April and May of last year. A landscape by Turner, called Walton Bridge, painted in 1857, and measuring three feet one inch by four feet one inch, brought \$26,250 in gold; and a water-color by the same artist, called Bamborough Castle, and measuring only twenty inches by twenty-eight, — a small bit of paper which might be utterly destroyed in five minutes by a single spark of fire or a few drops of water, — brought \$16,535; that is to say, nearly thirty dollars for every square inch of its surface, — a larger increase of value, perhaps, than was ever given by art to any cheap

material. The total proceeds of this sale amounted to \$822,505 in gold !

These prices were all paid for the works of artists who are no longer living. Equally enormous sums are paid every day for the productions of painters upon whose reputations Death has not yet set his seal. A small Spanish subject by Madrazo was sold in London, in May, 1872, for \$6,000 ; and the works of Villegas, another Spanish artist living in Rome, command nearly the same prices. A single figure of a Girl Feeding Geese, by Knaus, on a canvas thirty inches high, brought about seven thousand dollars. Many artists who are not known in this country, such as Baudry, Cabat, Cogniet, Bonnat, and Gleyre now sell their works at excessively high rates ; and Millet, who will be mentioned presently, parted with a little picture of his, called *L'Angelus du Soir*, for \$8,000. The works of Pettenkofen, a Hungarian living at Vienna, bring as much by the square inch as Meissonier's. Gambart paid Holman Hunt for the picture and copyright of Christ in the Temple more than twenty-five thousand dollars. A Gerome was sold about a year since to Mr. Fox of Manchester for \$16,000, and now it would bring \$20,000. This artist's last work, An Arab Embracing his Dying Horse in the Desert, is held at \$8,000. Fortune's Spanish Marriage brought, in 1869, \$14,000 ; an American gentleman had previously offered \$13,000 for it. Two other works by the same artist lately brought, one of them \$6,000 and the other \$8,000, and both were purchased by Americans. Finally, Meissonier got from Sir Richard Wallace \$40,000 for the Cavalry Charge ; and news has lately been received here of the sale by him of a picture representing An Artist Decorating a Sign, for \$20,000 !

II.

WE have now taken a rapid survey of the attitude of the outside European world towards contemporary art. It

seems that, during no former period, have governments or individuals given to it such hearty encouragement by establishing art schools, by enlarging and improving museums, and by paying the most liberal, if not extravagant, prices for art productions.

It remains now to explain, so far as such a vast subject can be treated within the limits of this paper, how art itself has thriven under this unusual stimulus, and whether artists generally are justifying the extraordinary encouragement they are either directly or indirectly receiving.

It will be convenient, in criticising their productions, to divide them into two classes : first, such as belong to the interior life of the people, and form a part of the apparatus of ordinary enjoyments and pursuits ; and, secondly, such as relate to public life and to men's actions as Christians and citizens. The first may be called, for want of a better name, domestic art, and the other monumental art.

In the department of "domestic art," contemporary works appear to possess certain marked characteristics. They exhibit, in the first place, great general excellence in mere technical qualities. They also show a want of elevation and moral tone in the subjects selected. They indicate, furthermore, conspicuous success in *genre*, landscape, and marine painting, and, finally, decided failure in portraiture.

The great International Exposition of 1867 at Paris was the last occasion when there was a fair exhibition of the "domestic art" of the whole world, and it seems to have illustrated the truth of the statement which has just been made. The first impression that a visitor received, in making the tour of that brilliant circle of pictures, the crowning grace of those concentric rings of glittering and resplendent objects which formed the Exposition of 1867, was the ability displayed everywhere in correctness of drawing, in well-balanced composition, in dexterity of handling, and in pleasing although not striking arrangements of

color. This conspicuous skill in mere brush-work is chiefly owing to the complete training which European artists of the present day receive, the patient labor by which a pupil prepares himself to undertake important pictures. He studies his alphabet and his grammar before he attempts to compose an epic poem.

But this technical excellence which is so general, and in some instances almost startling, is very different from the excellence which proceeds from great genius. This may be illustrated by the pictures of Gerome. Here is a painter of extraordinary ability. Nothing can be finer than the way in which he paints the outsides of the things he sees. And he paints them, not only as they appear to the naked eye at the ordinary distance at which we view such objects, but with all the minute detail brought out by an opera-glass. There were fourteen of his pictures at the Exposition, planted side by side on the line, "in battery," as it were, and their effect was irresistible. But, after all, was it anything more than the outsides of his subjects that he painted? There is a wonderful painter of surface appearances in Paris, M. Blaise Desgoffe, and a private gallery in New York possesses a copy by him in paint of an ivory statuette, with agate cups and all kinds of rich, shining objects about it, which, to all intents and purposes, are as good as the real things. Mechanical art can go no further than this exact imitation. Now, some French critic has compared Gerome's work to Desgoffe's, and said that it was perfect in its representation of outside shows, but nothing more; that his Phryne, for instance, standing nude before the judges whom she is to overcome by her beauty, is a *simulacrum* only, an image with all the lights and the shadows, all the lines and the contours, in perfection, but without the warm life glowing below, without the consciousness of triumph swelling up from her heart and illuminating her countenance.

A comparison between Rembrandt's

way of painting a man or a woman, and Gerome's, shows the difference between extraordinary genius and extraordinary talent. And it is fair to make this comparison, although the great Dutchman generally treated such subjects "in large," while the Frenchman treats them "in small." But the same principles of art apply in both cases. Rembrandt appears to work from within outwards, while Gerome paints the clothing and then tries to put the man inside of it. Rembrandt seems to take the soul—the living principle—first and fasten it on the canvas, and then paint over it the integuments palpitating and glowing with the vitality within. Perhaps this is transcendental and extravagant, but it is difficult in any other way to express the idea. Take the portrait of The Burgomaster Six at Amsterdam, — that magnificent figure in the artist's latest manner. The red coat with its gold-lace seems to have gotten its folds and creases from the strain and pressure of the stalwart body beneath it. The hands are mere daubs and smears of paint, but, at a proper distance, you recognize the indications of the bony framework below, and then over that the ruddy, elastic muscles and the delicate blue of the veins faintly gleaming through the translucent skin, and, outside of all, the hairy epidermis shining where it is touched by the light. Here are hands which grasp and which have the warmth and moisture of life.

It was said just now, in speaking of the general effect of the pictures in the Exposition, that in point of color they were pleasing, but not striking. Power of color is indeed an exceptional thing. It seems to be a natural gift, and to be possessed by very few. It was undervalued by the old French school. Ingres, who inherited the traditions of that school, said, "Le dessin, c'est tout: c'est l'art tout entier"; in other words, that the line should be the dominant element in the production of a picture. There were three great colorists who might have been represented at the Exposition, but who

were not. Delacroix and Decamps were indeed dead, the one in 1863 and the other in 1860; but their works might have been shown as well as those of Hippolyte Flandrin, and Troyon, and Bellangé, who also were no longer living; and Diaz, the third of the trio, was still alive and producing beautiful pictures. Delacroix shows how far splendor of color may atone for grave faults. Is it presumptuous treason to say that his drawing is sometimes weak and incorrect? However, when we look at that lovely, vapory color which characterizes his work in the *plafond* of the Gallery of Apollo at the Louvre, we are ready to forget all his imperfections, and to pronounce it the finest decoration of the sort since Paolo Veronese painted the ceilings of the Ducal Palace.

In the Bethnal Green collection there were more than thirty of Decamps's works, some in water-color, in which he has fixed the light and glow of Oriental life with a power of form and an exuberant vitality which give him a rank among the best of modern artists. And Diaz's ideal subjects, — peeps into the fairy world, — with their contrasts so pronounced and yet so exquisitely beautiful, and a certain magic of color peculiar to himself, would have given a sparkling animation to the walls of the Exposition, which were somewhat monotonous, so far as the quality which we are discussing is concerned.

It has been mentioned as another characteristic of many contemporary pictures, that their subjects are tame and commonplace, if not frivolous and indecent. This also was apparent in the galleries of the Exposition. There were some exceptions to this remark which will be stated presently; but it was generally true, particularly of the French artists. One would not have art always preaching sermons, but it should sometimes remind us of the grand aspirations and the grave realities of life. While contemporary literature was doing so much to stir the heart and enliven the fancy, while George Sand was investing French peasant-

life with romantic interest, and Hugo and About and Augier and Sardou were attacking social follies and political abuses with extraordinary *verve* and point in novels and essays and plays, the best of the French artists were giving us mere studies of color and effect, or microscopic imitations of unimportant details, or, what was worse, lascivious images and suggestions.

It was a curious experience to go from the Champ de Mars to the exhibition of the works of the famous Ingres, who had died at the beginning of the year, and whose pictures were shown in a separate gallery, at the *École des Beaux-Arts*. What grave and noble thoughts, what elevated sentiments, were there! Even *La Source*, one of the most exquisite representations of the nude which modern art has produced, seemed clad in divine chastity.

The presiding goddess of the French section of the Exposition was the reclining Venus of Cabanel, barely touching the waves from which she had just emerged, with the moisture of the sea shining on her pearly shoulders, and the tender, silvery light of the old mythology enveloping her like an atmosphere, while above her, floating airily in the deep blue sky, was a garland of Loves as exquisite in rosy color and infantile grace as Fragonard ever painted. Here was the divinity of the Exposition, and the divinity, it would seem, of all Paris. In the glitter of the Bois it was the flaunting landau of an English courtesan which attracted more attention than the superb equipage of the Emperor. At the Théâtre of the Palais Royal they were playing Offenbach's *La Vie Parisienne*, with its witty indecency; at the Châtelet they were exhibiting the gorgeous nudities of *Cendrillon*; while at the more grave and decorous Gymnase, *Les Idées de Madame Aubray* of the younger Dumas was teaching the lesson that, no matter how serious the fault a woman may have committed, and no matter whether she had repented of it or not, she had only to fall honestly in love to be re-

stored to the forgiveness and the privileges of society!

But there was a curious contrast to all this. While Cabanel was painting his Venus and the portrait of the Emperor, and was receiving all the honors and decorations of court life, there was living in Paris an impracticable old artist with republican tendencies, Thomas Couture, who could not be seduced by Imperial favors. He had sent nothing to the Exposition, but many years before he had painted the last great French work in the grand style, *Les Romains de la Décadence*, which any one might see at the Luxembourg. It represents a philosopher and a poet of the better times watching with sad and thoughtful eyes an orgie where Vitellius and the golden youth of Rome are rioting in the arms of harlots. There was a prophetic touch in this picture, although it had been painted twenty years before; and it seemed as if the veteran artist was speaking through it, to the great Emperor who was then holding this carnival at Paris, the Horatian words,

"Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur."

There were but few religious pictures at the Exposition, and most of those could only be called religious because their subjects were taken from the Bible. The largest of all was Dubufe's *Prodigal Son*, the grouping in which reminded one of a ballet. The figurantes had never been nearer to the Holy Land than the Rue de Breda. Its motive seemed to have been to show the pleasures of riotous living, rather than the sovereign grace of forgiveness. Cabanel's Adam and Eve was painted because it afforded a fine study for flesh. The Devil was introduced, but he was only a bad Frenchman. It was curious to think how differently old Orcagna, who really believed in a Devil, would have treated him. In Jalabert's Christ walking on the Waves, which is familiar to us here from the engraving, it was the striking effect of the distant figure enveloped in a supernatural atmosphere which was

the reason for painting it. Since the Exposition, two works upon religious subjects, by Gerome and Doré, have attracted some attention. The first was the Calvary, in which the scene of the Crucifixion is indicated only by the shadows of the crosses thrown over the foreground, the masses of people hurrying away from the spot, and the lurid light of the sky. This again is melodrama, and not true art. Doré's picture, *Christ at the Prætorium*, was exhibited in London last summer. It was impressive, as are all this master's works; but the interest was in the general effect, and not in the main figure. It represented a vast hall crowded with Roman soldiers, priests, Jews, and proselytes, all hushed into solemn silence, and crowding back on each side to leave a broad aisle through their midst, along which Christ in white clothing, alone and unattended, having been condemned to death, was slowly passing. Doré is a great master of the grotesque, of the supernatural, and of what has been called in literature "the night-side of nature"; but neither in this work nor in the Bible illustrations does he give a satisfactory rendering of the head of the Saviour. There are few things in modern art which in this respect are superior to Holman Hunt's pictures.

If the Exposition was meagre in religious art, it was not much richer in historical works. There were plenty of military pictures by Yvon, Pils, and Bellangé; but what can be more dreary than those terrific combats where the plucky little fellows in the red trousers always get the advantage of the clumsy big ones in blue? A large work by Ussi of Italy seemed to have earned for its author one of the eight grand medals, but this was probably bestowed rather for reasons of state. Two great canvases by Rosales, a Spaniard, and Flavitsky, a Russian, had decided merit, but these scarcely come within the category of domestic art, which we are now considering. The *Death of Cæsar*, by Piloty, who is at the head of the Academy of Munich, attracted consid-

erable attention. It seemed to be well drawn and commonplace; while the same subject, treated by Gerome, in spite of a certain affectation and of the faults in his style which have already been mentioned, was more original, and gave us a livelier idea of the horror of the scene.

The best of all the historical works at the Exposition were the contributions of Baron Leys of Belgium. It is a great misfortune that this master is no longer living. With him art was a matter of conscience, not a trade. He knew that an artist had higher work to do than to tickle the fancy or stimulate the sensuality of his spectators. He thought not so much of picture-making as of placing, by means of pictures, the real scenes before our eyes. His figures were somewhat "inlaid," and there was, perhaps, a want of the gradations of distance in his out-of-door subjects; but there was something so honest and strong in his expression of character, and so simple and clear in his way of telling a story, that he captivated us

much more than if he had sought for "telling" effects. Most of his subjects were drawn from the history of Flanders in the sixteenth century. A very impressive one represented the interior of Luther's home at Wittenberg. The great reformer was seated at a table with a few friends, while a woman, his wife, perhaps, was sewing quietly in the large bay-window at the side, through which the daylight was streaming upon this reverend assembly. These figures had not been tormented into taking their places to suit the artist's composition. He seemed to have found them there already,—seated quietly in that peaceful interior, full of God's clear daylight and of the grand thoughts that were to go out from thence and change the whole moral world.

We reserve for another paper what we have to say in relation to the contemporary European schools of *genre*, of landscape, of portraiture, and of monumental art.

W. J. Hoppin.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

READ AT THE MEETING OF THE HARVARD ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, JUNE 25, 1873.

THE fount the Spaniard sought in vain
 Through all the land of flowers
 Leaps glittering from the sandy plain
 Our classic grove embowers;
 Here youth, unchanging, blooms and smiles,
 Here dwells eternal spring,
 And warm from Hope's elysian isles
 The winds their perfume bring.

Here every leaf is in the bud,
 Each singing throat in tune,
 And bright o'er evening's silver flood
 Shines the young crescent moon.
 What wonder Age forgets his staff
 And lays his glasses down,

And gray-haired grandsires look and laugh
As when their locks were brown !

With ears grown dull and eyes grown dim
They greet the joyous day
That calls them to the fountain's brim
To wash their years away.
What change has clothed the ancient sire
In sudden youth? For, lo !
The Judge, the Doctor, and the Squire
Are Jack and Bill and Joe !

And be his titles what they will,
In spite of manhood's claim
The graybeard is a school-boy still
And loves his school-boy name ;
It calms the ruler's stormy breast
Whom hurrying care pursues,
And brings a sense of peace and rest,
Like slippers after shoes.

And what are all the prizes won
To youth's enchanted view ?
And what is all the man has done
To what the boy may do ?
O blessed fount, whose waters flow
Alike for sire and son,
That melts our winter's frost and snow,
And makes all ages one !

I pledge the sparkling fountain's tide,
That flings its golden shower
With age to fill and youth to guide,
Still fresh in morning flower !
Flow on with ever-widening stream,
In ever brightening morn, —
Our story's pride, our future's dream,
The hope of times unborn !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

MISS HELEN.

LIKE the parted fingers of a hand, the long headlands of Cherry Neck stretch seaward towards the far-off Narragansett coast. In their rugged wilderness of rocks, gray, brown, and lichen-stained, are many quiet places of shelter, where, secure from any wind that may blow, as well as from watchful man or maid, he who would be alone may lie at ease.

Here, as had often chanced before, I found myself upon a clear, brisk September morning, full of such early autumnal freshness as makes the bright days of a Newport autumn the best of any weather. A great storm had scourged the weary waters from the far southeast these three long days, under darkened skies, until of a sudden the wind came bounding out of the northwest and swept down upon the broad black ranks of hurrying billows. Then all the air brightened, the leaden sky was rent asunder, and the blue came out in rich patches of color, which so quickly grew that, before long, only a few torn bits of gray cloud were left flying in ragged haste across the heavens. Below, upon the ocean, there was a sight to see which is only to be seen in the sudden changes which sometimes at Newport end a southeaster. As the waves charged sturdily in the face of the crisp northwesterly gale, it tore the gray foam from their crests and cast it back in long white ribbons across the shining black hollows which parted each from each. Grand to see in the keen, clear, yellow sunlight, they bowed and stumbled and fell in many-toned thunder among the rocks, and then rang their lessening strength away in the soft crush and breaking of a million foam-bells,—as it were Samson's riddle anew, sweetness coming forth out of strength. The air was cool and fresh, and blew as though there were plenty of it at home among the free New England

hills whence it came. There was in it a rude vigor of freedom, and a keenness that made very grateful the generous bounty of the morning sun.

By slow degrees I began to feel, as I lay thinking on a broad shelf of rock, how rarely pure and healthy was the mood of nature which reigned in cold wind and swaying water, in blue sky, gray rock, and yellow sunshine; and, musing, I made search for a word that should fitly sum it up in briefest speech. Lazily groping about, as it were, for what I wanted, my vain search was checked of a sudden by a voice I knew full well, and which seemed to me of no distant kinship with the cool, frank north-wind.

"What an honest morning!"

"Thank you," said I, rising to my feet; "you have found what I wanted, Miss Helen. I was trying to find in my dull brain something to say of this wholesome day which should be the right word and no more."

"And I have said it," replied the lady. "I felt as if I had raised a ghost when you jumped up so suddenly at my feet. However, no one need expect to be quite secure of loneliness anywhere about Newport."

"Thank you."

"I hardly feel as though I ought to apologize, unless," she added, "I have spoken to a man who himself never cares to be alone."

"He does not now."

"That is scarcely an answer."

"No; but it is a reply."

At this there was a little silence, when again she said, "We seem to have come to an end of our talk."

"One may have too little to say, or too much, Miss Helen. Why must people talk always?"

"I was about to say that I did not know you well enough not to talk to you. Perhaps if I did I should ask you to sit down over yonder, like a

good boy, and leave me alone a little to enjoy what I came in quest of,—a bit of thinking to be between myself and this safe old father confessor, the sea."

"To hear is to obey," I said, laughing, and retreating to a rock some ten feet off, where I calmly made myself comfortable, giving my eyes by turns to my book and to the fair figure on the rock I had left.

Again a little while and she said, smiling, "You are very good: now I think I really like you a little. You begin to show some character."

"That was always my strong point."

"Hush, you are not to speak until spoken to." Upon which, much amused, I held my peace for a time.

"Miss Helen."

"Well?"

"A man in this book says, 'There is no time when truth is out of season.'"

"He must be a fool. If he lived at Newport he would know better. I don't understand what he meant by its being in season; but I do know if you want to be uncomfortable yourself and disagreeable to everybody else, you may do it by merely speaking the honest truth for one day."

"I am not quite sure I agree with you. If everybody had to speak the truth, it would lead to some delightful results, which, for a shy fellow like myself, would be ever so nice."

"But such as —"

"Well, you see, about women. Some one, some time or other, would just say, 'Did you never notice how much I love you?'"

"What! without being asked?"

"Of course; that is just the point of it. Don't you see how much bother this would save fellows like me, who can ride, and shoot, and fish, and dance, and can't talk? It's an awful business, is life. There's such lots of talking to it. That old war was a good time for fellows like me."

"I trust your good times are over, then. As to downright truths and so on, they may do for men."

"That is, you think if a man loves a

woman he should say so and take his fate."

"It were better very often that he held his tongue."

"But having done so these many years, and —"

"There is nothing men are such fools about. I don't conceive that there is anything on earth so stupid and brutal as to make a woman just say no, point-blank, so that she will have to soothe and comfort the wretch afterwards by making believe to be his friend and so on. Why, it is — I mean, it must be — dreadful."

"Should think so. Gives a fellow a chill to think of it."

"I was thinking of the woman."

"And I — well, you see, Miss Helen, it may be unpleasant taking the fish off the hook, but it's harder on the fish."

"Why could n't he let it alone, till he was sure he was the fish that was wanted?"

"Please, how can he tell?"

"Tell! How do I know? But suppose that, with women of sense, a man could easily enough ask without saying, 'Won't you marry me?' or some such downright horrible thing as that. They say queens have a nice plan; because if a queen gives a young man a rose, that means, of course, he may make love to her and saves embarrassment."

"Think I would like that; but I should want to choose my queen."

"Absurd; but, of course, I meant that the man should give the rose, and then, if she took it, well, it would be all right; and if she did not take it, then they would stay friends, and there would be no harm done."

"But do you not think the queen who, perhaps, would not be willing to take the rose, would —"

"Well?"

"Perhaps I had better retreat. I am getting into trouble."

"But I insist."

"Well, I was only going to say that women are not all alike, and that, if my queen were only just to hesitate

the least little bit over my rose, it would be wise to take for granted she was about to say yes, and —”

“But you might be mistaken.”

“Ah! that I dare say, but faint heart, you know; and on your plan a fellow would have to write a little note and say, Please, Miss Susan, I am coming a courting this P. M. Be good enough to let me know beforehand how you like the subject approached.”

“Well, there are ways and ways, and sometimes none are best.”

“Or wise?”

“Yes, or wise.”

“You think sometimes none are wise. That was what you said.”

“Yes.”

After this there was silence awhile, and I heard with new distinctness the roar and crush of tumbling waters and the wind's blithe song among the rocks. After this little while of quiet, Miss Helen gathered up her long skirts in a lazy way, and said, “Let us see it closer.” That was the sea she meant, I believe, because, quickly stepping by me, and not taking great note of the hand which seems to be very much needed on these rough ways by most young women, she gained the top of the outer range of rock. I stayed my own steps a moment to note the ease and grace with which she stood facing the sea, the long folds of her riding-habit cast over one arm, and the right hand deftly busy in the half-fallen folds of her loosened hair. There is something pretty, I think, in the way the quick white fingers go in and out and play at hide-and-seek among the tangled thickets, bringing back order again, and netting men's souls the while.”

“Miss Helen?”

“What is it?”

“I've been thinking of what you said a little while ago. Suppose *you* were a man, Miss Helen, and suppose you were in love, and the woman you loved was, — well, charming: how would *you* ask her to marry you?”

“O, but I could n't. I should just simply go away.”

“And — and — leave her? You would n't; you would want to be near her all the time; to hear her, to see her, to — Why, Miss Helen, it might be, you know, that she was just ever so little in love with you, and then, you see, to leave her would be cruel: I don't think you could be cruel.”

“How do you know that?”

“I am not quite sure of it.”

“No; well then, it is a good belief to have about me.”

“You are jesting.”

“No; you must not think it. I was not.”

Here a silence full of thought fell upon us. Gayly as if at a play of acted charades we had tossed to and fro the slight words on which hung the fate and happiness of a lifetime. I had taken her hint and ventured my love on a few foolish phrases. I had been lightly but clearly answered.

For a few moments — they seemed to me hours — I stared at the sea-margin where the long, coarse sea-weed hung dismal for a moment, and then swayed in changeful curves on the rising wave, and was thick with fading pearls a little while, and then once more lay dreary, dark, and uncomely on the slimy black rock. All this I saw, and wondered that I should see it then at all. Suddenly I turned and knew that Miss Helen was aware of my grim face, which I can fancy must have looked cloudy enough. It was only a glance; but I chanced to catch its flitting look of detected pity, passing on a sudden into one half shame and half anger that her thoughts should so parade themselves.

“If you have had enough of the sea, I shall go.”

This she said rising, — having been seated before, — I lying the while half reclined on a rock which fell away from the place where she sat.

“You have said nothing about the sea before.”

“Say? what could I say? Stupid to praise it. What could I say that has not been said?”

“But must Boston women never

“speak unless they have some new thing to say?”

“Yes, of the sea; for what good is it to one's self? Will it make this great wave, that is just tottering over into white foam, any more glorious to call it what every one feels it is?”

“But, Miss Helen, it is n't very original to laugh; yet somehow laughing does one good, and I think I have heard you laugh.”

“That, sir, was a shrewd little sentence of yours. You shall call the sea as many names as you please, and I will listen. Go on.”

“Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean, roll!”

“O, but that's Byron.”

“Well, and what objection is there to my getting another fellow to call the ocean names for me? That is what is meant by being fond of poetry. You get another fellow to call names for you.”

“Please don't.”

She had risen and was facing the sea. The fierce northwest wind had torn away again her knotted hair, and half of it was hanging on her left shoulder, or streaming seaward to be restlessly and absently pushed back at times; what with the old storm and the new wind there was battle and wild confusion in the waters, — cross-currents and still always the steady roll and stagger and crush of unending billows. She seemed to me to be beating time to the wild music of this gigantic orchestra; marking the rhyme of the wave in an absent fashion with her rising and falling riding-whip. Also her face was in strange possession of the passing moods of nature, — having a look of elation as a wave rose greater and greater, and a certain pathetic grief in it as the dark monster reared itself out of being and was gone forever.

“O, did you see that? In the last wave you were looking. You must have seen it. It was a face!”

“A — what — a face?”

“Yes, a face. I saw in the last wave a face as clearly as I see yours. I could not be mistaken.”

“Most likely some drift-wood, or what not.”

“No; it was a live, a living face.”

“O Miss Helen!”

“Yes, it was.”

“The sea-serpent.”

“I saw a face in the water.”

“A mermaid?”

“I don't know; why not? It was a living face I saw. I am sure of that much. I know two men who look like fish. Why should not some fish look like men? I mean to say I saw a mermaid.”

“Do you know how they fished for mermaids in old days?”

“How was it?”

“First, you found a woman who was not in love.”

“Easy to find, I should think.”

“Then you got her to give you four of her hairs. These you tied together, and on the last you were to hang a gold ring, so as that when it was let down into the sea the mermaid would see the ring and would put it on her finger.”

“Well.”

“If, then, the woman did really not love any one, the hair would hold and the mermaid be landed as safe as a bass; but if she knew not her own mind, or had fibbed a little, the ring would come up no more from under seas, but would go to gladden the hearts of the mer-folk.”

“Your fishery is one that would thrive but slightly here at Newport, I think. I, for one — But excuse me, may I ask you what time it is. Twelve? not really! I am afraid I shall have to trouble you to walk across the Neck towards the lily-pond and ask Thomas to bring the horses up nearer to the rocks. I left him, thinking I would walk out on the rocks; and, despite this clumsy dress, I wandered, as you see, so far away that I have not the courage to try the same walk again, without the sea in front to lure me on.”

“Shall you wait here, Miss Helen?”

“Yes.”

“You will let me see you safely mounted?”

"Thanks, you are very kind." And so saying she turned away toward the sea, while I went leisurely on my errand. By and by I came back. A quarter of an hour having gone. At first I missed her, but by and by, coming nearer, saw that she was lying on a black rock only just beyond the reach of the sea. I stopped a moment to watch her, with that pleasant little sense of mystery which comes of standing unnoted by one who thinks herself alone. She was too intent on her task, whatever it was, to note my coming; so that before she did so I was standing above and behind her, and wondering with all my power of wonder at what I saw. One hand was hanging over the sea, and—surely—yes—there was a long, almost invisible thread of hair, and swinging at the end a gay gold ring, which now and again she cast lightly out on the darkness of the coming wave. This was all full of strange surprises to me. What did it mean, and of what odd birth was this childlike whim? I stumbled at last over the thought that she was acting out the scene I had put in words, and was playing it, so to speak, to help herself to realize it, and, perchance, the woman's feelings.

A shrewd instinct bade me fall quietly back a few steps before I spoke. Then, standing with my face away from the ocean, I said, "Yonder come the horses, Miss Helen."

As I turned she had started to her feet.

"O, I am so sorry! I have lost my ring. It—it—fell into the sea. I had it on my finger five minutes ago, and I was just playing with it—and—I lost it. Is it any use looking for it?"

"Not much, I should say. Was it of any value?"

"Was it of any value? It is of value: I want it. Why don't some one get it for me?"

"Shall I take a header in search of it, Miss Helen?"

"Don't laugh at me; I don't like to be laughed at. If this were a few hundred years ago, I could really have

found men who would have cast themselves into these wicked waves when I bade them."

"Do you bid me?"

"No; what use would it be? Besides, we are nineteenth-century folk, and the world is beggared in the way of honor, and there is no woman so fair that one of you would die for her, and no man that is brave enough to—But I am in my fool's mood to-day, and I believe in nothing. I wish I had my ring! How awkward you are! Give me the other arm."

"How can I, Miss Helen?" And indeed I could not very well, having left the needed member on the bridge at Antietam.

"Do not go on,—wait a moment. I want to speak to you. I beg your pardon for what I said a little while ago. Remembering this,"—and she touched my vacant sleeve,— "I ought not to have been able to say such things to you."

"Quite a needless amount of remorse."

"I *am* sorry—I am glad I said so; I am glad I said I was sorry."

It seemed to me, looking at those far-seeking eyes, that she somehow wanted to be softly spoken. Something there was like a look of yearning; but to comprehend it was like reading the weather in a strange land.

"I ought to be glad, if it has brought that new look into your face. You keep it for rare times and people, and perhaps for me it may never come again. It is going now. Have I said too much? Ah, Miss Helen! No? Well, do not hurry away then. I was only going to say how hard it is to know people thoroughly. I did not think there could come a look on your face that would be strange to me, and yet—"

"A poor study, I should say."

"Not so, because it taught, if I am not wrong, that in some far-away time—"

"Pardon me, you are on my skirt. No; indeed, I thought you were. Please ask Thomas to tighten the

girths a little. You, of course, are afoot. Thanks, that was nicely done. Good morning."

I stayed a minute, half vexed, half amused, until the dust from her groom's horse hid the form I had learned to love so well. Then I turned back for a long walk, around the Neck and past Bateman's. Near this last place I met a friend, who carried me off to his home near by, where a pleasant little bachelor dinner and an afternoon sail whiled away the day.

It was close on to sunset as I started to walk home by the avenue. When I came near to the lily-pond the fancy took me to wander out on the rocks again where I had been in the morning; very gray and weird they are as the twilight falls, full peopled with uncouth shadows which at times get them strange faces, and seem to slide from rock to rock as, moving by, you see them grow or lessen.

The spirit of the scene was soon upon me. I sat where I had sat in the morning: before me the moving hills of water, vast in the dimness,—black walled and rolling loose in their glossy cradles, the white moon's scattered silver; behind me were uncertain deeps of shadow, through which the gray rocks climbed into the moonshine; and then landward deeper darkness, dim outlines, a dark plume of trees here and there against the sky, and, distant far, the lights of the town.

I sat a long while trying to go over the chat of the morning and to make it seem other than it was; but the task was a vain task, and it was easier to make the talk what it ought to have been. So I busied myself, as many a man has done before, and as some will do again, building a day-dream. Very pleasant things she said to me now that I had it all in my own hands, nor could any woman be more charming or more gracious. Then my mood would change, and the vision fade, and the bitterness of the day come back to me once more. It became best at last to laugh, which I remember I did right heartily, until I was stopped by the

loneliness of my mirth. "So," said I, "there is still one mistress worth the wooing"; and thereupon lit my pipe, and across its social little fireside watched the lights on the ships and in the distant lighthouse, or tried to make out the signal at Block Island.

The night was very warm, and by and by, lulled by the waters, I fell into a doze; and from this into another, awaking out of which a little chilled, I struck my repeater and found I had spent most of the night on the rocks. The early daylight was already climbing the skies to my right, and, half vexed, half amused, I began to gather myself up to go, when, hearing a little noise, I turned, and saw that there was on the rocks a lady. Her presence at this hour of the morning quite startled me; for not only was the time strange, but also the woman was quite alone. At any other hour I should have felt no wonder at her being here, and should only have turned and walked away. But at this time of day, I might say of night, our being there together was like people meeting in strange lands, who must needs speak, even if under other skies they might pass by and make no sign. As I turned to look at her more nearly, I saw that she was seated on a rock at the very water's edge, and that the waves now breaking, but low, came up almost to her knees. "Pardon me," said I, in some haste, and with a real feeling of alarm, "madam, do you know you are in danger where you are sitting? Let me help you. Pray, take my arm."

As I spoke she turned her head, and I saw that she had very long red hair, which hung down over her shoulders and even lay on the rock like some strange sea-weed. In the dim light I could see only that her eyes were so large as to be almost unnatural. In fact, they were immense. She answered me in a voice which was so soft and lazy and so drawling that the effect was to add oddness to the curious reply with which she met my offer. "Don't come near me: I have been watching

you while you were asleep, and I like you."

"But —" said I.

"Don't do it. I might be tempted, you see. If you had only both your fins, I think I surely should do it; but what would my family say if I brought home a young man with his near flapper gone?"

"Goodness!" said I, "why, you must — you must be a mermaid."

"And why not? If the young woman who fished for me had only been heart-whole, I should have been by this time, I suppose, in some horrid museum."

"And the ring," I cried, "you have it?"

"Of course I have it: it's a poor kind of affair. I've got lots better at home, but then it was awful jolly, — don't mind my language. I got it listening to the girls on the rocks, — it was tremendously jolly to feel that funny little line go crack, and to know the goosey was in love and did n't guess it, maybe. I tell you, she was cut up about that ring."

"Where is it?" said I.

"Want to see it? Just come here. I'm a little damp; you won't mind that, and — Well, I'm just as good-looking as she is, except she's got toes and I have n't; but they're very much in the way in the water. They would n't last no time going through a school of hering. You want the ring, do you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I'll put it on the rock; but don't come any closer. Either it's that horrid fin of yours that's gone, — was it bit off? — or else I'm a little land-sick. Good by. How nasty it must be to be dry all over!"

Here I heard a plunge, and the woman was lost in the water at my feet. "Good gracious!" said I, as I rubbed my eyes, "what a ridiculous dream!" In fact, I had not passed the night, but had simply fallen asleep, for who can tell how many seconds? My watch, however, showed me at once that at least an hour had past. The tide was well out, the uncovered rocks ugly and re-

pulsive with their shabby, dank weeds, and the night about to fall. I found that in my droll dreaming I had very well kept in mind the main features of the rocks, and, as I walked out on the ledge where my mermaid had sat, saw that she could very well have been there. As I stepped back again I noticed a little gleam on the rock, and bending down, to my surprise found in a little hollow in the stone a ring which at once I knew to be Miss Helen's. The ledge in question was a few feet from that on which she had sat in the morning; and through the black wave which tore away the ring it had dropped into this secure cup in the lower rock. The ring was one of those old-time jewelries which were given in betrothals or as pledges of friendship. It was two rings which came together so as to make one, and was, as I could see, a relic of some past day, — of some elder love since in its grave, of some friendship no more of this earth.

The trove so strangely come by made me not a little thoughtful. Absently I slipped it on my finger, and, lighting my pipe, took counsel with myself. At last the night fell, and I wandered homeward along the dusty roadway, past the lily-pond, across the little bathing-beach, and then along the avenue among the gleaming lights of the houses and into the quaint old town.

"Shall we walk a little through the grounds?" This I said to Miss Helen as we stepped out of the hot ball-room of that most charming house on the cliffs we all of us know so well.

"Yes, I would like it, but I must not go beyond this walk by the veranda, because I promised Mr. Jones the next waltz; and you know he does waltz so delightfully."

The walk was pleasant, and the moonlight white and cheery; the sound of the music oppressive under the windows, but delicious as we wandered away from the house and found ourselves — who shall say how? — on the rocks which here and there jut out

from the smooth lawns of the cliff-walk.

"Sit down and I will tell you a story."

"O, I think that would be so very nice. But please to hurry. Mr. Jones—"

"Mr. Jones will be the better for being this much saved from temptation; and my story is not very short. What! you must go! you will go! I think you said this morning that you wanted a certain ring which you lost."

"Have you it? Is that possible?"

"I don't think I said so. My story—"

"No, my ring, I want to hear about my ring. If you have it, give it to me."

"One would think it had some strange value to you."

"And if it has, what are you concerned in it?"

"Once upon a time —"

"You are really odious to-night. I do not see why you should find it agreeable to plague me so."

"Once upon a time —"

"Am I really to listen?"

"Once upon a time —"

"Go on. I am your foe for life."

"Once upon a time, in the far-away days of fable, a woman went a fishing with a little gold ring and strands of her hair; she went a fishing for mermaids. This is very nice fishing, if only you are heart-whole, but not otherwise; and alas! this woman must have had one little corner of her heart in quiet or unquiet keeping of somebody, because snap goes the line and off goes the ring on a mermaid's finger."

"What nonsense!"

"Well, it chanced, as the years went away, that a man, who had loved once and always and but one woman, was lying on the rocks where the mermaids were fished for, when one of these dames, seeing that his heart was pure, gave him her love; and when he would none of it, she, being kindlier tempered than the dames of earth, said, "Here is a

ring which came to me from an unlucky fisherwoman whose heart was not love-clear quite, and —"

"What a nice story! I do so want to hear it all; but there goes the band again, and I shall miss my dance."

"Just one moment."

"O, it is that lovely Danube Waltz of Strauss!" Here she hummed it gayly.

"Will you have your ring? Here, I have it."

"Yes, give it me. How did you get it? Quick, please, I am in such a hurry."

"On one condition."

"I never heard of anything so dishonest. What is it?"

"I want you to tell me what you were thinking of when you were guilty of that absurd fishery."

"I decline to answer. O, yes; I was thinking of Mr. Jones."

"Will you never be serious?"

"Do you think your absurd stories are of a kind to make one so? Please to give me my ring. I don't believe you have it."

"Perhaps not. Helen, you must hear me this time. I am weary of this endless waiting. There, take your ring. I found it on the rocks. May I put it on your finger?"

"O, here is Mr. Jones come for me. How nice! Now I shall have my waltz."

"And I, one word."

"It is our waltz, Miss Helen, I believe."

"Do not leave me so. One word. I love you, Helen! A word, a sign,— something."

"Was it a red rose I promised you? Please to bring me my opera-cloak, Mr. Jones. It is on the rock yonder."

"A rose for me, and you?"

"Yes; but, indeed, I am not half good enough for you."

"How can I thank you?"

"And now for that waltz, Mr. Jones."

W. M.

"MODERN DIABOLISM."

ONE would like to know something of the author of this grim book * before he became a "medium"; for generally the medium, so far as I have been able to observe, appears to fall below the intellectual and moral average of his species, and Mr. Williamson, morally, at least, makes an excellent show. The man who is beleaguered night and day for long and dreary years by a herd of famished vampires, burrowing in his physical organization and fattening upon his nervous substance, scourging him often with direful pangs and occasionally choking him by way of emphasizing the urgency of their appetite,—and who yet neither goes mad nor seeks a vain refuge in suicide, may surely claim a measure of moral force very unusual among men.

Mr. Williamson's book is made up of a detailed narrative of the infestations he endured (and indeed had previously invited) from "the other world"; of an attempt to explain them by means of a science also imported thence; and of certain theories of light, heat, etc., having the same origin. Of these theories, all that one feels called upon to say is, that they do not on their face invite your assent, while they exhibit the author in a more ambitious rôle than he is intellectually qualified to sustain. He is a good hand at a ghost; but Professor Tyndall is too solid a body to resent the shock of his contact. Mr. Williamson schooled himself into mediumship by patiently sitting at his table, pen in hand, and solicitously wooing any chance inspiration which might have power to move it; his purpose being to ascertain whether the facts of spiritualism, so called, were "caused by beings of another world," and also, "whether

we continue to exist after the death of the present body." And he soon succeeded apparently in attracting the attention of several super- or rather *sub*-mundane persons, one especially who called herself Ellen Macauley, and whose communications were "excessively vulgar." Ellen "admitted that she had lived a depraved life in our world, that she was the same kind of woman now, and had no intention nor desire to reform." This ingenuous lady interfered, however, with communications coming from other persons, and the medium was induced by them to discourage her advances; soon after which he felt two or three painful "electric shocks," said to have been caused by Ellen on account of his refusing to let her write. Naturally, the author felt apprehensive and uneasy, but the shocks were not repeated.

About this time he had attained to open speech with his new friends, and had, moreover, fallen ill. And now he proceeds: "I was awakened one night by feeling a hand grasping my throat and trying to choke me. As soon as I awoke, Ellen said she was the one performing this, and that she intended to choke me to death. I soon perceived, however, that she could not affect my breathing, and *aside from the annoyance, cared little about it.* The attempt was renewed during the two or three succeeding nights, *and was an annoyance, as it prevented me from sleeping soundly.*" The italics are not the author's. "A short time after I awoke in the middle of the night with a violent palpitation of the heart, and feeling that my limbs were partially paralyzed. Ellen said, as soon as I awoke, that she had been operating upon the action of my heart while I was asleep, and that if she had had one hour more—that is, before I awoke—she would have stopped its beating forever. This I confess frightened me." The frank, unscrupu-

* *Modern Diabolism*, commonly called *Modern Spiritualism*, with new Theories of Light, Heat, Electricity, and Sound. By M. J. Williamson. New York: James Miller. 1873.

lous wretch herself, however, was not at all dismayed. "On the two succeeding nights when I went to bed, Ellen said she should renew her operations as soon as I fell asleep. On the fourth morning Mrs. Arnold" (another communicator) "said that if I would sit up awhile, she would bring my father and other male friends, and that if Ellen did not then leave they would *kill* her. In a short time I was told she had brought my father and a former male acquaintance, and I was directed to fix my mind intently upon the former. It was the warmest night of an unusually warm summer, and I should not have slept much if I had gone to bed. I did not intend, however, to sit up very late, but I dozed in the chair, and it was daylight when I went to bed. I was then told that Ellen had been killed. *Although too sleepy to think much about it*, I noticed that her talking had ceased, and I never afterwards heard anything purporting to be spoken by her."

And so forth; for all this indicates with sufficient amplitude the style of fact Mr. Williamson's narrative indulges in, and so leaves us free to consider what he says in explanation of the facts. He explains them by saying that this "other world" of his is a material world like ours, only of a more attenuate quality of matter, everything here being duplicated by something there precisely corresponding with it, but yet of so much subtler a nature as to be able to "permeate" the former. Every mountain, every river, every ocean of this world is "permeated" by a mountain, a river, an ocean of that. Curiously enough too, the law holds good, not only of natural, but also of artificial existence. Thus when we build a house, "we build double; for the walls, and floors, and all parts of the building are permeated by matter of the other world: this fact being due to the attraction which the matter of our world exerts upon the matter of the other." But the attraction is not reciprocal, our world exerting a much grosser magnetism upon the other than it exerts upon ours. And the

reason of this is obvious, since the "other world," compared with this, is nearly though not entirely "devoid of gravity." And this may be the reason, also, though the author does not hint it, why the pretensions of that world are so apt to be treated with levity by the denizens of this. But that is not all. It would seem from the author's report, that the people of the "other world" compare as poorly in moral substance with us as they do in physical. We almost all of us, when we go into the "other world," become enormously vitiated. The author finds it hard to do justice to his conception of the measure of the change, especially in the direction of wanton and senseless lying, the great bulk of our emigration, not only reprobate but respectable, "becoming lying fools in passing into the other world." The author, however, discovers one "comforting fact" connected with this condition of things: transmundane persons, as compared with mundane, "have but little power to injure others."

Such being the normal tie between our own sane world and our author's insane one, he proceeds to show that the so-called spiritualistic phenomena are due to a certain "affinity" of an electrical character between the medium and the party of the other part. Table-tipping, hand-seeing, and all the rest of it, are shown from his point of view to be a mere magical product of these relations of electrical affinity between medium and principal; and the *modus operandi*, in order to produce the effect, is detailed with earnest good faith. I have not space to follow the author any further, but I am sure it can harm no one interested in spiritualism attentively to consider what he has to say. Incontestably his book is not a pleasant one to read; but I see no reason why it should not be a profitable one to every person who conceives the current facts of "spiritualism" to be credibly avouched, and is yet uncertain as to their philosophic worth. It seems to me wanton preju-

dice to deny all reality to many of these alleged facts of experience ; and there is nothing in the circumstance that the communications are generally of so purely personal and sentimental a cast to discredit their foreign origin. This circumstance is no doubt fatal to the *veracity* of the communications as coming from any spiritually wise or good man now departed. For we cannot conceive of spiritual existence as contradistinguished from material save in having absolutely nothing whatever to do with time, space, or person. And clearly no one can have become a denizen of the spiritual world, properly so called,—a world fashioned upon this strictly immaterial and impersonal spirit,—who could even for a moment consent to associate himself with the odious drizzle of personality, the abject treacle of sentimentality, with which our spiritualist *circles* are dripping.

It cannot but seem intensely absurd to every one familiar with Swedenborg, that any one cognizant of his fame should ever venture seriously to discuss the facts and problems of spiritual physiology without an honest effort at least to master his intellectual principles. So it is nevertheless. The author of this book, for example, boastfully disclaims all understanding of Swedenborg, and yet permits himself to pronounce him "a learned lunatic." It is as if a starving beggar should despise the opulent hand which is outstretched to enrich him. For that modest philosopher has not only by anticipation accounted for Mr. Williamson's own muddled and senseless experience under the ghostly visitation he so freely provoked,—in showing it to hinge upon the profanation he was guilty of, or violation of his own self-respect, in attempting to build up an inward or spiritual edifice of faith upon an outward or sensible basis of authority,—but he has also supplied him and all similarly bewildered persons, if they care for help, with a thoroughly competent doctrine of the spiritual world itself, and of its relation to the natural world,—a doctrine so entirely philo-

sophic—in perfectly co-ordinating as it does the hardest, most mineral, and remorseless instincts of the religious conscience with the ever-shifting and expanding horizons of scientific thought—as to make immortality a present or conscious possession of the mind, and so reduce spirit and angel from a final to a purely provisional significance in the evolution of human destiny.

Swedenborg's general doctrine of the relation between spirit and nature, in so far as it is applicable to the unhand-some phenomena now in question, may be thus stated. That doctrine imports that even as the atmospheric world, the world of unrest, the home of the cloud and the mist and the tempest, separates between sun and earth, tempering the light and heat of the former to the necessities of the latter, so an analogous moral atmosphere surrounds humanity, tempering the rays of the creative love and wisdom in their approximation to it, and housing for a period that vast mass of crude, unannealed existence—too good for banning, too bad for blessing—which honest nature perpetually sloughs off, and which yet is far too gross for spirit to assimilate. Swedenborg call this purgatorial or transitional realm of existence, in which the good man gradually works off his hereditary or acquired naughtiness, and the evil man his hereditary or affected goodness, the "world of spirits," to discriminate it from the "spiritual world" proper, which is the realm of heaven and hell ; that is, of perfectly separated or sifted human wheat and chaff. He represents this "world of spirits" as answering in spiritual physiology to the stomach in natural, and reducing the most inveterate moral material after a while to the softest, most fluid chyle, here fit to be taken up into the spiritual circulation, and assimilated to the body of humanity ; there ready to be cast out into its spiritual waste places, its still unredeemed Saharas and Siberias.

Now, it is to an altogether morbid or preternatural condition of this "world of spirits" that we are to look for the

philosophy of the current infestations. For, if the world of spirits occupy the position and discharge the function in spiritual physiology which the stomach does in animal physiology, namely, that of mediating between the merely outward or supposititious life of man, and his inward or real life, then obviously the "world of spirits," or cosmical stomach, is equally liable with the natural stomach to become overloaded at times, to grow dyspeptic, and to reject its food undigested. And all signs show that we have just now one of these crises upon us. By all men's confession, Christendom is at this time undergoing a rational and moral purgation, more deep-rooted and wide-spread in its origin, and more revolutionary in its issues than has ever before menaced our existing civilization. Old dogmas have utterly lost, as a general thing, their vital hold upon the reason of the race; and institutions once most venerable have become so onerous and costly in proportion to any really human uses they promote, that they, too, have providentially forfeited their traditional hold upon men's imagination; so that our intellectual skies have suddenly grown so dark above our heads, and our once solid moral earth is quaking and gaping to such an extent under our feet, that we are all of us more or less filled with forebodings of impending doom. Only conceive, then, what augmented hordes of human beings are daily pouring into the "world of spirits," in this state of things, not only vastated of their hereditary Christian faith and hope, but indifferent to all religious faith and hope whatever: men of orderly lives, no doubt, for the most part, but unaffectedly dubious, if not utterly scornful, of spiritual substance; wholly sceptical of the Divine existence at least, if they do not frankly deny his being; devotees to sheer naturalism, in a word, who ask you with triumphant derision to *show* them a soul; and who perpetually revert to nature accordingly as manure reverts to the soil out of which it originally came. What a

plethora, consequently, of absolutely raw, uncooked, unprepared food — food utterly incapable, in fact, of digestion — the world's great stomach must now be undergoing! And how impossible, therefore, to wonder at any of these current manifestations of helpless *malaise* and eructation, whereby it seeks to relieve itself!

Such is my *diagnosis* of the prevalent malady, based upon Swedenborg's intellectual data. Do those data enable us to form any equally reliable *prognosis* of it? I think so. They supply, indeed, the most satisfactory and inspiring solution conceivable to all the threatening problems of our decaying civilization. But I have not the space to go into that inquiry here, and must defer it, therefore, with the reader's permission, to some future occasion. I should like, besides, to occupy what brief space remains with a word or two in memory of a friend who endured the same sort of infestation, though not so stupidly trivial in import, as that described by Mr. Williamson, and at last succumbed to it.

My friend was the most highly gifted man I have ever known; beautiful in person, sociable in disposition, graceful in manners, skilled in mechanical invention, a proficient in music, a subtle metaphysician, deeply versed in the history of philosophy, familiar with science, an enthusiast in medicine, which was his profession. Such were his gifts and his acquisitions; but I doubt not the enumeration will seem scant and lifeless to many of his friends, especially to those who had a familiar professional acquaintance with him, and felt his exquisite personal magnetism. He may be said, indeed, to have been little less than life-giving to his patients; and when he entered the sick-room, modest and graceful and sensitive, yet serene with power, radiant with knowledge, sagacious with observation, the demons of disease and despair, which possessed the imagination a moment before, incontinently folded their murky banners, and let in the sunlight of peace and hope. How

pleasant it is to remember him, even in his overborne and tragical latter days, now that he is at rest in the eternal arms, and his unquenchable thirst of knowledge is slaked at its source !

Unlike Mr. Williamson, my friend did not invite the cadaverous crew that chased him to a premature grave. They came upon him by stealth, muffled at first in the familiar voices of nature and the cheerful sounds of industry, while he was prostrate under a long and painful affection of the optical nerve, which robbed him of his physical strength, but left his intellect and will unimpaired. Gradually they separated their voices from the sounds of art and nature, and addressed him directly, soliciting him to become the medium or instrument of a great society of illuminati in the other world, composed of the noblest and best of mankind, who really though invisibly guided the course of human history, and furnished the backbone of its various priesthoods and governments. My friend's intellectual curiosity was piqued by this extraordinary visitation, no doubt, and he gave himself up to its active scrutiny ; but that for a long time was all, and I shall never forget the grim pleasantry with which he used to wrestle down any too urgent assault, and laugh the faulty logic of his tormentors to scorn. But there they were all the same, forever prating of this sublime brotherhood beyond the grave, which, they declared, had even disciplined and nourished Christ himself to the dimensions of his majestic manhood, and proffering my friend, if he would become their unreserved and confiding subject, a career upon earth and a righteous fame among men second only to Christ's. Nor will I conceal that my friend, sitting there deprived of the light and air of heaven, and exposed month in and month out to these degrading solicitations, did at length so far forget the reverence he owed to the divine name as to lend a charmed attention to them.

In fact, my friend, with all his uncommon gifts, had one great defect

both of nature and of culture, which, when the crisis came, vitiated them all, and that was that he had neither inherited nor been bred to any *habit* of reverence, so that when this infestation befell him, his natural pride of personality had undergone no abatement, and he was accordingly left without those ordinary resources of humility which less exceptional natures are apt to cherish, wherewith to combat it. It became thus a contest for strictly personal supremacy between him and his envenomed foes, the one party backed by the total force of falsehood known to the human will, the other inspirited by no adequate light of truth divine, harvested by the human understanding. Unequal however as the combat was on these terms, it proves what an enormous force of personal sanity my friend enjoyed, that he succumbed to his great temptation but for a moment. He gave his enemies an hour of grace, so to speak, in which, if they could, to justify their insane pretensions ; and when he discovered, as he could not fail almost instantly to do, that these pretensions were purely magical, depending for their prosperity upon a debased self-respect or superstitious regard to sense in the votary, he at once rejected them with a picturesque energy of good-will which gave an added lustre even to his own always lustrous personality. But at the same time, whenever his acute disease again prevailed, and he found himself condemned anew to solitude and darkness, his busy demons were at hand to poison his mental peace ; and fatigued at last beyond measure with the sordid conflict, he put a voluntary end to his life. He had told me more than once, in his poignant way, how loathsome existence was made to him at such times by this infernal practice, and how he longed to leap the gulf of death in order to chase the obscene vermin who haunted him to their source, and stifle them in their holes. I had of course no dogmatic considerations to offer of a nature to assuage an anguish so unrelenting, or to combat a resolve so

powerfully constrained; but I at least never failed to tell him that I should have much more faith in the power of his little finger *here*, armed with the strength of divine truth, than in that of his entire personality *there*, unarmed by that strength. But he was insensible to the force of such dissuasives, even if they had been more acutely pressed; and so ere long, in a flush of passionate resentment, he plunged headlong into his grave.

And now, after all, my space is exhausted before I have half done justice to my theme. My treatment of it could hardly help at best being brief and perfunctory; but it is particularly unsatisfying in this respect, that I should have attempted to account for the phenomena popularly clubbed un-

der the name of Spiritualism, by a morbid condition of the "world of spirits," or its refusal any longer to function, without having previously accounted to my reader's apprehension for the existence of this "world of spirits" itself, as a necessary middle term between nature and spirit. But it is too late to think of supplementing that deficiency now, as it could not be done short of a general statement of Swedenborg's intellectual system, which differs from every other system of thought chiefly in the superb emphasis it puts upon the truth of creation. If I should ever be able to regain my reader's ear upon this subject, I doubt not that I should also be quite able to obviate his present reasonable complaint.

Henry James.

THE SOCIAL EXPERIMENT AT NEW HARMONY.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN the summer of 1824 there came to Braxfield a gentleman whose visit to us there determined, in great measure, the course of my future life.

Richard Flower, an experienced English agriculturist, possessed of considerable means, had emigrated, some years before, to the United States; and had settled at Albion, in the south-eastern part of Illinois, and about twenty-five miles distant from a German village founded by emigrants from the Kingdom of Würtemberg, schismatics of the Lutheran Church, led by their pastor, George Rapp. These people came to America in 1804, settling first on the waters of Conequenessing, Pennsylvania; afterwards, namely in 1813, on the Lower Wabash River and about fifteen miles from the town of Mount Vernon on the Ohio. There they purchased thirty thousand acres, chiefly government land, and erected a village containing about a hundred and sixty buildings, one half

brick or frame, the other half of logs. They held it to be a religious duty to imitate the primitive Christians, who "had all things in common";* to conform to St. Paul's opinion that celibacy is better than marriage;† and desiring also to be, like the early disciples, "of one heart and of one soul,"‡ they called their little town *Harmonie*.

Their experiment was a marvellous success in a pecuniary point of view; for at the time of their immigration their property did not exceed twenty-five dollars a head, while in twenty-one years (to wit, in 1825) a fair estimate gave them *two thousand dollars* for each person, — man, woman, and child; probably *ten times* the average wealth

* Acts iv. 32. The land was entered in the names of the entire community; and was conveyed by Rapp, under a power of attorney from them, to my father.

† 1 Corinthians, vii. 8. They lived together as the Shakers do.

‡ Acts iv. 8.

throughout the United States ; for at that time each person in Indiana averaged but a hundred and fifty dollars of property, and even in Massachusetts the average fell short of three hundred dollars for each adult and child. Intellectually and socially, however, it was doubtless a failure ; as an ecclesiastical autocracy, especially when it contravenes an important law of nature, must eventually be. Rapp was absolute ruler, assuming to be such in virtue of a divine call ; and it was said, probably, with truth, that he desired to sell out at Harmonie because life there was getting to be easy and quiet, with leisure for thought ; and because he found it difficult to keep his people in order, except during the bustle and hard work which attend a new settlement. At all events, he commissioned Mr. Flower to offer the entire Harmony property for sale.

The offer tempted my father. Here was a village ready built, a territory capable of supporting tens of thousands in a country where the expression of thought was free, and where the people were unsophisticated. I listened with delight to Mr. Flower's account of a frontier life ; and when, one morning, my father asked me, "Well, Robert, what say you, — New Lanark or Harmony?" I answered, without hesitation, "Harmony." Aside from the romance and the novelty, I think one prompting motive was, that, if our family settled in Western America, it would facilitate my marriage with Jessie.

Mr. Flower could not conceal from us his amazement, saying to me, I remember, "Does your father *really* think of giving up a position like his, with every comfort and luxury, and taking his family to the wild life of the far West?" He did not know that my father's one ruling desire was for a vast theatre on which to try his plans of social reform. Robert Owen thought he had found one ; crossed the Atlantic (taking my brother William with him, and leaving me manager of the mills) in the autumn of 1824 ;

completed, in April, 1825, the purchase, for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, of the Rapp village and twenty thousand acres of land ; and in the course of the summer some eight hundred people had flocked in, in accordance with a public invitation given by him to "the industrious and well disposed" of all nations and creeds. Every dwelling-house was filled.

This purchase, though not judicious merely as a pecuniary investment, seeing that the estate lay in an interior nook of country off any main line of travel, actual or projected, and on a river navigable for steamers during a few months of the year only, was eligible enough for my father's special purpose. The land around the village, of which three thousand acres were under cultivation, was of the richest quality of alluvial soil, level but above the highest water-mark, and in good farming order. This valley-land was surrounded by a semicircular range of undulating hills, rising sixty or seventy feet above the plain below, and sweeping round about half a mile from the village on its southern side. On a portion of these hills where the descent was steep were vineyards in full bearing, covering eighteen acres, and partly terraced. On the west, where this range of hills increased in height, it terminated abruptly on a *cut-off* of the Wabash River, which afforded water-power used to drive a large flour-mill ; and near by, on the precipitous hillside, was a quarry of freestone. Across the cut-off was an island containing three thousand acres, affording excellent woods pasture.

The village had been built on the bottom land, quarter of a mile from the river. Seen from the brow of the hill-range as one approached it from Mount Vernon, it was picturesque enough ; literally embowered in trees, rows of black locusts marking the street lines. Several large buildings stood out above the foliage ; of which a spacious cruciform brick hall, the transept a hundred and thirty feet across, was the chief. There was also a church, a

steam-mill, a woollen-factory, and several large boarding-houses. The private dwellings were small, each in a separate garden-spot. Adjoining the village on the south were extensive apple and peach orchards.

When my father first reached the place, he found among the Germans — its sole inhabitants — indications of plenty and material comfort, but with scarcely a touch of fancy or ornament; the only exceptions being a few flowers in the gardens, and what was called "The Labyrinth," a pleasure-ground laid out near the village with some taste, and intended — so my father was told — as an emblematic representation of the life these colonists had chosen. It contained small groves and gardens, with numerous circuitous walks enclosed by high beech hedges and bordered with flowering shrubbery, but arranged with such intricacy that, without some Dædalus to furnish a clew, one might wander for hours and fail to reach a building erected in the centre. This was a temple of rude material, but covered with vines of the grape and convolvulus, and its interior neatly fitted up and prettily furnished. Thus George Rapp had sought to shadow forth to his followers the difficulties of attaining a state of peace and social harmony. The perplexing approach, the rough exterior of the shrine, and the elegance displayed within were to serve as types of toil and suffering, succeeded by happy repose.

The toil and suffering had left their mark, however, on the grave, stolid, often sad German faces. They looked well fed, warmly clothed (my father told me), and seemed free from anxiety. The animal had been sufficiently cared for; and that is a good deal in a world where millions can hardly keep the wolf from the door, drudge as they will, and where hundreds of millions, manage as they may, live in daily uncertainty whether, in the next week or month (chance of work or means of living failing), absolute penury may not fall to their lot. A shelter from life-wearing cares is something; but a

temple typifies higher things, — more than what we shall eat and what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed. Rapp's disciples had bought these too dearly, — at expense of heart and soul. They purchased them by unquestioning submission to an autocrat who had been commissioned — perhaps as he really believed, certainly as he alleged — by God himself. He bade them do this and that, and they did it; required them to say, as the disciples in Jerusalem said, that none of the things they possessed were their own, and they said it; commanded them to forego wedded life and all its incidents, and to this also they assented.

Their experiment afforded conclusive proof that, if a community of persons are willing to pay so high a price for abundant food, clothing, shelter, and absolute freedom from pecuniary cares, they can readily obtain all this, working leisurely under a system of common labor, provided the dictator to whom they submit is a good business manager. The success of the Rappites, such as it was, wonderfully encouraged my father. He felt sure that he could be far more successful than they, without the aid either of bodily and mental despotism or of celibacy. Aside from rational education, which he deemed indispensable, he trusted implicitly, as cure for all social and industrial ills, to the principle of co-operation.

There was much in the economical condition of England to lead a mind like my father's, accustomed to generalizations and imbued with sanguine confidence in whatever he desired, to such a conclusion; and, unless I here devote a page or two to a succinct statement — in mere outline it must be — of the main statistical facts which go to make up that strange and unprecedented condition, I shall leave my readers without a clew to the motives which caused a successful business man like my father to relinquish wealth, domestic ease, affluent comforts, and an influential position, and to adventure, with a faith which ad-

mitted not even the possibility of failure, an untried experiment on an unknown field, then little better than a wilderness.

As a large manufacturer, much cogent evidence bearing on that condition had been brought home to him. Ten years before, Colquhoun had published his work on the Resources of the British Empire, and that had supplied important additional data.

My father felt that there was then — as there is now — one of the great problems of the age still to be solved: I can here but briefly state, not seek to solve it. It connects itself with the unexampled increase of productive power which human beings in civilized life have acquired in little more than a single century, and with the momentous question whether this vast gift of labor-saving inventions is to result in mitigation of the toil and melioration of the condition of the millions who have acquired it. Few persons realize the extent of this modern agency, the changed state of things it has brought about, or the effect of its introduction, so far, upon the masses, especially in European countries.

From certain Parliamentary reports made in 1816, in connection with Sir Robert Peel's Factory Bill (already alluded to), my father derived data in proof that the machinery employed in Great Britain in cotton-spinning alone — in *one* branch, therefore, of *one* manufacture — superseded at that time the labor of eighty million adults; and he succeeded in proving, to the satisfaction of England's ablest statistician,* that if all the branches of the cotton, woollen, flax, and silk manufactures were included, the machine-saved labor in producing English textile fabrics exceeded, in those days, the work which two hundred millions of operatives could have turned out previous to the year 1760.

This statement of my father's at-

* Colquhoun, whose celebrated work on a cognate subject is above referred to. See, for Robert Owen's conversation with Colquhoun on this subject, his (Owen's) Autobiography, p. 127.

tracted the attention of the British political economists of that day, was virtually adopted by them soon after, and became, as these vast inanimate powers increased, the foundation of successive calculations touching their aggregate amount in all branches of industry carried on in Great Britain and Ireland. In 1835 my father put down that aggregate as equal to the labor of four hundred million adults; and estimates by recent English statisticians, brought up to the present time, vary from five hundred to seven hundred millions. We may safely assume the mean of these estimates — *six hundred millions* — as closely approximating the truth to-day.

But the population of the world is, in round numbers, twelve hundred millions; and the usual estimate of the productive manual labor of a country is, that it does not exceed that of a number of adult workmen equal to one fourth of its population. Thus, the daily labor of three hundred million adults represents the productive *manual* power of the world.

It follows that Great Britain and Ireland's labor-saving machinery *equals*, in productive action, *the manual labor-power of two worlds as populous as this*.

It follows, further, inasmuch as the present population of the British Isles is less than thirty millions, that seven millions and a half of adults represent the number of living operatives who control and manipulate that prodigious amount of inanimate force.

Thus, in aid of the manual labor of seven and a half millions of human workmen, Great Britain may be said to have imported, from the vast regions of invention, six hundred millions of powerful and passive slaves; slaves that consume neither food nor clothing; slaves that sleep not, weary not, sicken not; gigantic slaves that drain subterranean lakes in their master's service, or set in motion, at a touch from his hand, machinery under which the huge and solid buildings that contain it groan and shake; ingenious slaves that outrival, in the delicacy of

their operations, the touch of man, and put to shame the best exertions of his steadiness and accuracy; yet slaves patient, submissive, obedient, from whom no rebellion need be feared, who cannot suffer cruelty nor experience pain.

These unwearied and inanimate slaves outnumber the human laborers who direct their operations as *eighty to one*. What is the result of this importation?

If we shut our closet doors and refuse to take the answer from the state of things as it actually exists, we shall probably say that inestimable aid, thus sent down from Heaven as it were, to stand by and assist man in his severest toils, *must* have rendered him easy in his circumstances, rich in all the necessities and comforts of life, a master instead of a slave, a being with leisure for enjoyment and improvement, a freeman delivered from the original curse which declared that in the sweat of his brow should man eat bread all the days of his life. But if, rejecting mere inference, we step out among the realities around us, with eyes open and sympathies awake, we shall see, throughout the Old World, the new servants competing with those they might be made to serve. We shall see a contest going on in the market of labor, between wood and iron on the one hand, and human thews and sinews on the other; a dreadful contest, at which humanity shudders, and reason turns, astonished, away. We shall see masters engaging, as the cheapest, most docile, and least troublesome help,* the machine instead of the man. And we shall see the man, thus denied even the privilege to toil, shrink home, with sickening heart, to the cellar where his wife and children herd, and sink down on its damp floor to ask of his despair where these things shall end, — whether the soulless slaves, bred year by year from the teeming womb of science,

shall gradually thrust aside, into idleness and starvation, their human competitors, until the laborer, like other extinct races of animals, shall perish from the earth.

I have made a special study of the statistical facts which go to justify more than all I here assert. But the limits of this narrative allow me to give only a condensed abstract of the results.

For two centuries after the Conquest, feudal oppressions and intestine wars grievously oppressed British labor. At any moment the serf might be taken from the plough to arm in his liege lord's quarrel; and if, spite of all such interruptions, the seed was sown and the harvest ripened, the chance remained that it might be cut down by the sword of the forager or trampled under the hoof of the war-horse. Nothing is more characteristic than the Borderer's account of an ancient raid, in Scott's *Lay*: —

"They crossed the Liddell at curfew hour,
And burnt my little lonely tower.
The fiend receive their souls therefor;
It had n't been burnt this year or more!"

The peasantry, or rather *villeinry*, of those days — many of them thralls — had the scantiest wages, often mere food and clothing, living miserably. But during Edward the Third's wars with France, he was compelled to manumit many bondsmen, in order to recruit his armies; and the forced services of villeinage were gradually exchanged for free labor, often fixed by statute. In the middle of the fourteenth century, common labor on a farm was set at *three pence halfpenny a day*; in harvest, four pence. But at that time wheat did not exceed *six pence* a bushel, and other staple articles of food were in proportion. So in the fifteenth century, harvest wages were *five pence*, and wheat was *seven pence halfpenny* a bushel. With all this accords what Sir John Cullum, the English antiquarian (quoted as reliable authority by Hallam), tells us, namely, that in the fourteenth century a week's wages in harvest enabled the laborer to buy four bushels of wheat. The weekly wages of

* "The self-acting *mule* has the important advantage of rendering the mill-owners independent of the combinations and strikes of the working-spinners." — Baines's *Cotton Manufacture*, p. 207.

common farm labor, however, throughout the year, were the equivalent of *three bushels of wheat* only. This last may be safely assumed as the purchasing power of ordinary farm labor in England four hundred and five hundred years ago.

After many fluctuations, weekly wages of ordinary labor settled down, in the middle of the eighteenth century, to about a bushel and a half of wheat.* By the middle of the present century a common farm laborer could purchase, with his eight shillings for a week's work, but *ONE BUSHEL* of wheat. Since then wages have slowly risen; and to-day a farm laborer, with nine and sixpence to ten shillings a week, can earn a bushel and a quarter of wheat.

Though, for brevity's sake, I have here confined the comparison to staple bread-stuff alone, I have verified the fact that it applies equally to other articles of common use or necessity. In the fifteenth century a week's labor bought *sixty-four* pounds of butchers' meat; now it will hardly purchase *nineteen*. So, instead of *ten* geese, *three* would now absorb a week's labor; instead of a *sheep a week*, a laborer must toil *four weeks for a single sheep*. Again, a day's wages will now buy, not *eight* dozen of eggs as then it did, but *three* dozen; not *eight* pounds of cheese, but *three*; not *five* pounds of butter, but *two*. Even in some staple articles of clothing, the balance is against the peasant of to-day. Three days' labor will now hardly procure him the stout pair of shoes which a single day formerly paid for; and nine days' labor, instead of six, are needed to obtain the material for a winter coat, that is, if a farm laborer should be extravagant enough to buy coarse broadcloth for such a purpose.

Labor in factories is somewhat better paid than farm labor; adult operatives receiving from nine to eleven shillings a week when fully employed. But there are thousands, weavers and oth-

ers, in every manufacturing district, who have only occasional work at home and live in squalid wretchedness,—wretchedness that has often but five cents a day to keep each human body and soul together,* —wretchedness that terribly shortens life.

Another most significant fact is, that whereas, three hundred years ago, the poor-law system of England scarcely existed, my father found one in ten of all the inhabitants of Great Britain a pauper, receiving parish relief.† Without the English poor-laws, there would long since have been wholesale starvation among those willing and able to work, and, probably, a rebellion instigated by despair.

With all the foregoing data tallies an estimate made by Hallam, in his History of the Middle Ages, of the relative value of money; which is, that any given sum in the fourteenth century must be multiplied by twenty, and in the fifteenth century by sixteen, to bring it to the standard of our day. If so, then a common laborer's wages in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were equivalent to five shillings

* In Minutes of Evidence before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, 1833, Mr. William Stocks, secretary of a committee of factory owners, deposed to certain facts obtained and verified by that committee during visits to the cottages of laborers in and around Huddersfield, thus summing up the results: "We found 13,226 individuals that averaged two pence halfpenny (five cents) per day to live on. That sum included all parish relief; and it was not wholly applicable to meat and drink, for they had rent and everything to pay out of it, including wear and tear of looms."—Minutes of Evidence, July 28 and August 3, 1833.

The Report of the Liverpool Branch of the Anti-Corn-Law League for 1833 shows a similar state of wholesale misery. It states that "in Vauxhall Ward, Liverpool, containing in all 6,000 families or 24,000 souls, the number of 3,462 families had but two pence halfpenny (five cents) per individual to live on."

† "In our manufacturing districts every *eleventh* inhabitant, and in our agricultural counties every *eighth* inhabitant, receives parish relief. But this by no means represents the whole mass of suffering. The horror of being branded as a pauper is so prevalent among the industrial population, that *thousands prefer death by gradual starvation, to placing themselves on the parish funds.*"—Report of Liverpool Branch of the Anti-Corn-Law League, 1833.

These calculations are, however, for the middle of the present century. Wages having since risen twenty or twenty-five per cent, the proportion of paupers is very considerably less to-day.

* See tables of wages and prices from 1813 back to 1495, by Barton, in his Enquiry into the Depreciation of Labor.

of the modern English currency per day, or to thirty shillings per week; at least *three times as much* as such a laborer receives at present.

But to guard against possible exaggeration, let us deduct one third from this result; and the startling fact still forces itself on our attention, that the working-classes employed in tilling the garden soil of Great Britain, or in tending her magnificent machinery, *receive now*, as the price of their toil, *but one half as much as their rude ancestors did five centuries ago*.

As cure for such evil and suffering, my father found the political economists urging a reduction of taxes. But his experience taught him to regard that as a mere temporary palliative. The very reduction of government burdens might be taken as an all-sufficient plea for the further reduction of wages. Labor could be *afforded* for less. And down to the very point at which it can be afforded,—which means at that point on the road to famine at which men are not starved suddenly, but die slowly of toil inadequately sustained by scanty and unwholesome food,—down to that point of bare subsistence my father saw the laborer of Britain thrust. How? Wherefore? By what legerdemain of cruelty and injustice?

Thus the problem loomed upon him. We may imagine his reflections. Why, as the world advances in knowledge and power, do the prospects and the comforts of the mass of mankind darken and decline? How happens it that four or five centuries have passed over Britain, bringing peace where raging feuds and forays, affording protection to person and property, setting free the shackled press, spreading intelligence and liberality, reforming religion and fostering civilization,—how happens it that these centuries of improvement have left the British laborer twofold more the slave of toil than they found him? Why must mechanical inventions—inevitable even if they were mischievous, and in themselves a rich blessing as surely as they are inevitable—stand in array *against* the

laborer, instead of toiling by his side?

Momentous questions these! My father pondered them, day and night. If he had tersely stated the gist of his reflections,—which he was not always able to do,—they might have assumed some such form as this: Will any man, who stands on his reputation for sanity, affirm that the *necessary* result of over-production is famine? that because labor produces more than even luxury can waste, labor shall not have bread to eat? If we can imagine a point in the progress of improvement at which all the necessities and comforts of life shall be produced without human labor, are we to suppose that the human laborer, when that point is reached, is to be dismissed by his masters from their employment, to be told that he is now a useless incumbrance which they cannot afford to hire?

If such a result be flagrantly absurd in the extreme, it was then, and is now, in Great Britain, a terrible reality in the degree. Men *were* told that machines had filled their places and that their services were no longer required. Certain English economists scrupled not to avow the doctrine, that a man born into a world already occupied and overstocked with labor has no RIGHT to claim food; that such a one is a being superfluous on the earth, and for whom, at the great banquet of nature, there is no place to be found.*

My father's conclusions from the data which I have here furnished were:—

1. That the enormously increased productive powers which man in modern times has acquired, involve, and in a measure necessitate, great changes in the social and industrial structure of society.

2. That the world has reached a point of progress at which co-operative industry should replace competitive labor.

* See Malthus, in his *Essay on the Principle of Population*. But my father believed in the axiom put forth by a French historian: "Avant toutes les lois sociales, l'homme avoit le droit de subsister."—Raynal, *Histoire des Indes*, Vol. X. p. 322.

3. That society, discarding large cities and solitary homes, should resolve itself into associations, each of fifteen hundred or two thousand persons, who should own land and houses in common and labor for the benefit of the community. In this way (he believed) labor-saving power would directly aid, not tend to oppress, the workman.

The first proposition is doubtless true, especially as to old countries largely engaged in manufactures; the question remaining, however, of what character and to what extent the changes should be.

The second proposition is now on trial in England on a large scale. Through the kindness of an English friend, I have before me a report of the Fifth Annual Co-operative Congress held at Newcastle on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of last April, and which was attended by two hundred delegates from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland.* The two most prominent speakers were members of Parliament; namely, the well-known Thomas Hughes, author of *Tom Brown at Oxford*, and Walter Morrison.

Mr. Hughes introduced the resolution, "That this meeting recognizes in co-operation the most effective means of permanently raising the condition of the people." And Mr. Morrison moved the following: "That it is of the essence of co-operation to recognize the right of labor to a substantial share in the profits it creates." Both resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Mr. Cowen, chairman of the Congress, said, in opening one of its meetings: "I am not an old man, yet I recollect a meeting which was held in this room thirty years ago. It was addressed by the father of co-operative principles in this country, Mr. Robert Owen. (Cheers.) To the discredit of some of the inhabitants of Newcastle they brought the meeting to a close by breaking the windows and dispersing

the audience. They refused to listen to the patient and, I may say, affectionate appeals which Mr. Owen made to his hearers. We have considerably advanced since then."

The experiments then commenced, in the way of co-operative stores, failed at that time, probably because the current of public opinion set in strongly against them. How great the contrast is to-day appears from the statistics, founded on Parliamentary documents, which were laid before this Congress. One wholesale co-operative store in Manchester has two hundred and seventy-seven shareholding societies, and has five hundred societies doing business with it; it has a capital of nearly three quarters of a million dollars, and its present annual business falls but little short of six millions. During eight years past it has done business to the amount of twenty millions, and has incurred in that period but a single thousand dollars of bad debts. Another, the North of England wholesale store, does a business varying from a hundred thousand to a hundred and forty thousand dollars a week.

There are in all, throughout England, about a thousand co-operative stores, and full returns have been made to Parliament by three fourths of these. These three fourths had, in 1871, two hundred and sixty thousand members; a capital of more than *twelve and a half millions*; were doing a business of more than *forty-seven millions* a year, with an annual profit of *four millions*, that is, eight and a half per cent on the capital invested.

Besides these stores, English co-operators have engine-works employing five hundred hands; a mining company, with twelve hundred workers; an industrial bank at Newcastle; linen, cotton, and other factories; corn-mills; a printing society; an agricultural and horticultural association, with Thomas Hughes on its council; and a Central Agency Society, with two members of Parliament on its committee of management.

Profiting by the experience of the

* Published in the Newcastle Weekly Chronicle of April 19, 1873, and covering *twenty-nine* closely printed columns. This paper is larger than the New York Tribune, and was established in 1764.

past, many errors in organization and in management have been avoided. At this time, with some twenty millions of capital employed, these co-operative enterprises are, with scarcely an exception, a pecuniary success.

As to the third proposition,—the resolving of society into small communities of common property,—my father resolved to test it at New Harmony. I think it was a mistake to change the scene of the experiment from England to the United States. The average wages of farm labor here amount to a dollar and a quarter a day, or seven dollars and a half a week; and even if we put wheat at a dollar and eighty-five cents a bushel, which is its price only in our seaboard cities and when it is ready for shipment, a week's labor in husbandry will purchase *four* bushels of wheat, instead of *a bushel and a quarter*, as in England. The need of co-operation or some other protection for labor may be said to be threefold greater there than here.

My father made another and a still greater mistake. A believer in the force of circumstances and of the instinct of self-interest to reform all men, however ignorant or vicious, he admitted into his village all comers, without commendatory introduction or any examination whatever. This error was the more fatal, because it is in the nature of any novel experiment, or any putting forth of new views which may tend to revolutionize the opinions or habits of society, to attract to itself (as the Reformation did, three hundred years ago, and as Spiritualism does to-day) waifs and strays from surrounding society; men and women of crude, ill-considered, extravagant notions; nay, worse, vagrants who regard the latest heresy but as a stalking-horse for pecuniary gain, or a convenient cloak for immoral demeanor.

He did, indeed, take the precaution of establishing at New Harmony, in the first instance, a Preliminary Society only; and he did refrain from any conveyance of real estate to its members. But he allowed this motley assemblage

to elect its own Committee of Management, though the constitution of the society vested in him the appointing power.* That constitution was laid before the inhabitants, April 27, 1825; Robert Owen then, for the first time, addressing the inhabitants. It was adopted May 1.† But my father was able to remain, to watch its progress, little more than a month. He departed, early in June, for England; leaving a school of a hundred and thirty children, who were boarded, educated, and clothed at the public expense. As to the other inhabitants, they received a weekly credit on the public store to the amount which their services were, by the committee, deemed worth. There was a good band of music; and the inhabitants, on my father's recommendation, resolved to meet together three evenings each week: one to discuss all subjects connected with the welfare of the society; another for a concert of vocal and instrumental music; while the third was given up to a public ball.

My father's reception in America had been kind and hospitable; and he gave us, on his return to Braxfield, a glowing account of the favor with which his plans of social reform were regarded in the New World, and of the condition of things, and bright promise for the future at New Harmony. I was captivated with the picture he drew, and embarked with him toward the end of September from Liverpool in the packet-ship *New York*, exulting as an Israelite may have exulted when Moses spoke to him of the Land of Promise.

We had a jovial set of passengers, including the operatic troupe of the elder Garcia, together with his son Manuel, twenty years old, and his two daughters,—Maria, then aged seventeen; and Pauline, then only four years old, but who afterwards became a cele-

* See *New Harmony Gazette*, Vol. I. page 135. My father recommended four of the seven persons who composed the committee; and these four, together with three others, were elected by the citizens.

† A copy of this constitution will be found in *New Harmony Gazette*, Vol. I. pp. 2, 3.

brated singer and actress, and married a Paris journalist of some reputation, Monsieur Viardot. She was the pet of passengers and crew; and I have heard the child reply, in four languages, with almost equal facility, to remarks in French, German, Italian, and Spanish, addressed to her, in rapid succession, by the members of her father's company.

Her elder sister, Mademoiselle Garcia, afterwards world-renowned,—her brief career sad indeed in private, but brilliant in public to a degree hardly paralleled in the annals of the stage,—had the previous spring made a successful *début* in London. She was a most interesting girl, simple, frank, bright as could be, charming in conversation, a general favorite; and I think that during our somewhat protracted voyage she captivated the heart of Captain McDonald, a young and handsome English officer, a great friend and admirer of my father, who had accompanied us on our Transatlantic trip. It came to nothing, perhaps because McDonald, though a noble, generous fellow, had then little besides his commission to depend on; but I doubt not she would have been far happier as his wife than she afterwards was—poor girl!—with the reputed rich but bankrupt Malibran.

Her health seemed feeble, and this may have been due in part to the extreme severity with which that terrible Spaniard, her father, treated his children. The troupe had frequent rehearsals on deck when the weather was fine, greatly to the delight of the passengers. The only drawback to our pleasure in listening to some of the finest voices in the world was the brutal manner in which Garcia sometimes berated the singers, but especially his son and daughter, when their performance did not please him.

One evening, after a rehearsal at which he had been so violent that his daughter seemed in mortal fear of him, she and I sat down, on a sofa on deck, to a game of chess. At first she appeared almost as lively and bright as usual; but, ere the game ended, she

turned deadly pale, her head sunk on my shoulder, and had I not caught her in my arms she must have fallen to the floor. I carried her down to the cabin, quite insensible; and it was some time before she recovered.

Another day, at the close of a rehearsal, the old man spoke in insulting terms to his son, I and other passengers being present. Manuel replied in a respectful, almost submissive tone; yet he earnestly vindicated himself against the charge—of wilful negligence, I think it was—which his father brought against him. This incensed Garcia to such a degree, that he suddenly struck his son a blow of his fist so violent that the youth dropped on the deck as if shot. We instantly went in search of the captain, telling him what had happened, and he came on deck at once, confronting the still enraged father.

"What is this, sir?" he said, the tone low, but with a dangerous ring in it. "Is it true that you dared to knock your son down?"

The great singer was silent and looked sullen.

"It is true, then?" The tone rose a little and the eyes flashed; we saw there was mischief in them. "Do you know, sir," he went on, "that I am master here,—ruler in my own ship,—with the right to do whatever I please, if it is necessary to protect my passengers either from insult or injury? Do you know that, sir?"

Still no answer.

"Do you see these men?" pointing to some sailors who were looking on at a distance with eyes of curiosity. "A single word from me and they'll seize you on the spot! But I don't want a fuss on board my ship. This time I'll pass it by. But now attend to what I say; you had better, for your own sake. If you lay a finger again on a single passenger here,—on your son, on your daughter, or on any other soul on board,—I'll have you down below in irons, sir,—*in irons!* Do you understand that?"

He did understand, and he was fair-

ly cowed at last. He muttered an unintelligible excuse; and the captain, turning away, issued some commonplace order to the mate, as quietly as if nothing had happened.

From that day forth, though Garcia still scolded and grumbled, he used, in our hearing, no insulting language, nor committed any other violent act. To us, when nothing crossed his will or went wrong, he was polite and even obliging. We amused ourselves throughout the somewhat tedious voyage by getting out a weekly newspaper, — quite a creditable production it was, — and in its last number appeared a song, the words by one of our party, Mr. Stedman Whitwell, a London architect, and a convert to my father's views; the music, graceful and spirited, by Garcia. It was afterwards published in New York under the title *Ebor Nova*, and had quite a run; for the Garcias won for themselves an enthusiastic reception.

Our pleasant voyage came to an end November 7, 1825, — the day on which I was twenty-four years old. New York's magnificent bay, its surface just stirred by a gentle breeze and dotted all over with white sails, — signs of a busy and enterprising nation, — while beyond, the city's hundred spires shot up white in the sunshine of a fresh autumn morning, — all this, as I came upon it after the even tenor of a long ocean voyage, outwent whatever I had imagined of New World scenery. I had reached the Canaan of my hopes, and its first glimpse was beautiful even beyond my dreams. I landed, as in vision of the night one enters fairy-land.

Our letters of introduction first brought us into contact with a people genial and magnetic, who seemed to me, as to temperament, to occupy middle ground between the distant conventionality of my own countrymen and the light vivacity of the French. I liked them from the first, and, with a youthful precipitancy, which, however, I have never repented, I went at once to a prothonotary's office and declared

my intention to become a citizen of the United States.

That was nearly forty-eight years ago. Kindly, indulgently, has my adopted country treated me since; and well do I love her for it.

She has her peculiarities, of course, like other nations; and it was not long ere we came in contact with some of these. Martin Luther is said to have had his latter years embittered, perhaps his life shortened, by certain crotchety and ill-conditioned fanatics, as the Anabaptists, Libertines, and others, who "played such fantastic tricks before high heaven" as brought the name of Protestant, which they had assumed, into no little discredit for the time. A radical reformer, if he be of any note, commonly attracts around him erratics of this class; and my father did not escape the common fate.

One morning he had gone out on a visit, leaving Captain McDonald and myself in a parlor of the Howard House in Broadway (where we had put up), busy writing letters home, when a waiter, entering, handed me a strange-looking visiting-card, with the message, "A gentleman to see your father, sir. I told him he was out, but he would have me bring up his card." It was of green pasteboard, and bore the single word, "Page." I bade him invite Mr. Page to walk up.

"A singular fancy," said I to McDonald, "to color visiting-cards green. But, of course, in new countries we must expect new fashions."

Thereupon the door opened, and there stalked in, in a solemn way, a middle-aged personage, quite as queer-looking as his card. He was dressed, from head to foot, in light-green broadcloth; his overcoat, cut with a plain Quaker collar, reached his ankles; his cap and boots were of green cloth, and his gloves of green kid, all matching the rest of his costume. His long hair was divided in the centre and dropped, slightly curling, on his shoulders.

McDonald and I were so taken aback by this sudden apparition that we even forgot to offer our visitor a

chair. He seemed to prefer standing, as about to declaim. His manner was dignified, and his gestures had a certain grace, as he proceeded to say: "Gentlemen, I have come, in my public capacity, to welcome a brother philanthropist. But you do not know who I am."

To this we assented, and he went on. "My name is Page. I am the page of Nature. She has enlisted me in her service. I wear her livery, as you see" (pointing to his dress), "as a reminder of the official duty I owe her. She talks to me, instructs me in the way I should go, and tells me how I can best benefit my fellow-creatures. In the olden time I was King David's page; and I was a great comfort to him, as he had been to his master, Saul, when the evil spirit from the Lord was upon him, and when David's playing on the harp refreshed Saul and caused the evil spirit to depart. David had his dark hours also, when his sins weighed upon his spirit; and at those times I was able to console and encourage him. But Nature's service is better than that of any king."

We were mute with amazement. He paused, then drew from a capacious pocket a thick roll of manuscript. It was written on long sheets of green paper.

"Some of the words of wisdom," he pursued, "that my gracious mistress has vouchsafed to communicate to her votary. They ought to have been written in green ink; but to human eyes the words might not have been very intelligible. And black cannot be said to be inappropriate. In summer holiday, indeed, Nature's vestment is green; but she has her seasons when all is black,—the starless midnight hour, the wintry storm's murky darkness. That may justify the black ink."

He unrolled and smoothed out the manuscript; but reading in our faces, perhaps, the alarm which we certainly felt at the threatened infliction, he seemed to change his purpose; and with the air of a father making allow-

ance for his thoughtless children, he said: "Young people have not always leisure or inclination to hear divine truth. Hand these leaves from the Great Book to Robert Owen; for he is a disciple of Nature, like me, and he will appreciate them."

With that, having bowed ceremoniously to us both, he swept slowly and majestically from the room.

McDonald sat looking intently at the fire for a minute or two after the door closed, then suddenly turned to me: "Are we *all* crazy, do you think, Robert? Have we been poking into great subjects and thinking of a world's reform, until our brains are addled and we are fit inmates of a lunatic asylum?"

"Well," said I, "we knew already that there are harmless bedlamites who are suffered to go at large. *We* still dress like other people. We have n't come to the conclusion yet, that the Goddess of Nature keeps a lot of pages to whom she dictates homilies, to be written out on green foolscap; and we are not Pythagoreans, believing that our souls were once in the service of ancient kings."

"For all that," replied McDonald, "it's uncomfortable; it gives one a shock."

The manuscript, like a hundred others which it has been my hard fortune since to glance over, was a dull tissue of sentimental commonplaces, with mad streaks through it, but with a certain method in the madness. The author had sense enough to give his address at the close, and we carefully returned it to him.

In the course of two or three weeks several pleasant and intelligent people had joined us, bound for New Harmony; among them Thomas Say, one of the founders of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, who six years before had accompanied Major Long on his expedition to the Rocky Mountains as its naturalist; Charles Lesueur, a French naturalist and designer, who had explored, with Péron, the coasts of Australia; Gerard Troost,

a native of Holland and a distinguished chemist and geologist, who was afterwards professor of chemistry in the Nashville University; also several cultivated ladies, including Miss Sistare (afterwards the wife of Thomas Say) and two of her sisters. Whether William Maclure, president of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, and one of the most munificent patrons of that institution, accompanied us, or came on a few weeks later, I am not quite certain. He afterwards purchased from my father several thousand acres of the Harmony estate.

At Pittsburg, which we reached early in December, finding that steamboats had ceased to ply on the Ohio, we purchased a keel-boat and had it comfortably fitted up for the accommodation of our party, then amounting to some thirty or forty persons. About eight miles from Beaver, Pennsylvania, the ice, closing in upon us, arrested our voyage for a full month.

During that month, immensely to my satisfaction, I took my first lessons in Western country wood-craft. A dense, almost unbroken forest adjoined the spot where we had tied up our boat. I had bought in Pittsburg an excellent rifle and appurtenances, together with a good supply of ammunition. The second or third day I came upon the cabin of an old hunter of the Leatherstocking school, named Rice, whose good-will I gained by the timely gift of a pound or two of excellent rifle powder. He taught me the names and qualities of the forest trees, the habits and haunts of the game then plentiful enough in that district; but, above all, he trained me to rifle-shooting with a patience which I yet gratefully remember. Before leaving home I had read, with enthusiasm, Cooper's *Pioneers*,

and now some of the primitive scenes I had pictured to myself were enacted before my eyes. The eagerness with which I sought instruction, and the manner in which I profited by it, made me quite a favorite with the old man; and, after a week or two, I was domesticated in his cabin. With his wife, also, I found favor by telling her stories of the "old country." From her, I remember, came my first reminder that I had reached a land of practical equality, in which all (white?) adult males, rich or poor, were *men*. I had a handsome silver-mounted powder-horn which attracted the attention of one of the half-clad urchins who were running about the cabin, and I had ceded it for his amusement. He was making off with the coveted plaything out of doors when his mother recalled him, "Here, you, George Washington, give the man back his powder-horn." Later, I learned the meaning which attaches in the West (fairly enough, too) to the word *gentleman*. I was bargaining with a young fellow who had agreed to make a few thousand rails to repair a fence on one of our farms; and, profiting by Rice's instruction, I warned him that they must be of such and such timber; I would accept none of inferior quality; whereupon he said, "Mister, I'm a gentleman, and I would n't put any man off with bad rails."

Toward the close of our ice-bound sojourn I accompanied Rice to a shooting-match. He obtained the first prize, and I, to his great delight, carried off the fourth or fifth,—a wild turkey worth twenty-five cents. I carried it home in triumph to our keel-boat.

Soon after the middle of January, 1826, we reached Harmony; but I must delay, until next month, the recital of what I found there.

Robert Dale Owen.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

THE Scintillations from Heine's prose works which Mr. Stern gives us are passages from essays and letters not before translated, and that weird, romantic monologue called *Florentine Nights*, in which a man tells in part the story of his life to a dying girl, and beguiles her last moments with the wildest inventions and caprices. It is incoherent, changeful, lawless, natural, and enchanting as a dream, full of the tenderness and insult of Heine's passion, with enough of his fine and coarse suggestion; the slight thread of narrative is dropped whenever the author likes, and his fancy ranges satirically to anything else in the world, — art, politics, religion, and the odiousness of England and the English people, the delightfulness of Paris and the Parisians, the violin playing of Paganini, and the apparition of Paganini's agent, "the dramatist and anecdotist Harris of Hanover," whose form Satan has borrowed, while "along with other trash the poor soul of that poor creature remains locked up in a chest in Hanover, until the Devil returns its carnal envelope; when, in the nobler disguise of a black poodle, he will accompany his master Paganini through the world."

Heine can never be read aright save in the pale moonshine of the German tongue; dragged into the daylight of our speech, he loses that softness of outline, that play of light and shadow, which characterize him; he becomes harsh, sharp, sometimes shabby, and you see how, occasionally, he forces his fantastic attitudes. Perhaps also he is best read by very young men not past the age of liking even the faults of genius; he wearies middle life a little, though he remains wonderful. However, there are passages of the *Florentine Nights* which do not suffer mortally from translation and the years of discretion, and one of these is that very Heinesque bit where Max tells of his passion for the beautiful statue which he

found when a boy in the neglected garden of his mother's château:—

"The wrath of time and of man had spared but one statue, and even that had been thrown from its pedestal and was lying in the high grass. It lay there, uninjured, — a marble goddess, with pure, lovely features, and noble, finely chiselled bosom, shining forth from the high grass like a Grecian revelation. I was almost frightened when I first beheld it; the sight filled me with a strange feeling of oppression and fear, while awkward bashfulness prevented me from spending much time in looking at the beautiful object. . . . What with the strange couch and the excitement, I could not sleep. The moonlight streamed in through the broken panes, as if to entice me out into the clear summer evening. I tossed from right to left, closed my eyes and opened them again without being able to banish the thought of the beautiful statue out in the grass. I could not account for the bashfulness that overpowered me when I beheld it, and felt vexed because of my childishness. 'To-morrow,' I muttered, 'I will kiss thee, thou beauteous face of marble! on the corner of thy beautiful mouth, where the lips, joining, lose themselves in the lovely dimple.' Wondrous impatience consumed me, and at last, losing all control over the strange desire, I sprang from my couch, exclaiming, 'What odds, lovely creature! I shall kiss thee this very night!' . . . All lay quiet and solemn, bathed in the gentle moonlight. The shadows of the trees looked as if they were nailed to the ground. When I approached the lovely goddess lying motionless in the grass, I almost feared that by the slightest sound I might awaken her. Her beautiful limbs seemed locked in deep slumber, rather than chained by some marble deity. I bent over her in order to admire her perfect features; shuddering fear held me back, while boyish desire impelled me towards

* *Scintillations from the Prose Works of Heinrich Heine*. Translated from the German by SIMON ADLER STERN. New York: Holt and Williams. 1873.
Monographs, Personal and Social. By LORD HOUGHTON. New York: Holt and Williams. 1873.
On the Eve. A Tale. By IVAN TURGENIEFF. Translated from the Russian by C. E. Turner. New York: Holt and Williams. 1873.

Betsy Lee, A Fo'c's'le Yarn. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

Enigmas of Life. By W. R. GREG. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Historical Essays. By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M. A., D. C. L., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Second Series. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

her; my heart beat as if I were about to commit a murder; and at last I kissed the lovely goddess! Since that time I have never kissed with such ardor, such tenderness, or such wild despair. Nor have I ever forgotten the sweet, shuddering sensation that flowed through my soul while my lips pressed the cold lips of marble. And let me tell you, Maria: while I stood there looking at you, I was reminded of the white statue in the green grass. . . . We left on the following day. I never saw the beautiful statue again, but it filled my heart for nearly four years, and awakened a strange passion for statuary, that has clung to me ever since. It was only this morning that I again felt its strength. After leaving the Laurentian library, I found myself, scarce knowing how I got there, in the chapel where Italy's noblest race peacefully rests on the bed of jewels it prepared for its couch. For full an hour I remained lost in contemplation of a female statue, whose powerful physique revealed the force and boldness of Michael Angelo, while the whole figure seemed enveloped in an atmosphere of ethereal sweetness, rarely looked for in the works of that master. It seemed as if the spirit of dreamland, with all its serene blissfulness, lay buried in that marble form; as if graceful repose dwelt in its beautifully proportioned limbs, and gentle moonlight flowed through its veins. It was NIGHT—By Michael Angelo Buonarroti. Ah! how gladly would I sleep the sleep eternal in the arms of such a night!"

All expressions of Heine's mind were tinged or interspersed with the same sort of passionate sentimentalism,—his criticism, satire, politics, religion, even his contempt. There was always something creative, too, in his writing; the poet in him constantly strove to give objective shape to what he felt or thought, and the process was the same, whether he was allegorizing his youthful love of beauty or recording his youthful detestation of England. No extract, however, can give a general idea of *Florentine Nights*; in fact, the tale is a wandering and wilful expression of Heine's mind upon anything that comes into it; and there is no unity in it save that of charm. We need not say, we suppose, that something of it is not for reading aloud to young ladies.

The other scintillations are as satisfactory as such selections can very well be; but probably each lover of Heine will find fault with them, as not the best, and, in his

turn, would doubtless choose passages which Mr. Stern might condemn for the same good reason. The book is prefaced by a very sensibly written sketch of Heine's life, with some study of his genius; and this also will not meet with much favor from his habitual readers. Indeed, he lends himself as little as any author that ever lived to the purposes of the biographer or critic, perhaps because he has himself so thoroughly done the work of autobiography and self-criticism that nothing really remains for others. He eludes even so subtle and delicate a touch as that of Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose essay on Heine is so inadequate; and even for the *reminiscencer* there was very little of him.

—This unmanageableness of Heine's character is also felt in the paper devoted to him among Lord Houghton's Monographs. The old ground is gone over again: Heine was born a Jew, with strong sympathies for romantic art, and an equally strong regret for the beauty of Greek paganism, and so he held a very perplexing relation to modern Lutheran, Philistine Germany, which was not simplified by his turning Christian, after a fashion; he was so much a democrat in principle as to be obliged to exile himself from Prussia, and he loathed the commonness of his fellow-revolutionists with such contemptuous frankness that they hated him; he adored the grandeur of the religions, Christian and Hebrew, which he scoffingly denied; he endured a martyrdom such as few men suffer with a patience which was not resignation, and a courage which was founded on no faith, or a faith that he laughed at and clung to by turns. These facts have been stated many times, but they always fail to explain Heine. He was a poetic humorist, and there is an end of the chapter; comment can only add obscurity. His character, perhaps because it is so hard to fathom or explain, remains perpetually fascinating; and the lover of his work is always so eager to learn more of his life that he will be thankful for some memories of Heine's last days, which Lord Houghton gives from the letter of an English lady. He had petted her and played with her when she was a child, and in Paris she went to see him when he lay stretched upon his ten years' bed of death, "his body so wasted that it seemed no bigger than a child under the sheet which covered him; the eyes closed; and the face altogether like the most painful and wasted 'Ecce Homo'."

ever painted by some old German painter. His voice was very weak, and I was astonished at the animation with which he talked. Evidently his mind had wholly survived his body. He raised his powerless eyelids with his thin white fingers. . . . When I kissed him, his beard felt like swandown or baby's hair, so weak had it grown, and his face seemed to me to have gained a certain beauty from pain and suffering. . . . On the whole, I never saw a man bear such horrible pain and misery in so perfectly unaffected a manner. He complained of his sufferings, and was pleased to see tears in my eyes, and then at once set to work to make me laugh heartily, which pleased him just as much. He neither paraded his anguish nor tried to conceal it, or to put on any stoical airs." This lady's reminiscences are given with a feeling that quite imparts the fantastic pathos of Heine's humorous personality in its most tragical attitude; but after all, the sketch is a very slight one, and for something fuller the reader must go to Alfred Meissner's *Erinnerungen*, which form in some sort a history of Heine's last years.

The most notable characteristic of Lord Houghton's book is the universality of the sympathy it expresses,—an amiable trait which Disraeli scarcely exaggerated in sketching him under the name of Mr. Vavasour in *Tancred*: "With catholic sympathies and an eclectic turn of mind, Mr. Vavasour saw something good in everybody and everything. . . . Vavasour liked to know everybody who was known, and to see everything which ought to be seen. His life was a gyration of energetic curiosity, an insatiable whirl of social celebrity. There was not a congregation of sages and philosophers in any part of Europe which he did not attend as a brother. He was present at the camp of Kalisch in his yeomanry uniform, and assisted at the festivals of Barcelona in an Andalusian jacket. He was everywhere and at everything; he had gone down in a diving-bell and up in a balloon. As for his acquaintances, he was welcomed in every land; his universal sympathies seemed omnipotent. Emperor and king, Jacobin and Carbonari, alike cherished him. He was the steward of Polish balls and the vindicator of Russian humanity; he dined with Louis Philippe and gave dinners to Louis Blanc." The notices of Heinrich Heine end a book of reminiscences which begins with Lord Houghton's recollections of the old Bonapartist

soldier, Colonel Selves, who died a Mohammedan in the service of the Egyptian Viceroy and is known as Suleiman Pasha. Such very diverse characters as Humboldt and Cardinal Wiseman and Walter Savage Landor and Sidney Smith, Lady Ashburton and the Miss Berrys, are remembered with the same generous and delicate perception, and yet with a conscientiousness which saves the record from being a mere eulogy. Each paper is in fact a very just if very gentle study of character; and the reader, whose conception of the vast London world is enlarged by the book, is also made to feel its limitations. We are not sure whether the portrait of so strong and wilful a humorist as Lady Ashburton is more delightful, or the pictures of the two Miss Berrys, with the pensive light of their love-disappointments thrown upon them, and the charm of their eighteenth-century old-fashion so pleasantly kept. We imagine them to be of the people totally impossible now, while Lady Ashburton is essentially of our outspoken, somewhat rude time. Many of her sayings which Lord Houghton gives are delicious, though they hardly bear repetition without his previous account of her. Still it is possible to feel without this the wit of her declaration that "A bore cannot be a good man, for the better a man is the greater bore he will be, and the more hateful he will make goodness." "The most dreadful thing against women is the character of the men that praise them," and "I like men to be men; you cannot get round them without," are each charming expressions of wit and humor.

It is not saying that the reminiscences of the other persons named are not delightful, to say that they are not so delightful as this. Landor, Sidney Smith, Humboldt, and Wiseman are hackneyed associations of all readers, but Lady Ashburton is in every way new. We cannot leave the volume without expressing our regret that so good a house as that of Messrs. Holt and Williams should have kept the archaic spelling of the English printers in such words as "humour," "honour," etc. In American reprints such orthography is a feeble affectation.

—"On the Eve," by Ivan Turgénieff, is a story in which, as usual with this author, the sweet phases of human existence are but slightly, if at all, brought into notice, the bitter everywhere made insistent and apparent. Ellen Nicholaevna, the heroine, is pass-

ing a summer in the country, near Moscow, with her mother; the father, Nicholas Artemvitch Stachoff, being generally absent, neglecting his sick wife for the society of a dubious kind of German widow in Moscow. The time is the year 1853. Ellen, "tall in stature, of a pale olive complexion, and slightly freckled, with a regularly formed nose and forehead, a mouth somewhat drawn in, and a pointed chin," indicates in her manner a certain abruptness and precipitancy "which could not please everybody, and which must have been repellent to many." Her characteristic singularity is, that she has a great tenderness for all injured and oppressed creatures, even insects and worms. Two young men are passing the summer near Ellen,—Shoubine, a handsome, pleasure-loving, careless youth, a sculptor; and Bersieneff, whose ambition it is to become a professor of law, or a philosopher. Bersieneff, in his timid, ungainly way, is in love with Ellen; and Shoubine suddenly declares to him that he also loves her, but that Ellen returns only Bersieneff's regard. The latter introduces to her a friend of his, Insaroff, a Bulgarian, who lives with the single aim of liberating his country from the rule of the Turks. Ellen, who has really only verged upon attachment to Bersieneff, falls in love with this friend, though not without strange dreads and dark forebodings which she cannot define. He, finding that *he* loves *her*, resolves to fly, that he may not turn aside from his patriotic purpose. Ellen cannot let him go: he attempts to return to Moscow, without saying good by. She wanders vaguely forth from her mother's house, in irresponsible despair, and encounters him. Again he tries to escape by an assumed coldness, but fails; and they become engaged. This episode is wrought out with such delicate art that we are troubled by no suspicion of boldness in her conduct; we see that she has been urged beyond reserve by the overpowering sympathy she has learned to feel in Insaroff's life-work. He returns to his studies in Moscow; and meantime Ellen's father brings into the field an approved suitor for her hand. There follows an interval of suspense for Ellen,—of doubt and reaction, and renewed loyalty to Insaroff. On her return to Moscow, Insaroff learns that he must at once repair to Bulgaria. She is ready to go with him, to die with him. But Insaroff falls sick: his life is even despaired of; and the winter passes off. Meantime, Bersieneff, disappointed in

his love, and even before their engagement cognizant of Ellen's love for Insaroff, devotes himself faithfully to his happier rival. On his recovery, Ellen is secretly married to him. That she has maintained an intimacy with Insaroff, and even been to his room during his illness, is discovered by her father, whose virtuous indignation, however, proves a failure. Ellen and her husband leave Moscow for Venice, but there Insaroff dies. Ellen embarks for Dalmatia with his body, and is overtaken by a storm. Nothing more is ever heard of her; but, as she had previously written to her parents, bidding them a final farewell, in any case, it remains uncertain whether she lives or has perished.

The book is full of Turgénieff's peculiar power, that by which he gives us again the fresh, abruptly fractured surfaces of ordinary life, together with the immeasurable depth of their suggestions. It abounds in touches of high power and pathos; very tender is that last relenting of the flimsy father, where, arriving in hot haste, before his daughter's departure, he drinks champagne with her and with Insaroff, while the tears roll down his cheeks; and the style is marked by that studied independence of mere literary graces which appears in the author's other novels. We observe, also, his clear painter's eye for nature; and his fine, artistic impartiality, which enables his characters to stand apart from him, and be themselves: only, there is the all-pervading, grim sarcasm of the Russians. It may be doubted whether Turgénieff's determined realism does not sometimes carry him too far, in the description of passages which will hardly bear such treatment, however pure the artist's motive, without becoming a little more acceptable to the vicious than the virtuous. But, for the rest, too much cannot be said, in urging a faithful study and careful record, by all readers, of his keen poetic sensibility and his finished and forcible method.

—Betsy Lee, a Fo'c's'le Yarn, is the latest outcome of a kind of writing that is popular just now, but the best examples of which date as far back as the first series of *The Biglow Papers*, and the *Ballads of Policeman X*. It is hardly fair, however, to class the pithy lyrics of the bard of Jaalam, or even the witty rhymes of the London policeman, with the mongrel dialect poems of the day. Mr. Thackeray's verses are at least consistent in their orthography, and the Glossary which the Rev. Homer

Wilbur has added to the later editions of The Biglow Papers shows with what painful care that editor has studied the peculiarities of rural New England language. A little dialect is a dangerous thing. The poetic feet which have attempted to walk in the footprints of Hosea Biglow's delicious muse have done so, it must be confessed, in a singularly lame and piteous fashion. It is only the utmost amiability that will accept a *pot-pourri* of London street slang and stage Yankee, with a sprinkling of Southern and Western phrases, as a dialect. A wise Providence, for reasons not always visible to the naked human eye, has permitted many strange things on earth; but, surely, it never allowed a class of people, or even a solitary individual, to talk as Artemas Ward and the disciples of his school have written.

Betsy Lee is a story supposed to be told by a Manx sailor to a knot of messmates assembled in a forecastle. We are far from being familiar with the Manx dialect; but if this is in any sense a reproduction of it, it is a very uninteresting dialect indeed. It appears that a Manx sailor, in his ordinary conversation, pronounces the same word in two or three different ways; that he has read Herbert Spencer, and Carlyle, and Prof. Huxley; that he can be in the same breath nearly sublime and wholly ridiculous; and that he possesses at once the coarseness of an Elizabethan dramatist and the delicacy of a Tennyson. The story is not without a certain flow of its own, and is not lacking in sharp characterization; but the reader is repelled at every turn by some vulgarity that seems almost incredible, until he rereads the offending line. From an artistic point, the really lovely passages in the poem are nearly as offensive as the coarse; the latter are, likely enough, dramatically correct, but the former are simply impossible on the lips of the speaker. It is only when they are removed from the hopelessly gross context that one discovers and appreciates the homely beauty which lurks in verses like these:—

"For it 's no use the whole world talking to me,
If I 'd never seen nothin of Betsy Lee
Except her foot, I was bound to know
That she was as pure as the driven snow.
For there 's feet that houlds on like a cat on a roof,
And there 's feet that thumps like an elephant's
hoof;
There 's feet that goes trundlin on like a barra,
And some that 's crooky, some as straight as an
arra ;

There 's feet that 's thick, and feet that 's thin,
And some turnin out and some turnin in ;
And there 's feet that can run, and feet that can
walk,
Ay, feet that can laugh, and feet that can talk ;
But an innocent fut — it 's got the spring
That you feel when you tread on the mountain
ling ;
And it 's tied to the heart, and not to the hip,
And it moves with the eye, and it moves with the lip.
I suppose it 's God that makes, when He wills,
Them beautiful things — with the lift of his hills,
And the waft of his winds, and his calms and his
storms,
And his work and his rest ; and that 's how
He forms
A simple wench to be true and free,
And to move like a piece of poetry."

The plot of the poem is scarcely worth analysis; it is neither very fresh nor very ingenious, but it might have been made effective by a skilful hand. In brief, Betsy Lee, in spite of incongruous bursts of genuine pathos, and occasional evidence of descriptive power, is a tiresome performance. You feel that the story-teller is masquerading in the thinnest of disguises; it is evidently a young London literary swell, who has hired a sailor's costume from the wardrobe of the Adelphi Theatre. There is only one thing that can be said in praise of his poetry, and poetry of this kind generally,—the less you read it the better you like it.

—Along with the wide-spreading scientific work of the present time, which goes far toward determining the character of the age, there are also indications of a very profound and almost equally new form of intellectual investigation, which has borrowed from science that judicial quality which consists in looking things straight in the face, and of drawing conclusions without any undue dread of shocking conventional prejudice or our tender feelings. The problems of life are as old as life itself; but nowadays we are more inclined to be lenient to a man who confesses his inability to solve them than was the case when all were taught a solution, and any doubter was as likely to be vainglorious with his doubts as were those who were attacked to be arrogant with their answers. It is certainly an interesting time to live, when one sees all the most important questions which the mind of man can ask brought forward for discussion without irreverence, and without impatient eagerness for an answer. We may be as far from their solution as ever, but the existence of a spirit of toleration on both sides is something to be glad

of. Mr. Greg's *Enigmas of Life* is neither a collection of puzzles nor a guide-book to Utopia, but a series of chapters with the following titles: *Realizable Ideals*, *Malthus Notwithstanding*, *Non-survival of the Fittest*, *Limits and Directions of Human Development*, *The Significance of Life*, *De Profundis*, *Elsewhere*, — vague-sounding names for his discussion of some of the questions which are continually calling for the attention of every thoughtful man. He is far from coming to their consideration from what is the common and somewhat conventional starting-point for the treatment of such questions, namely, one of theological partisanship; nor, on the other hand, does he stand aloof, regarding them unsympathetically, from the outside. He everywhere, as he is careful to tell us in his Preface, assumes the existence of a Creator, and of a continued life beyond the grave. With regard to this life and the difficulties which beset it, he writes with a temperate optimism, a subdued hope in the future, with a fair statement of what might be done, and we can all hope may yet be done, when men will do what they know to be best. He looks forward with hope to the time when science will be more systematically directed to the improvement of the condition of men, when its laws will have more weight in controlling human conduct, when the human race will give to itself the attention which it gives to everything else in the world. Not, it is hardly necessary to say, that he expects human beings to be transformed into faultless machines; but he does expect a slow improvement in the world, with regard to sanitary laws, control of the passions, treatment of others, law-making, etc. Nowhere does he give a series of practical directions which shall set the world running in a smooth groove, and teach its inhabitants calmly to sit by and rejoice over their own perfection and happiness: he merely indicates what may be done, but with no expectation that life will ever be too easy.

His mode of treating other questions — the eternal whence and why — may perhaps be best seen by an extract:

"Of the dark riddles and incomprehensible anomalies and strange perplexities of which life is full, some, very few, we *can* unravel; of others we can discern just enough to guess at the solution. The deepest and the saddest must ever remain to try our faith, and to grieve our hearts. We see enough to make us believe there is a solu-

tion, and that that solution is such as will accord with the serene perfections of the Godhead. . . . The infinite slowness with which man marches to his final goal; the feebleness and vacillation with which he works out his allotted destiny; his frequent apparent retrogressions into barbarism and iniquity; the ebbs and flows of the tide of civilization, — to all these we may be reconciled by the supposition that perhaps the imperfect conditions of our Being render this progress at once the surest and fastest possible. But there are stranger and gloomier perplexities than these. There are chastisements that do not chasten; there are trials that do not purify, and sorrows that do not elevate; there are pains and privations that harden the tender heart, without softening the stubborn will; there is 'light that leads astray'; there are virtues that dig their own grave." In this extract he does no more than state the difficulties which are forever presenting themselves to all who are not engrossed with material cares. Perhaps as curious a thing to observe in this book is the way in which everything is treated by the light of the intellect alone, or, rather, more nearly alone than is generally the truth. All that the intellect can do is to state the case; it can hardly do anything further, any more than the emotions can be of use in science, say, in the study of chemistry. Still, even to state fairly these baffling problems, to look at them dispassionately, is more than most do. It is healthful to the mind, it is a preservative against morbidness, as well as against overweening self-confidence. In conclusion, we would warmly commend the book as a valuable contribution to one of the most interesting questions always agitating the human mind, and now and notably by this author discussed with great fairness. He nowhere lifts the veil of mystery that overhangs the universe; but he does a good deal towards removing the obscurity that enshrouds much of what lies between what man can consciously amend, and what he must leave to time to set right and, possibly, explain.

— Every student of history, and especially of ancient history, will gladly welcome a volume of Mr. Freeman's *Essays*, in which he collects much of his work that has been contributed to various English reviews and journals during the last fifteen years. Before presenting them anew to the reader, he has given them a careful revision, scrupulously correcting former statements by

frequent foot-notes, and omitting much that time has made too familiar or less useful at the present day. As we have said, this volume contains his writings on ancient history, and of, perhaps, the widest interest will be found the essays on Curtius's History of Greece and Mommsen's History of Rome. Mr. Freeman never loses himself in blind admiration of what he is writing about, and we cannot help feeling grateful to him for his good words for Grote, whom he is by no means disposed to lay on the shelf in his devotion to his later German rival. Nor, we take it, is he carping in what he says about Curtius. He says: "It is really wonderful how many histories of Greece may be written, each of them thoroughly good in its own way, and yet none of which allows us to dispense with the others. We believe that the impetuous generation which now presides over education at Oxford has long ago thrown Bishop Thirlwall behind the fire. Yet no rational English student of Grecian history would think that he had mastered his subject, unless he had compared both Thirlwall and Grote with one another, and with the original writers. So now, though we should recommend every such student to read Curtius without fail, we in nowise hold that his reading of Curtius at all lets him off from the duty of reading both Grote and Thirlwall also." And furthermore: "In a subject like Grecian or Roman history, it is specially mischievous to rely on any one modern guide. Each writer, if he is fit for his work, will suggest valuable matter for thought; but none of them can be entitled to implicit submission. Each will look at things differently, according to his natural turn of mind, according to his place of birth, his political party, and the many other influences which affect a man's point of view. One writer will succeed best in one part of his subject, another in another. Thirlwall, Grote, Curtius, others besides, all have their use; each teaches something which the others do not teach; each is the strongest in some particular part of their common subject. A careful student will read and weigh them all, but he will decline to pledge himself as the bond-slave of any one among them." With these words we think our readers will agree, even if their

practice should be different. Not all, we must remember, can call themselves students of Grecian and Roman history; for it is the historian, after all, it might not be unfair to say, who leaves the impression on the reader's mind. A few pages, consisting of an article reprinted from the Saturday Review, contain his charges against Mommsen, the reading of whose work is nowadays held to be the crowning piece of a thorough education. He gives him credit for all his good qualities, which do, indeed, deserve praise, but he blames him for his abuse of certain men, such as Pompey, Cato, and, specially, of Cicero. He objects also to his inaccuracy in defining the position of Sulla and Cæsar by the terms *Regent* and *King*, respectively. The most serious charge is that of his indifference to the notions of right and wrong. "He cannot understand," Mr. Freeman says, "that a small state can have any rights against a great one, or that a patriot in such a state can be anything but a fool." In other words, Mommsen is a human being with prejudices like all the rest of us. But that fact does not establish his innocence. With all Mr. Freeman's praise of Mr. Grote, there are long discussions of his treatment of the Athenian democracy, and of Alexander the Great, in which he tempers his approbation with blame. The essay on Mr. Gladstone's Homer and the Homeric Age was an excellent one at the time, but, from the point of view from which it was written, it reads now like slaughtering the dead, at least as far as the influence of the book in this country is concerned. The essays on The Historians of Athens, Lucius Cornelius Sulla, and the Flavian Cæsars, will all be found interesting reading. In the first named, specially, the author is at his best, in the discrimination between the three great historians of Greece. The last two are important chapters to any student of Roman history. Everywhere in this volume, we must say in conclusion, we find traces of great care, of thoroughness, and an earnest seeking of exactness. There is a certain pugnacity in the manner; but the writer is very careful to fix himself on facts, to make sure of his ground before hazarding rash statements. It will be found to be a very suggestive book.

ART.

THE second annual exhibition of drawings from the free industrial-drawing classes and the Boston public schools has amply justified all who have encouraged or believed in the movement from which it results. The public-school drawings indicate the character of work which every pupil in every Boston school is at present engaged with. Six specimens were selected from the every-day work of each class in every municipal school, making a total of some twenty thousand elementary drawings. These, it must be remembered, are the result of the obligatory study of drawing in the common schools, and quite independent of the free industrial classes. They show, however, the sort of education which should precede that now carried on in those classes, in order to give this its full force. For the purpose of exhibition, they were arranged under the general heads of primary, and the six grades of grammar schools, and finally high and normal schools, and the Latin School. A second subdivision into five classes explains the character of study involved in each drawing. The five exercises adopted by the State director of art education are: drawing (1) from blackboard, (2) from flat copy, (3) from dictation, (4) from memory, and (5) original designs. It had been intended to introduce a sixth exercise, namely, geometrical drawing; but the expense of providing instruments has made a postponement necessary. It will be seen, however, that the system at present practised is sufficient to call into play a considerable variety of perceptions, the development of which is vitally essential to success in the subsequent study of the art. In drawing from the blackboard, the pupils are required to diminish, and in drawing from the flat copy, on the other hand, to enlarge proportionally, upon the model. The dictation, of course, serves to impress upon the minds of the very young students, who form so large a proportion in these schools, the definitions of various lines, and to cultivate the sense of their relation one to another. In the drawing from memory, some particular example previously studied is referred to, by number, by the teacher, and the pupil is then obliged to recall or recreate it on paper. This is an admirable provision. Nothing can be

more important, in the plastic arts, than to cultivate the ability for remembering form. It is well, therefore, that the educator's hand should be set to this particular part of the wheel, at an early period in the cultivation of the individual artistic faculty. The mode of calling out original design should be noticed. The teacher draws for the pupil the several factors of the proposed design; giving him, for example, the conventional outline of the ivy-leaf, with a cluster of berries, or, perhaps, two clusters, varying in the numbers of berries. With these materials, the pupil is required to work up his design, in pure outline, filling with it a given space of a fixed shape. The variety and predominant good taste and frequent grace which characterize these designs is extraordinary. We find among them sketches by children from ten to fifteen years old which might well be recommended to some of the professed designers who prepare for us their gaudy discomfort of decoration, not only in railroad cars, but also in much more venerable and permanent structures. A good many specimens of map-drawing were displayed, — a less creditable exercise, and only existing, we believe, on sufferance; and though, to be sure, it offers an opportunity for applying the acquired skill of the eye to the gaining of useful knowledge. At bottom, it is not very discordant with the whole principle of the public-school art instruction, which is emphatically this: that drawing should not be recognized as a specialty, but only regarded as a means, until the high school is reached. Up to that point it is merely the gradual development of a faculty hitherto generally neglected, — a quickening of the sight. Shading is not permitted in the primary or grammar schools, the entire effort being concentrated upon outline, and the subjects are all very simple. The high and normal schools displayed some excellent drawings from objects, with all the repose of rounding shade and liquid light which could be expected. Many of the students of this grade, however, have been obliged to confine themselves to subjects on a level with those of the lower schools, for want of proper previous training; and there are only two instances of an effort to reproduce natural objects, — one a study

from a sprig of budding willow, and another from apple-blossoms, — a scarcity we must regret. But when it is considered that the teachers in the public schools have themselves been obliged to learn, within a short time, what they have imparted to their pupils, it is impossible not to feel a delightful surprise at the already fine fruits of their labors. We next come to the industrial classes' drawings. Some fifteen cities were represented this year, several that contributed last year having, for unknown or insufficient reasons, dropped out, and others not having yet made up their minds to enter the ranks of progress. There were also independent contributions from the architectural class of the Institute of Technology, and the Lowell free School of Practical Design (also connected with the Institute); and, while the former offered an illustration of what might be hoped for in future, in the way of instrumental drawing, from the advancing industrial classes, the latter — the School of Practical Design — only illustrated the abortive nature of all instruction expended upon people who have not been developed by some such sufficient system as that which is now in its second year and may be expected soon to supply the Lowell school with better material. The number of instrumental drawings in this collection from the industrial schools was about six hundred, and of free-hand about five hundred. The difference in the quality of work from different quarters illustrated very clearly the importance of good apparatus for the schools at the start. The Taunton display was very strong, owing to the good provision made in that city; while Newburyport, with doubtless good intentions, was able to do almost nothing, owing to a corresponding lack of provision. From the Boston Evening High School, and the Haverhill Industrial Art-School came an imposing array of mechanical drawings. Particularly noticeable was a set of working designs for a dwelling-house, by a boy of fourteen, indicating an easy mastery of his subject. The contributions of the South Boston Art-School, too, deserve special notice. Organized only in December, 1872, it has, within less than five months, reached such a point of practical efficiency as to present to the public, at this exhibition, nearly a hundred drawings, shaded and in outline, free-hand and instrumental. Most of the drawings of mouldings, etc., and from the human form, such as would be better if done from

plaster, have, we see, been drawn from the copy. The same thing occurs in the beginners' section of the Appleton Street free-hand schools. But this is probably only owing to the lack of a sufficient supply of casts. The most interesting among the beginners' work, in the latter school, was a Theseus of the Pantheon, by a stucco-worker of twenty. A wonderful progress was visible in the work of the advanced section. The greater number of its drawings are finished in the English style; but several examples of the French method were also offered, which, with its greater boldness, — the principle being to learn through an energetic commission and correction of error, — will furnish an excellent complement to the Kensington method. A particularly praiseworthy work of the latter kind was a crayon-drawing by W. B. Closson from a cast of Donatello's St. Cecilia, the very low and delicately varied relief of which make it a difficult subject. The stump, we see, is still freely used, even in this finest work; and we could wish to see some instances of finish with the unaided crayon or pencil point. Taken all in all, however, the demonstrations of the system of art education in Massachusetts have been thus far highly satisfactory in their results, and warrant the hope of a robust maturity for a scheme still in its infancy. The most pressing immediate want appears to be that of competent teachers; and before that can be met, a normal school for them is absolutely necessary. Moreover, there is still a good deal of apathy to be combated, in quarters where it should not exist, as, for instance, in Lowell, a city which should have seen to it that its industrial drawings had been better in the recent exhibition.

— When Charles Knight went to his honored rest, a few weeks ago, the world was poorer by the loss of a man who had spent his whole life, and earnestly used all his powers, in the service of popular education. It is for others to relate the various ways in which he worked at his high task; one of them only concerns us here, — the efforts he made to reproduce, for the instruction of the common people of England, those works of art in engraving and painting the costliness and rarity of which confine them to the custody of public museums or shut them up in the cabinets and portfolios of private collectors. This useful and elevating work was always done in connection with the cheap books he was forever planning and executing. Accurate and interest-

ing information made his illustrations of famous work doubly valuable; and if the fashion of much that he accomplished in these illustrations is a little strange to our time, and falls far behind in artistic excellence the work done by the London Illustrated News, the London Graphic, or the French publications so little known among us, yet so well deserving to be known,—*Le Magazin Pittoresque*, *Le Tour du Monde*,—we must blame Mr. Knight's time for this, and not him. He did the best he could; employed the best artists he could get to work for him; and few were the artists of note who would condescend to work for cheap publications in those days. Stothard, Westall, Smirke, and the rest designed profusely; but almost all their work was engraved on steel, and for the most part was for books that, by reason either of their price or their subjects, had no circulation among the masses.

In the time of Mr. Knight's greatest activity, wood-engraving was the cheapest process of art-reproduction known, for lithography was then in its infancy. And lithography was really no substitute, for it cannot be used in connection with type-printing, and it is as dependent on the artist as wood-engraving itself. A process was wanted by which copies of drawings and engravings could be made cheaply and quickly, without the intervention of a person to reproduce the originals upon metal, wood, or stone being first necessary. Even the invention of the photograph—still for us in its infancy—came too late for the founders of the Penny Magazine and the Library of Entertaining Knowledge; and it must be confessed that it is only very lately we have been any better off than they were.

The invention of the photograph has, of course, been of immense popular service; no discovery so great, in its relation to the great problem of disseminating instruction among the people, since the invention of printing. Photolithography, too, was an invention that promised much, more, perhaps, than it has been able to perform; but it is a troublesome, expensive, and uncertain process, and has not yet done more than prove to us the possibility of doing something. Yet one can fancy the interest with which a quick-witted, ingenious man like Knight, eager to use his wit and his ingenuity for the benevolent purposes that filled his mind, would have watched the development of Daguerre's great discovery, as, kindling from contact with minds

akin to that of the ingenious Frenchman, it pushed rapidly on from the daguerreotype to the Talbot-type, the photograph, the photolithograph, the zinc-type, and other variations, until at length it culminated in the popular invention of the heliotype. What, would these great educators have said could they have held in their hands these reproductions of works—many of them so rare as to be known only to amateurs and collectors—now put before the public at prices merely nominal? For the heliotype, is, in reality, the first practical solution of this important problem. The well-to-do amateur, if not rich enough to collect the original etchings and engravings of the masters,—and it takes money in these days to indulge the taste even to a moderate extent,—can, at least, come very near to the originals by purchasing the copies furnished by the French processes, Photogravure and Heliogravure,—processes by which have been secured the most perfect fac-similes that have ever been obtained; so perfect, in fact, as to leave nothing to be desired. The first named of these two processes* has thus far been principally applied to the reproduction of modern work; though if we rightly understand that the copy of Antonello da Messina's magnificent portrait of a Condottiere in the Louvre is taken direct from the original painting, there is opened a new and unexpected door of discovery, and the photograph is already superseded as a means of copying pictures. The second-named process, that of Heliogravure, is only known to us by its results in the important publication, Etchings and Engravings of the Old Masters chosen from the most celebrated Collections;† but in this

* The process Photogravure has not been employed thus far in any serial publication, but a half-dozen plates have been issued in Paris by Goupil & Co. The following are the subjects: E. Detaille, *Grenadier de la garde Impériale — Tenue de Campagne*. This is, we believe, from a water-color drawing, and the copy has all the appearance of a fine drawing in India ink. Ingres, *Portrait of a Lady*, 1813. This is from a pencil-drawing, and the effect is well given. Jules Bréton, *Le Récolte des Pommes-de-terre*. This is probably from the original sketch in crayons of the famous picture. Antonello da Messina, *Condottiere* (Louvre). Meissonier, *Homme d'armes*, 1857. Vernet-de-Conte, *Une Almée*. The last three are from paintings, and, as we are informed, the process prints the picture directly upon the paper. It is a remarkable invention. Of these prints, the Antonello da Messina and the Bréton are incomparably fine.

† Heliogravure Amand-Durand. Eaux-fortes et gravures des Maîtres Anciens tirées des collections

its first public essay it has surpassed all that has hitherto been accomplished.

But these publications, splendid and satisfying as they are, are not for the use of the large number of people who wish to be instructed in regard to the master works of etching and engraving, but whose means are small. The portfolios of M. Amand-Durand and of Goupil & Co. are not intended to meet the wants of the same class that were taught by the Penny Magazine, and the little books on Pompeii, the Elgin marbles and the Townley gallery of the Useful Knowledge Society, the class that to-day depend on the Illustrated News and the *Magazin Pittoresque*. They will welcome, rather, the coming of the heliotype, which gives them a cheap, sufficient guide into the pleasant domain of the engraver, where if the student shall find anything attractive he can push the study of it as he has leisure and opportunity.

The mechanical processes by which the heliotype prints are produced have been so often explained, and are so simple, that we do not need to repeat them here. The pictures made by heliotypy differ from those made by either of the French processes, "Heliogravure" or "Photogravure," in that there is nothing like what is implied in the word *gravure*, no process of *engraving* used. They are simply photographs printed in printers' ink at an ordinary printing-press. They are produced with great rapidity, and independently of light; they are as permanent as engravings; they require no mounting, but come from the press with clean margins, finished and ready for binding or framing.

We are not concerned here either with the mechanical processes of the heliotype or with its application to the industrial arts, with the cheapness and facility with which it can multiply copies of plans, documents, architects' and engineers' designs, etc., etc. We are only to say a word about its work as an educator in the arts of etching and engraving. This seems to us a work of quite inestimable value; there must be many people to whom it will come as a real helper and benefactor. And yet, after all, it makes but a modest offer. It does not profess to be able to show us what Rembrandt, Dürer, Lucas von Leyden, Marc

Antonio *are*, but only what they are like, and rather what they have to say about the subjects they take than precisely how they say it. Of these great artists it can give us all of certain qualities that go to make their greatness, and it can give us much of the rest; and even of what we are as yet obliged to resign ourselves to doing without,—there is no knowing how soon the process may be so far improved as to give us that too. The defects of many of the most important prints thus far published are owing, not to the process, but to the fact that the originals from which the copies were made were—though the best that could then be procured—far from satisfactory impressions. Of course, the better the impressions, the better the results; and if the publishers' offer—not only to take the best possible care of prints intrusted to them for copying, but to insure them to their full value—could be met, as it has been in at least one case, by a generous response, the public would be greatly benefited. For we may say that the wonderful results obtained by the publishers of the French Heliogravure process are largely due to the fact that in every case, or nearly every case, the print copied has been loaned for the purpose by some one of the famous collectors, either M. Firmin Didot or M. Dutuit, or M. Gallichon, or M. Rothschild; and for brilliancy, condition, and all the qualities and accidents that make the hearts of connoisseurs leap up, these examples may be said to be unique.

Now, we have very fine Rembrandts, Dürers, Lucas van Leydens, Marc Antonios in this country, in private hands, and if American collectors know how to be as generous as collectors in Europe, we may easily carry the production of the heliotype press to a much higher point than we have yet reached, though that is no despicable point either. As it is, we venture to ask for them a wider circulation, and a circulation in all places where the young can see them, and be taught by them. In the children's play-room, on the school-room wall, these prints will be at home, and they are so cheap that they may easily be given out as prizes or rewards in schools and classes. This, to our thinking, is their chief value,—the ease with which they enable the young and the people of small means to get a beginning of practical knowledge about famous artists of whom a world of writing has been written, but here in America scarcely anything ever seen.

les plus célèbres, et publiées avec le concours de M. Edouard Lièvre; notes de M. Georges Duplessis, bibliothécaire du département des Estampes à la Bibliothèque nationale. Prix de la livraison de dix planches 40 francs.

MUSIC.

FOR music-lovers in America the great event of the season has been the performance of Mr. Paine's oratorio, *St. Peter*, at Portland, June 3. This event is important, not only as the first appearance of an American oratorio, but also as the first direct proof we have had of the existence of creative musical genius in this country. For Mr. Paine's *Mass in D*—a work which was brought out with great success several years ago in Berlin—has, for some reason or other, not particularly to the credit, one would think, of our best known choral associations, never been performed here. And, with the exception of Mr. Paine, we know of no American hitherto who has shown either the genius or the culture requisite for writing music in the grand style, although there is some of the Kapellmeister music, written by our leading organists and choristers, which deserves very honorable mention. But while such works as Mr. Dudley Buck's *Forty-sixth Psalm* or Mr. Whiting's *Mass in C minor*—admirably performed at Mount Pleasant, Boston Highlands, some two or three years ago—may bear a comparison with the best modern English music by Costa or Bennett, a higher place must be claimed for Mr. Paine. Concerning the rank likely to be assigned by posterity to *St. Peter* it would be foolish now to speculate; and it would be unwise to bring it into direct comparison with masterpieces like the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, and *St. Paul*, the greatness of which has been so long acknowledged. Longer familiarity with the work is needed before such comparisons, always of somewhat doubtful value, can be profitably undertaken. But it must at least be said, as the net result of our impressions derived from the performance at Portland, that Mr. Paine's oratorio has fairly earned for itself the right to be judged by the same high standard which we apply to these noble works of Mendelssohn and Handel.

In our limited space we can give only the briefest description of the general structure of the work. The founding of Christianity, as illustrated in four principal scenes of the life of *St. Peter*, supplies the material for the dramatic development of the subject. The overture, beginning with

an adagio movement in B-flat minor, gives expression to the vague yearnings of that time of doubt and hesitancy when the "oracles were dumb," and the dawning of a new era of stronger and diviner faith was matter of presentiment rather than of definite hope or expectation. Though the tonality is at first firmly established, yet as the movement becomes more agitated, the final tendency of the modulations also becomes uncertain, and for a few bars it would seem as if the key of F-sharp minor might be the point of destination. But after a short melody by the wind instruments, accompanied by a rapid upward movement of strings, the dominant chord of C major asserts itself, being repeated, with sundry inversions, through a dozen bars, and leading directly into the triumphant and majestic chorus, "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The second subject, introduced by the word "repent" descending through the interval of a diminished seventh and contrasted with the florid counterpoint of the phrase, "and believe the glad tidings of God," is a masterpiece of contrapuntal writing, and, if performed by a choir of three hundred or four hundred voices, would produce an overpowering effect. The divine call of Simon Peter and his brethren is next described in a tenor recitative; and the acceptance of the glad tidings is expressed in an aria, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me," which, by an original but appropriate conception, is given to the soprano voice. In the next number, the disciples are dramatically represented by twelve basses and tenors, singing in four-part harmony, and alternating or combining with the full chorus in description of the aims of the new religion. The proem ends with the choral, "How lovely shines the Morning Star!" Then follows the sublime scene from Matthew xvi. 14-18, where Peter declares his master to be "the Christ, the Son of the living God,"—one of the most impressive scenes, we have always thought, in the gospel history, and here not inadequately treated. The feeling of mysterious and awful grandeur awakened by Peter's bold exclamation, "Thou art the Christ," is powerfully rendered by the entrance of the trombones.

upon the inverted subdominant triad of C-sharp minor, and their pause upon the dominant of the same key. Throughout this scene the characteristic contrast between the ardent vigor of Peter and the sweet serenity of Jesus is well delineated in the music. After Peter's stirring aria, "My heart is glad," the dramatic climax is reached in the C-major chorus, "The Church is built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets."

The second scene is carried out to somewhat greater length, corresponding nearly to the last half of the first part of *Elijah*, from the point where the challenge is given to the prophets of Baal. In the opening passages of mingled recitative and arioso, Peter is forewarned that he shall deny his Master, and his half-indignant remonstrance is sustained, with added emphasis, by the voices of the twelve disciples, pitched a fourth higher. Then Judas comes, with a great multitude, and Jesus is carried before the high-priest. The beautiful F-minor chorus, "We hid our faces from him," furnishes the musical comment upon the statement that "the disciples all forsook him and fled." We hardly dare to give full expression to our feelings about this chorus (which during the past month has been continually singing itself over and over again in our recollection), lest it should be supposed that our enthusiasm has got the better of our sober judgment. The second theme, "He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, yet he opened not his mouth," is quite Handel-like in the simplicity and massiveness of its magnificent harmonic progressions. With the scene of the denial, for which we are thus prepared, the dramatic movement becomes exceedingly rapid, and the rendering of the events in the high-priest's hall — Peter's bass recitative alternating its craven protestations with the clamorous agitato chorus of the servants — is stirring in the extreme. The contralto aria describing the Lord's turning and looking upon Peter is followed by the orchestra with a lament in B-flat minor, introducing the bass aria of the repentant and remorse-stricken disciple, "O God, my God, forsake me not." As the last strains of the lamentation die away, a choir of angels is heard, of sopranos and contraltos divided, singing, "Remember from whence thou art fallen," to an accompaniment of harps. The second theme, "He that overcometh shall receive a crown of life," is introduced

in full chorus, in a cheering allegro movement, preparing the way for a climax higher than any yet reached in the course of the work. This climax — delayed for a few moments by an andante aria for a contralto voice, "The Lord is faithful and righteous" — at last bursts upon us with a superb crescendo of strings, and the words, "Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." This chorus, which for reasons presently to be given was heard at considerable disadvantage at Portland, contains some of the best fugue-writing in the work, and is especially rich and powerful in its instrumentation.

The second part of the oratorio begins with the crucifixion and ascension of Jesus. Here we must note especially the deeply pathetic opening chorus, "The Son of Man was delivered into the hands of sinful men," the joyous allegro, "And on the third day he rose again," the choral, "Jesus, my Redeemer, lives," and the quartet, "Feed the flock of God," commenting upon the command of Jesus, "Feed my lambs." This quartet has all the heavenly sweetness of Handel's "He shall feed his flock," which it suggests by similarity of subject, though not by similarity of treatment; but in a certain quality of inwardness, or religious meditateness, it reminds one more of Mr. Paine's favorite master, Bach. The choral, like the one in the first part and the one which follows the scene of Pentecost, is taken from the *Lutheran Choral Book*, and arranged with original harmony and instrumentation, in accordance with the custom of Bach, Mendelssohn, and other composers, "of introducing into their sacred compositions the old popular choral melodies which are the peculiar offspring of a religious age." Thus the noblest choral ever written, the "Sleepers, wake," in St. Paul, was composed in 1604 by Prætorius, the harmonization and accompaniment only being the work of Mendelssohn.

In St. Peter, as in *Elijah*, the second part, while forming the true musical climax of the oratorio, admits of a briefer description than the first part. The wave of emotion answering to the sensuously dramatic element having partly-spent itself, the wave of lyric emotion gathers fresh strength, and one feels that one has reached the height of spiritual exaltation, while, nevertheless, there is not so much which one can describe to others who may not

happen to have gone through with the same experience. Something of the same feeling one gets in studying Dante's *Paradiso*, after finishing the preceding divisions of his poem: there is less which can be pictured to the eye of sense, or left to be supplied by the concrete imagination. Nevertheless, in the scene of Pentecost, which follows that of the Ascension, there is no lack of dramatic vividness. Indeed, there is nothing in the work more striking than the orchestration of the introductory tenor recitative, the mysterious chorus, "The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire," or the amazed query which follows, "Behold, are not all these who speak Galileans? and how is it that we every one hear them in our own tongue wherein we were born?" We have heard the opinion expressed that Mr. Paine's oratorio must be lacking in originality, since it suggests such strong reminiscences of St. Paul. Now, this suggestion, it seems to us, is due partly to the similarity of the subjects, independently of any likeness in the modes of treatment, and partly, perhaps, to the fact that Mr. Paine, as well as Mendelssohn, has been a devoted student of Bach, whose characteristics are so strong that they may well have left their mark upon the works of both composers. But especially it would seem that there is some real, though very general, resemblance between this colloquial chorus, "Behold," etc., and some choruses in St. Paul, as, for example, Nos. 29 and 36-38. In the same way the scene in the high-priest's hall might distantly suggest either of these passages, or others in Elijah. These resemblances, however, are very superficial, pertaining not to the musical but to the dramatic treatment of situations which are generically similar in so far, and only in so far, as they represent conversational passages between an apostle or prophet and an ignorant multitude, whether amazed or hostile, under the sway of violent excitement. As regards the musical elaboration of these terse and striking alternations of chorus and recitative, its originality can be questioned only after we have decided to refer all originality on such matters to Bach, or, indeed, even behind him, into the Middle Ages.

After the preaching of Peter, and the sweet contralto aria, "As for man, his days are as grass," the culmination of this scene comes in the D-major chorus, "This is the witness of God." What follows, beginning with the choral, "Praise to the Fa-

ther," is to be regarded as an epilogue or peroration to the whole work. It is in accordance with a sound tradition that the grand sacred drama of an oratorio should conclude with a lyric outburst of thanksgiving, a psalm of praise to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. Thus, after Peter's labors are ended in the aria, "Now as ye were redeemed," in which the twelve disciples and the full chorus join, a duet for tenor and soprano, "Sing unto God," brings us to the grand final chorus in C major, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty."

The cadence of this concluding chorus reminds us that one of the noteworthy points in the oratorio is the character of its cadences. The cadence prepared by the $\frac{2}{4}$ chord, now become so hackneyed from its perpetual and wearisome repetition in popular church music, seems to be especially disliked by Mr. Paine, as it occurs but once or twice in the course of the work. In the great choruses the cadence is usually reached either by a pedal on the tonic, as in the chorus, "Awake, thou that sleepest," or by a pedal on the dominant culminating in a chord of the major ninth, as in the final chorus; or there is a plagal cadence, as in the first chorus of the second part; or, if the $\frac{2}{4}$ chord is introduced, as it is in the chorus, "He that overcometh," its ordinary effect is covered and obscured by the movement of the divided sopranos. We do not remember noticing anywhere such a decided use of the $\frac{2}{4}$ chord as is made, for example, by Mendelssohn, in "Thanks be to God," or in the final chorus of St. Paul. Perhaps if we were to confess our lingering fondness for the cadence prepared by the $\frac{2}{4}$ chord, when not too frequently introduced, it might only show that we retain a liking for New England "psalm-tunes"; but it does seem to us that a sense of final repose, of entire cessation of movement, is more effectually secured by this cadence than by any other. Yet while the $\frac{2}{4}$ cadence most completely expresses finality and rest, it would seem that the plagal and other cadences above enumerated as preferred by Mr. Paine have a certain sort of superiority by reason of the very incompleteness with which they express finality. There is no sense of finality whatever about the Phrygian cadence; it leaves the mind occupied with the feeling of a boundless region beyond, into which one would fain penetrate; and for this reason it has, in sacred music, a great value. Something

of the same feeling, too, attaches to those cadences in which an unexpected major third usurps the place of the minor which the ear was expecting, as in the "Incarnatus" of Mozart's Twelfth Mass. In a less degree, an analogous effect was produced upon us by the cadence with a pedal on the tonic, in the choruses, "The Church is built," and "Awake, thou that sleepest." On these considerations it may become intelligible that, to some hearers, Mr. Paine's cadences have seemed unsatisfactory, their ears have missed the positive categorical assertion of finality which the $\sharp$ cadence alone can give. To go further into this subject would take us far beyond our limits. We must conclude with a few words as to the manner in which this great composition was first brought before the public.

The pleasant little town of Portland has reason to congratulate itself, *first*, on being the birthplace of such a composer as Mr. Paine; *secondly*, on having been the place where the first great work of America in the domain of music was brought out; and *thirdly*, on possessing what is probably the most thoroughly disciplined choral society in this country. More artistic chorus-singing it has never been our lot to hear. Our New York friends, after their recent experiences, will perhaps be slow to believe us when we say that the Portland choir sang this new work even better than the Handel and Hayden society sing the old and familiar Elijah; but it is true. In their command of the pianissimo and the gradual crescendo, and in the precision of their attack, the Portland singers can easily teach the Handel and Haydn a quarter's lessons. And, besides all this, they know how to preserve their equanimity under the gravest persecutions of the orchestra; keeping the even tenor of their way where a less disciplined choir, incited by the excessive blare of the trombones and the undue scraping of the second violins, would inevitably lose its presence of mind and break out into an untimely fortissimo.

No doubt it is easier to achieve perfect chorus-singing with a choir of one hundred and twenty-five voices than with a choir of six hundred. But this diminutive size, which was an advantage so far as concerned the performance of the Portland choir, was decidedly a disadvantage so far as concerned the proper rendering of the more massive choruses in St. Peter. All

the greatest choruses,—such as Nos. 1, 8, 19, 20, 28, 35, and 39—were seriously impaired in the rendering by the lack of massiveness in the voices. For example, the grand chorus, "Awake, thou that sleepest," begins with a rapid crescendo of strings, introducing the full chorus on the word "Awake," upon the dominant triad of D major; and after a couple of beats the voices are reinforced by the trombones, producing the most tremendous effect possible in such a crescendo. To us this effect was very disagreeable; and it was obviously contrary to the effect intended by the composer. But with a weight of four or five hundred voices, the effect would be entirely different. Instead of entering upon the scene as intruders, the mighty trombones would only serve to swell and enrich the ponderous chord which opens this noble chorus. Given greater weight only, and the performance of the admirable Portland choir would have left nothing to be desired.

We cannot speak with so much satisfaction of the performance of the orchestra. The instrumentation of St. Peter is wonderfully excellent. But this instrumentation was rather clumsily rendered by the orchestra, whose doings constituted the least enjoyable part of the performance. There was too much blare of brass, whine of hautboy, and scraping of strings. But in condonation of this serious defect, one must admit that the requisite amount of rehearsal is out of the question when one's choir is in Portland and one's orchestra in Boston; besides which the parts had been inaccurately copied. For a moment, at the beginning of the orchestral lament, there was risk of disaster, the wind instruments failing to come in at the right time, when Mr. Paine, with fortunate presence of mind, stopped the players, and the movement was begun over again,—the whole occurring so quickly and quietly as hardly to attract attention.

The solo parts were, in the main, admirably done. Of Miss Phillips and Messrs. Osgood and Rudolphsen, it is unnecessary to speak. The soprano, Mrs. Weatherbee, of Portland, showed thorough culture and true artistic feeling; but, urged by too generous an enthusiasm, and trusting in a very powerful and flexible voice, she too frequently took part in the chorus, so that, toward the last, she showed signs of over-exertion.

POLITICS.

THE announcement made by General Butler that he is to be candidate for the governorship of Massachusetts has already turned public attention upon the approaching canvass in this State. To judge from the newspapers, General Butler's chances in the East, and the Farmers' movement in the West, are the two most important political matters now before the people. On the face of it, this seems singular. That a movement enlisting hundreds of thousands of voters, which has already swept out of existence, so far as one State is concerned, both the parties which have governed the country for the last generation, and bids fair to destroy them altogether,—that such an uprising as this should, in public interest, be almost outweighed by the vulgar struggles for power of a local demagogue, seems at the first blush to argue a universal want of what might be called a sense of political perspective. But the public are, nevertheless, quite right. The approaching campaign in Massachusetts is as important a campaign as any which has taken place in the country for many a year. It is of consequence, not with reference to the governorship of Massachusetts,—an office which is in itself of small value,—but as an indication of the direction in which the political current is moving.

Writing at this distance in time from the Republican Convention, it is impossible to tell what startling changes in public sentiment may be produced by the agitation already begun. But, speaking of affairs as they exhibit themselves at the opening of the canvass, one of the most striking things to notice is the evident tendency of people in Massachusetts to look on at the contest as if it were one in which they themselves had no immediate right or opportunity to influence. They have, indeed, some reason for doing so. When the professional politician's study of politics has arrived at such a pitch of perfection that he is enabled to predict future events with an almost astronomical certainty, it is not surprising the mass of the public should listen to his words with a profound conviction that what he says is likely to happen, though they may know, as a matter of legal theory, that it lies entirely with themselves whether

the predictions shall come true or not. That Butler was to be governor of the State was foretold nearly a year ago, as part of a series of political changes "to arrive"; all of them, except this last of the list, have already actually happened. If any one will look back at the files of the newspapers shortly after Grant's re-election, he will find that it was announced by all sorts of correspondents entitled to credit for various sorts of inspiration, that certain things would sooner or later take place. Mr. Boutwell would resign his office as Secretary of the Treasury, and the Massachusetts Legislature would proceed shortly thereafter to ballot for a United States senator in place of Mr. Wilson, and their balloting would result in the election of Mr. Boutwell. At the same time, Mr. William A. Richardson, Mr. Boutwell's assistant and double, would be appointed Secretary, *vice* Mr. Boutwell, resigned. In the third place General Butler would enter the field for the governorship of Massachusetts. In the fourth place the regular Republican Convention would nominate him, and the people would elect him. It was also simultaneously announced that these predictions were each and all utterly unwarranted; that no one had any authority to say what would be done by Mr. Boutwell, General Butler, Mr. Richardson, or General Grant; who would be appointed, or elected, or who would resign. Whether these denials were made for the purpose of giving the predictions more weight, it is, of course, impossible to say; but that was certainly their effect. The public, instead of troubling itself with doubts as to its duty in the matter, began to take a sort of spectacular interest in the verification of the prophecy. They looked on at the conjuring, on which the curtain soon rose, with amusement; and as the magical transformations began to take place, wonder at the strange skill possessed by the conductors of the entertainment gradually took the place of all other emotions. All the feats have now been performed, except the one last on the bill; and as the short intermission between the jousts has given the performers an opportunity for a careful examination and preparation of their flies, traps, and wires, the spectators feel that they are

pretty sure to see the whole bill successfully performed.

To those in whose eyes politics is not a game, but a matter of deep social importance, there seems to be reason for a darker and more fatalistic view of politics than this. They know the reason why it is possible to make predictions in politics, and what are the hidden forces the knowledge of which enables a few men to gain the apparent control of the very will and mind of the public. Having succeeded, though with great difficulty, in defeating General Butler in his attempt to get possession of the governorship of Massachusetts two years ago, they are better able to appreciate the character of the influences which have since then been gradually affecting an improvement in his fortunes, and sometimes now seem too strong to be successfully resisted. When, two years ago, General Butler announced that he was going to offer himself as candidate, he had not secured the active support of the administration, and of the reformed civil service; he had not, as he has since, become an organic part of the administration machinery itself. How powerful that machinery is we know. The administration, or the Republican party, or the party in possession of the offices, is today the strongest of the many corporations, private and public, which in reality divide among them the power supposed in the eye of the law to belong to the people of the United States. In whatever way we look at the political body which for the past twelve years has been governing the country, we cannot doubt that the machinery is admirably adapted to its object. Like the force which moves the wheels of a huge factory, it makes itself felt in the remotest corner of the structure. The force which seems to be isolated and local comes in reality from the centre of the whole, and is as irresistible at one point as at another. The internal-revenue offices, the custom-houses, the district-attorneyships,

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole."

The administration is the figure-head. It is this machinery which, in Massachusetts, General Butler directs; and it is the irresistible force keeping this machinery in motion that renders many people hopeless of successfully opposing him. They begin to look upon him as their fate.

General Butler's triumph would certainly be evidence that this fatalistic feeling was right. It would show that, no matter how

grave objections there are to a man, he can with ease get whatever power he wishes, not surreptitiously but openly, heralding his intentions months beforehand, if he only has behind him the influence of the party in power.

Looking at it from another point of view, the prevalence of the disposition to regard the events of politics as governed by forces over which we have no control, would indicate that the time was approaching, and, indeed, was not far distant, in which the relations existing between this people and their government were to be fundamentally altered. The government being theoretically in the people's hands, it is obvious that as soon as people in large numbers cease to believe practically that it is in their hands, and to act upon their want of faith, the theory will be violated by the facts; the government will no longer be what it purports to be; in fact, it will be a sham. This is the first step. But the first step is soon taken. This stage does not last long. Sham governments have no great vitality in them. They are inevitably succeeded by real governments, but not the same real government which preceded them. In France, government by universal suffrage became a sham long ago, and has been succeeded by what is practically a government of force. In New York, also, self-government was a sham long ago, it was succeeded by a real government forcibly maintained for several years by fraud; that again was succeeded by a sort of revolution, the issue of which we have still to see. The election of General Butler would go far to show that the people of Massachusetts have come to the conclusion that they have lost the art of self-government, and that their government must be done for them from outside. Of course, there are a number of people who would be glad to undertake the task.

The result of the election will thus throw a valuable light upon the relation which the theory of government in America bears to the actual facts of its social condition. *Ex uno disce omnes* is a maxim peculiarly applicable to the social condition of a confederacy of political bodies so like one another as are the United States. We may infer from Massachusetts a great many useful lessons with regard to the current politics and morality in a dozen other States. It has been common for those who, in Massachusetts and elsewhere, have criticised the career of General Butler to demonstrate the impossibility

of his success — it is difficult to say whether *à priori* or *à posteriori* — by proofs drawn from the historic character of the population. It is impossible, the common argument has been, for a corrupt demagogue to rise into power by the votes of the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, by a race of men trained in a rigid and even austere system of morality from their cradles. This argument was very much in vogue at the time of General Butler's campaign against Mr. Dana in the Fifth Congressional District. "The Fifth Congressional District" (how well we remember the profound dinner-table harangues on the subject!) "is no other than Essex County, old Essex, — the place of all in the world where the most pure-blooded Americans were to be found; the county which contained Salem, Marblehead, and Ipswich, a county rich with memories of devotion to duty, to country, and to religion." The fact is, however, that neither Essex County nor Massachusetts is any longer what, according to history and tradition, they should be. The population of the whole State has, within the past fifty years, completely changed its character, and no more resembles the population of a generation since than the people who now live in New York resemble in character, traditions, or aspiration the primitive Dutchmen who founded the town two centuries since. Fifty years ago Massachusetts was an agricultural and commercial community, governed by a pure democracy, through the machinery of town-meetings, — this machinery, however, being directed and regulated by powerful external forces lodged in the hands of persons traditionally entitled to respect. The bar, the Church, and a number of old families, which had long enjoyed prescriptive political rights, directed the energies of Massachusetts through the agency of an intelligent, conscientious, and, if not God-fearing, at least deacon-fearing people. To-day almost all trace of this society has passed away. Massachusetts has become a completely modern community. Through a protective tariff, enormous manufacturing industry has been built up, which has completely swamped her agriculture. These manufactories, carried on at first by natives, are now maintained by the labor of large gangs of ignorant foreigners, superintended by a few skilled agents, employed in their turns by capitalists at a distance. This system has of course drawn vast masses of the population from the country into the

towns and cities, while at the same time the introduction of railroads, and the substitution of steam for all other kinds of transportation, has given to this movement an increased impetus. The railroad system of the State, too, resembles the factory system so far as it necessitates the concentration of large quantities of wealth in the hands of private individuals, who perform the function of transportation by leaving the management of the roads in the hands of a few experts, and their operation in the hands of many thousand hired laborers, contenting themselves for the most part, with drawing, in the form of dividends, the "transportation tax." Meanwhile the bar has lost its influence, and almost ceased to be a political school; the Church has been supplanted by a multitude of rival churches, the competition among which is so fierce that it almost forbids the exercise of the old duty of a supervision of the lives and morals of the people; the town-meeting has become a meeting of factory hands, readily guided in any direction by scheming politicians; the old families have, in the multiplication of modern interests, found a thousand pursuits quite as attractive to their ambition and pleasing to their tastes as politics. In short, the Massachusetts of to-day (including even Essex County) has become the home of a genuine proletariat, working for wages for a few rich men, these latter not endowed with any great sense of responsibility either for the welfare of their "hands," or for that of the general public. A great deal of surprise was expressed some months ago at the enthusiastic demonstrations of feeling by the citizens of North Easton on the return to the town of Oakes Ames, just censured by Congress for corruption. It seemed to most people unintelligible that any body of men, however ignorant, could have the audacity to flout decency and morality in this way. The explanation, however, was extremely simple. The so-called town of North Easton was nothing but a collection of mills, established by the capital of the Ames family, and worked by men dependent on this family for subsistence.

It must not be forgotten, however, that there are considerations which would render the election of General Butler a little less significant of a general moral degradation throughout the State than the Ames reception was significant of the abject condition of North Easton. If General Butler receives the Republican nomination, he will

gain the advantage which that nomination always gives in Massachusetts, of seeming to confer upon the nominee a certificate of moral worth. The Massachusetts Republican voter has been for so many years taught to consider the Republican cause identical with the cause of morality, — the Democratic party representing in his mind incarnate sin, — and the morality again has for so many years meant in his mind the adoption of certain legislative or constitutional or military measures which have actually been adopted by the Republican party and throughout opposed by the Democrats, — that he may be unable to discriminate between what is expedient on party grounds and what is expedient on moral grounds. He may be unable to remember that all parties are merely the complex results of the intelligence and characters of the men who compose and lead them. He may not be able to perceive that the adoption of General Butler at this day by the Republican party makes it really his representative. There has been a sad want of candor on these subjects till very lately. How very small has been the number of persons who have dared to denounce openly the character of General Butler's career! Even in the contest between himself and Mr. Dana in the Fifth District, where every one knew that the real issue between the parties — the thing which had made a split in the Republican ranks — was the shameful scheme of repudiation advocated by him, how few there were who treated the question as one of popular honesty! Appeals to voters to preserve the harmony of the party, — not to allow insubordination, but "to march on shoulder to shoulder, one, undivided, triumphant to the end," — these appeals were common enough. The objection to them was that they did not bring forward the real objection to the candidate, and that, as General Butler had already secured the regular nomination, they would be used with quite as great success on one side as on the other. Indeed, they almost always can.

Will it be possible to defeat General Butler, — to defeat him, that is, if he secures the Republican nomination? There is only one way in which it can be done, and that is by a union against him of the conservative forces throughout the State. We do not mean the Democrats, though, under ordinary circumstances, they would be ready enough to oppose him; but a union of the capital, the intelligence, the morality, and

what is left of the religion of the State. No wire-pulling or intrigue will be of the slightest avail. The usual political measures have been tried already in the contest for the district attorneyship, and signally failed. At wire-pulling and intrigue General Butler will always beat his enemies. But he can no more successfully struggle against a union of the conservative forces to which we have just referred, than Tweed could in New York. The moment it became evident in New York that Tweed and his confederates were no mere harmless demagogues, but real highwaymen making use of the machinery of the law as a "stand and deliver" to the public, their fate was sealed. They had, to be sure, the good sense to run away with such of their plunder as they could carry off; but had they remained, and made, as they threatened, a struggle for the retention of power, no one who recollects the excited state of public feeling at the time can doubt that some of them would have met a violent end.

We have endeavored here to make it plain that there are sufficient reasons for believing in General Butler's star; but it must be confessed that, when we reflect on his past career, his pretensions now reach a height of audacity which, if we were not already familiar with it, would be fairly incredible. Beginning as a lawyer of low reputation, he worked his way up to the position of a strenuous partisan; and then converting his reputation for party fidelity into capital, he placed it at the disposal of the party to which he was the sworn foe. Then enlisting in the war, and distinguishing himself for his administration of a captured city, he made use of this reputation to gain for himself the command of other military expeditions, in which he succeeded in burlesquing every operation of war. At the return of peace, he got himself elected a member of Congress, and has since then advocated every scheme of plunder which his or any one's ingenuity has been able to devise; his latest performance has been the passage of an act securing for these services the increase of his own salary. He is neither a fine orator nor a skilful legislator. None of his political schemes have as yet come to anything of importance; but with each new failure his power has increased, while his wealth already places him beyond all reach of disaster. He has always displayed the utmost contempt even for the appearance

of decency, and has avowed himself almost in one breath a reformer and a cynical sceptic as to any attempts at reform. During all this he has steadily gained in influence, not only with the politicians, but with the people of his district, and now, on the strength of this curious career, offers himself as candidate for the governorship of one of the wealthiest States in the Union.

At present the Massachusetts public look on at General Butler's attempt with divided feelings. There are a good many people, who ought by this time to have been made more sensible by events which they have witnessed, who are unable to believe that so bad a man as Butler can ever become governor of so good a State as Massachusetts. There are others who regard the candidate as a smart man, and wish him well. There is the class to which we have already referred, who look upon his election as a fate impending over them which they cannot avert, if they would. There are people who habitually take little interest in politics, and who regard the candidate with curiosity rather than any stronger feeling. There are a number of deluded persons, chiefly prohibitionists, labor-reformers, suffrage-reformers, who think that if General Butler would pledge himself to a furtherance of their designs, his fitness for the governorship in other respects would be a matter of little consequence. There is a number of elderly politicians who thoroughly understand General Butler, and will do their utmost to defeat him; there are a number of young politicians, hangers-on either of General Butler or of the administration, who will go through thick and thin to secure him any office he may wish. In this confusion there is as yet no line drawn between what may be called the conservative party and the party of disorder. There must be such a line, if General Butler is to be defeated. Sooner or later it must come to this: that those who

are opposed to the introduction of the confusion and anarchy that inevitably come of licensed corruption must range themselves under some leader and let the people of the State know that, if they any longer desire to see the rights of property respected, or a semblance of decency maintained in the government of a State once so confident of the strength of its title to esteem as Massachusetts, they must declare themselves against General Butler; and that if they do not, they lay themselves open to the suspicion of being enemies of everything held by mankind as sacred, and citizens of a State in which no man can consider his person or his possessions safe. It is ridiculous to talk of Massachusetts as if she was exempt from the ordinary evils which afflict States. She has hitherto been more fortunate than many of her rivals in having kept her judiciary pure at a time when theirs was attacked by that terrible dry-rot the final effect of which we have witnessed in New York; but even an appointed judiciary may lose its virtue in time. We have seen how much it may be degraded (even without any actual corruption) in the history of the Supreme Court of the United States, — a court which was once the most powerful tribunal in the world, and has now become timid and time-serving simply through a series of appointments dictated by political rather than judicial considerations. There has not been wanting "politics" either in some of the later judicial appointments in Massachusetts. What Butler's judicial appointments would be it is not difficult to imagine. With a constantly deteriorating and easily managed legislature, a threatened judiciary, the support of the administration, and a large and ignorant wage-earning population as the ultimate repository of political power, it certainly would be easy for the executive to make himself master of the situation, and make absolutely sure of his next move, whatever it might be.